

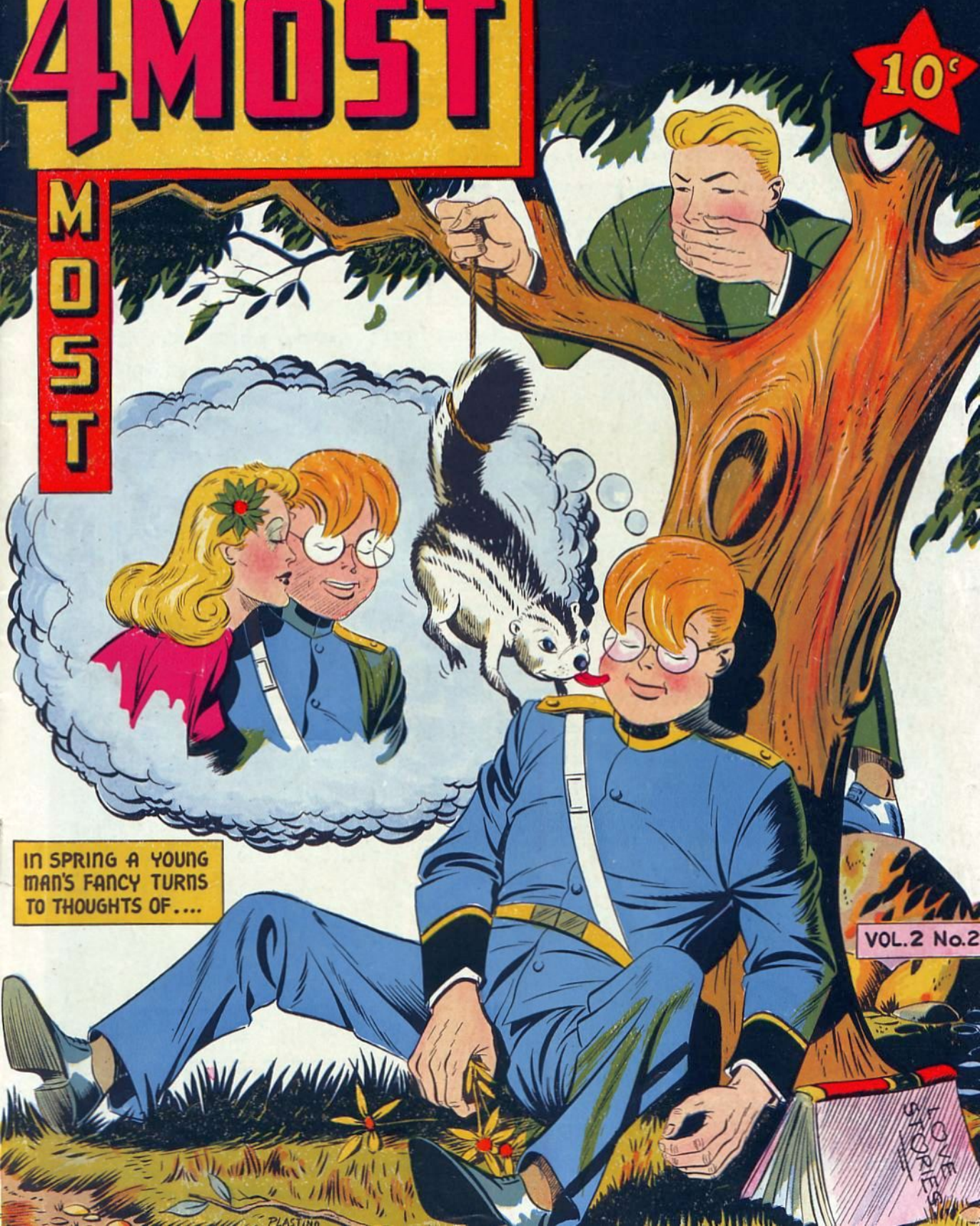
★ DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL
★ DAN'L FLANNEL ★ THE CADET

SPRING
ISSUE

10¢

4MOST

**M
O
S
T**



IN SPRING A YOUNG
MAN'S FANCY TURNS
TO THOUGHTS OF....

VOL. 2 No. 2

LOVE
STORIES



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Fellows and Girls:

You're making it kind of tough for the editors, if you don't mind our use of a little slang in saying so. Why? Well, it's like this, the editors are sitting at their desks wondering why in the dickens they don't receive more letters from all of you about 4MOST COMICS. Remember when we started 4MOST at your request because you wanted longer stories on Dick Cole, Edison Bell, etc.? Well, we thought you all sort of promised then to become Associate Editors by writing in and telling us your suggestions as to how 4MOST could be improved from time to time. Sure, we know that a lot of you must like something about 4MOST or else several hundred thousand readers wouldn't be buying it every issue, but your letters are getting to be awfully few and far between.

The best reason we can think of for not hearing from you, and we hope we're right, is that all of you are too bloomin' busy earning money with which to buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps. If that's the reason, then we just can't kick at all about not hearing from you, but even then, some of you may have a real swell story to tell to other fellows and girls about HOW you are earning that money to help your Uncle Sam. Why not pass the story on through the editorial page of 4MOST to a lot of others in different sections of the country and help them too to help Uncle Sam? 4MOST will select several of the best letters received and publish them on this page, and Oh, Yes! 4MOST will send a dollar to each writer of every letter published. If the letter is about War Savings Bonds and Stamps, then we'll send a dollar's worth of War Stamps.

Well, we guess our preaching's over with for now, and if we do say it ourselves, which we shouldn't, we think that this issue of 4MOST is a pretty "dern" good mag. Dick Cole, Eddie Bell, and Kit Carter involve themselves in some high old adventure that would be exciting for any red blooded American boy. Of course, Dan'l Flannel's dinosaurs wouldn't really be found around these diggin's, but then Dan'l often gets mixed up with funny characters, places or things that tickle our ribs for a good guffaw or two. Now that we've stuck our chin way out with praise of our own magazine, we'll expect to have a few brick-bat letters come tearing in to knock that chin back in place and topple us off our smug perch. Okay, we think we can take it, so fire away.

Cordially yours,

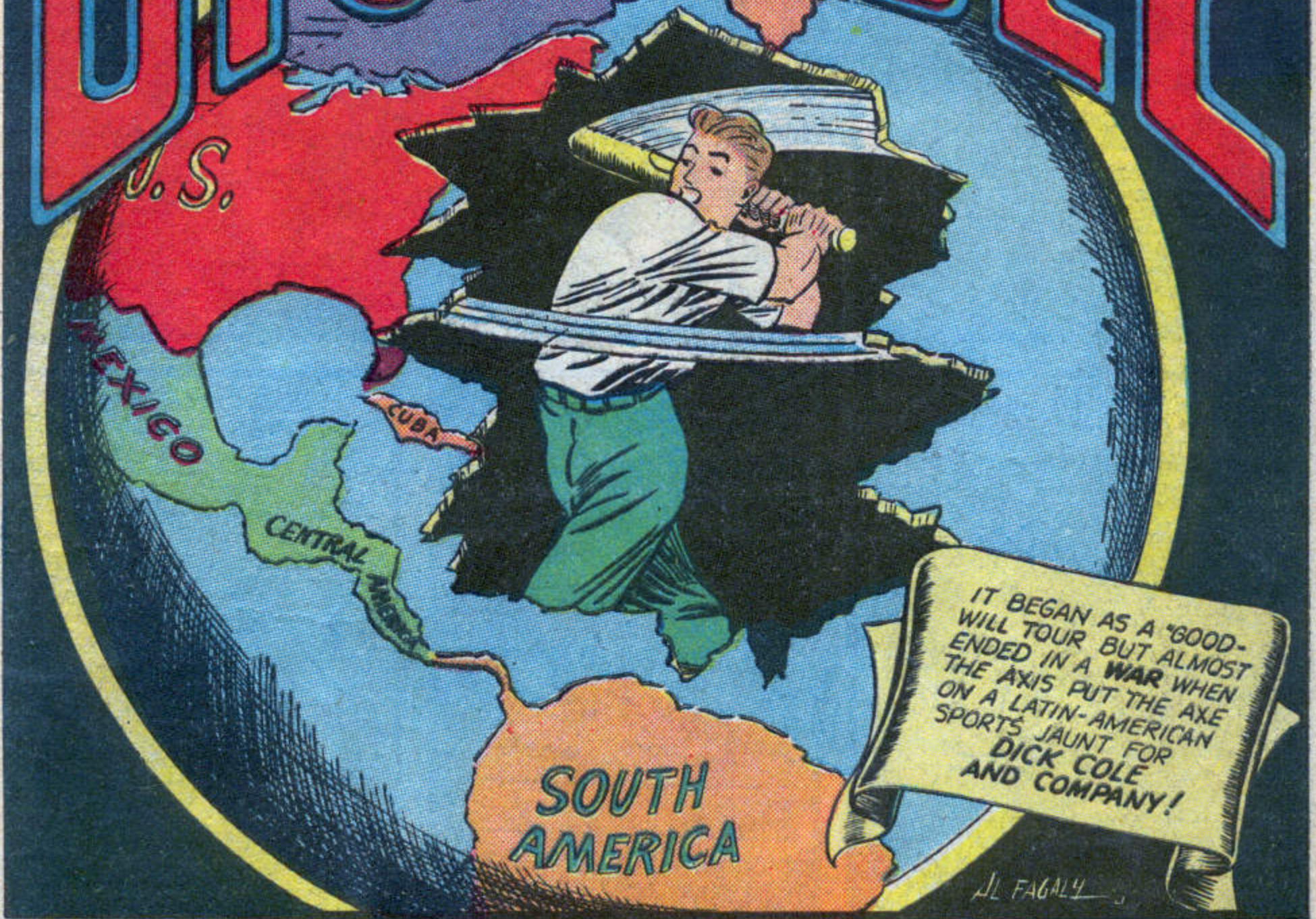
THE EDITORS.

\$1.00

Will be Paid for Each Reader's Letter Published on This Page
Address your mail to 4MOST COMICS, 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

\$1.00

DICK COLE



LATE ONE NIGHT, DICK COLE "STANDS GUARD" AT A DARK POST ON FARR MILITARY GROUNDS.

GOSH, BUT IT'S LONELY HERE!



AS DICK CONTINUES HIS PATROL, A STEALTHY FIGURE CLIMBS THE ACADEMY WALL!



SO... THEE YOUNG SOLDADO WOULD LIKE COMPANEE, EH? EN A MOMENTO, HE WEE! HAVE EET!



4 MOST, VOL. 2, No. 2, Spring 1943 Issue, published quarterly by Novelty Press, Inc., P.O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa. editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A. Copyright, 1942, by Novelty Press, Incorporated. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price 75 cents per year in U.S.A. Application for entry as second class matter at Philadelphia, Pa. is pending. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.

THE INTRUDER POUNCES!



IN THE STRUGGLE DICK MANAGES TO TWIST FREE AND HE KICKS OUT!

ONE WAY OF GREETING A GUY WHO DOESN'T HAND OUT HIS CALLING CARD!



SO... THEE TOY SOLDADO THINKS HE CAN BEST EL SEÑOR? WELL-



-BABEES LIKE YOU SHOULD BE ASLEEP!



BUENOS NOCHES, MI AMIGO!



MY LULLABY EES VEREE EFFECTIVE! NOW TO ENTER THEE OFFICE!



A LEETLE TAP- AND EET EES FINISH!



MY SEARCH WILL NO TAKE LONG!

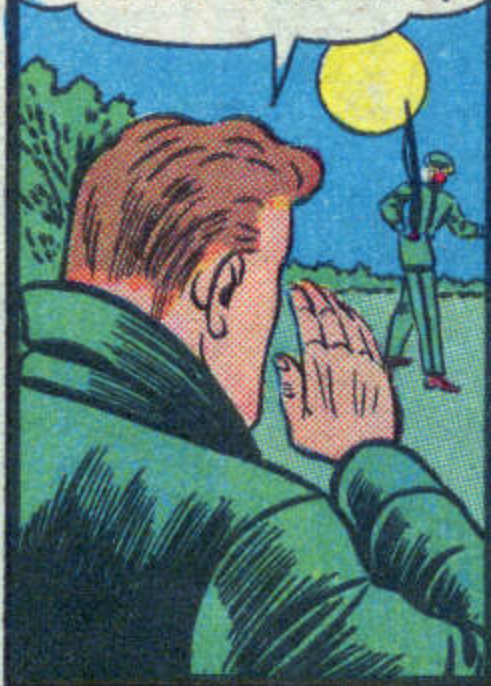


LATER

HOLY COW!
WHAT A BUMP!
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED
TO MISTER MASK? I'D
BETTER TURN IN AN
ALARM!



**CORPORAL OF THE
GUARD! MASKED
INTRUDER ON
FARR GROUNDS!**



JOE, YOU COMB THE GROVE! SIMBA,
YOU TAKE THE WALL AND SEE IF
HE'S OVER THERE. I'LL TRY THE
BUILDING!

YEAH!



SO THIS IS WHY I WAS SENT TO
DREAMLAND! I'D BETTER HAVE A
LOOK INSIDE!



MISTER MASK IS GONE— BUT
WHAT A JOB HE DID ON THIS
PLACE! I'LL HAVE TO PHONE
MAJOR FARR!



LATER...

I BROUGHT DOCTOR
HARRIS WITH ME TO
LOOK AT YOUR HEAD. ANY-
THING VALUABLE MISSING?



THE ENVELOPE
FROM THE PETTY
CASH DRAWER, SIR!

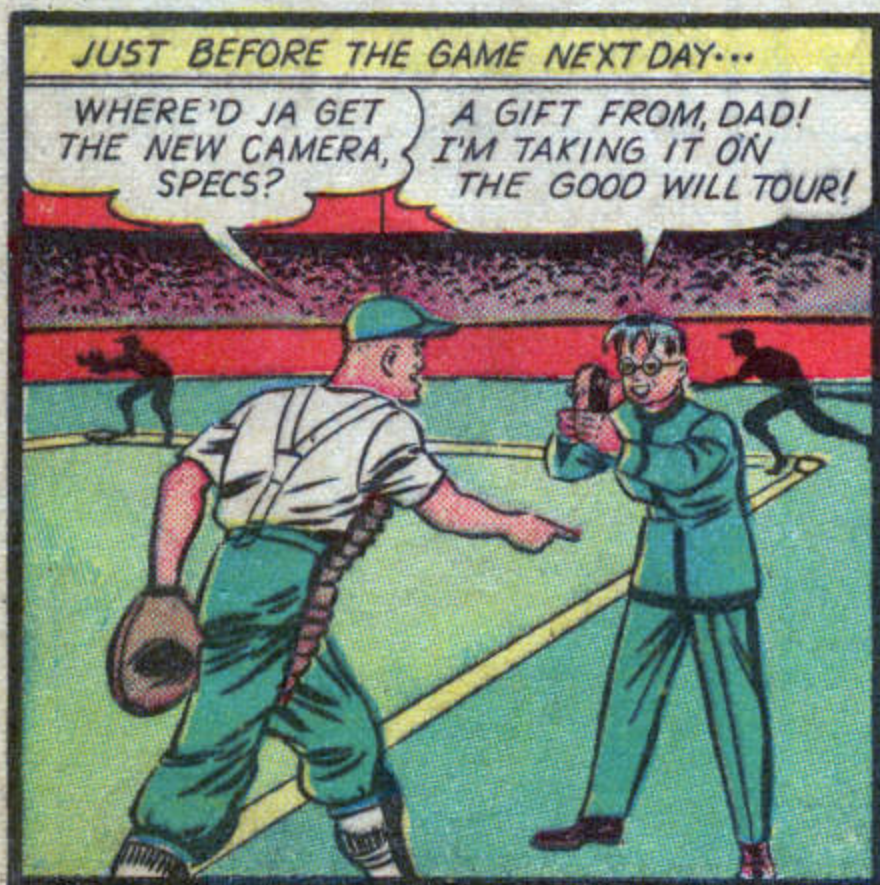


THAT WOULD
EXPLAIN WHY YOU
WERE ATTACKED. A
PETTY LARCENY CROOK.

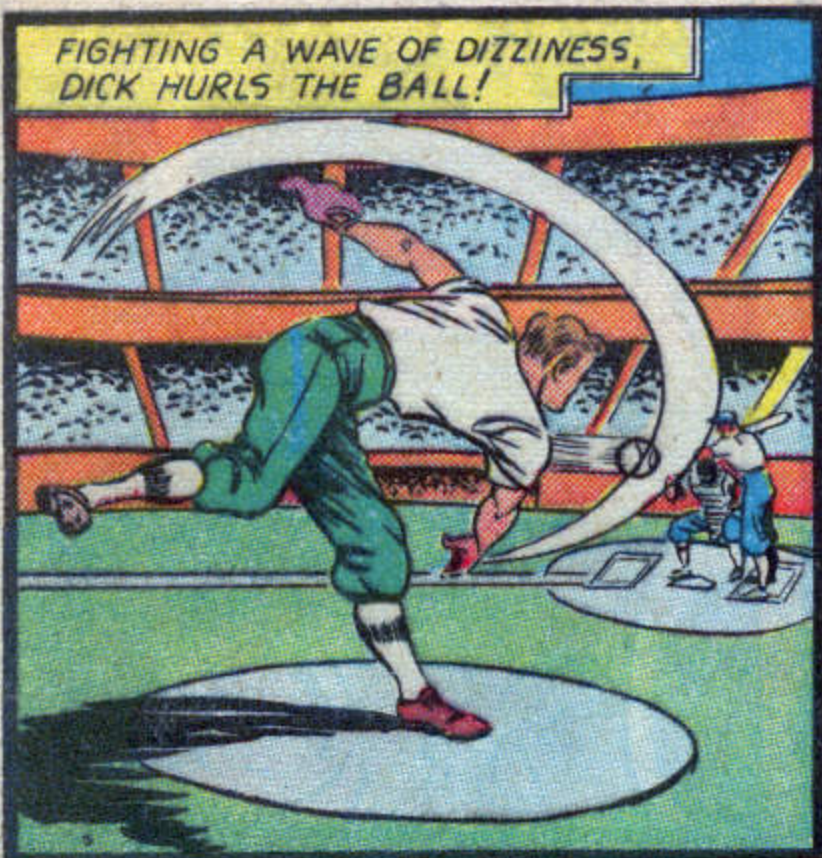
DON'T YOU THINK
IT STRANGE FOR
A MAN TO GO TO
ALL THIS TROUBLE
JUST TO STEAL
A FEW DOLLARS?

THE LAD'S GETTING
MELODRAMATIC,
DOCTOR. BETTER
FIX HIM UP
BEFORE HIS
IMAGINATION
RUNS AWAY WITH
HIM!



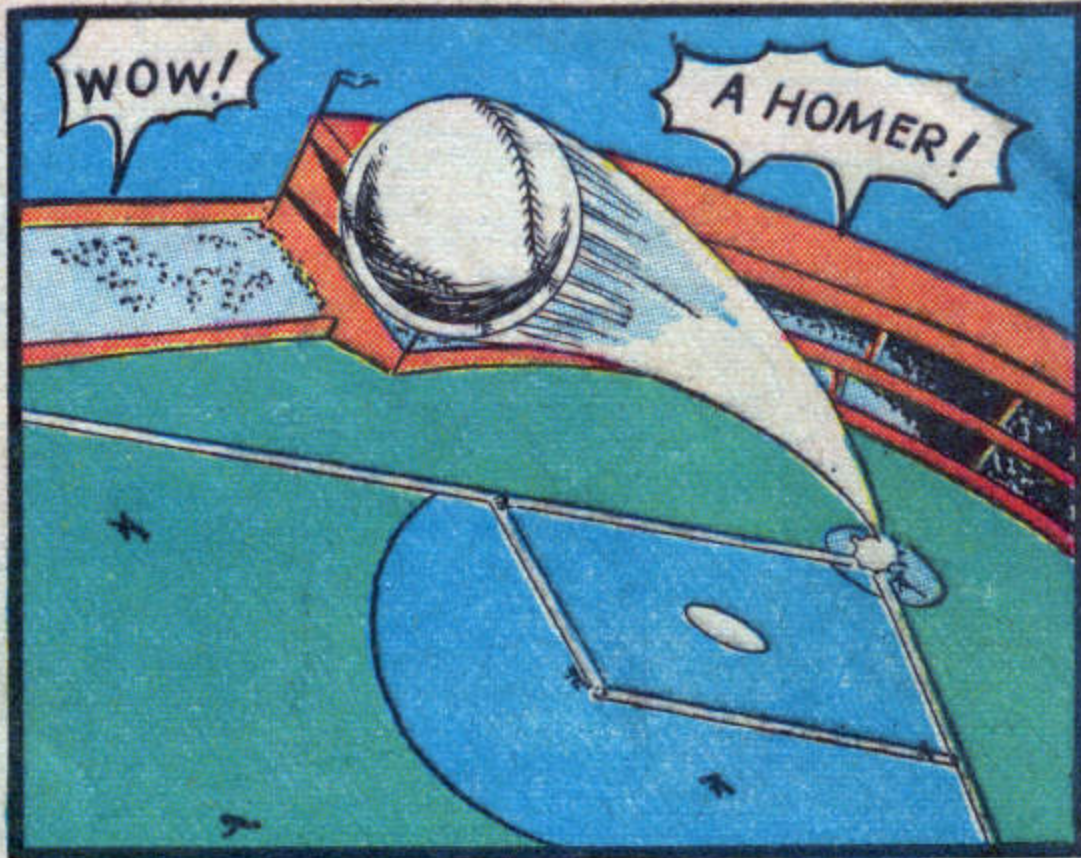


FIGHTING A WAVE OF DIZZINESS,
DICK HURLS THE BALL!



WOW!

A HOMER!



DICK TIGHTENS UP AND
THE GAME BECOMES A
PITCHER'S BATTLE
WITH THE SCORE AT...

TODAY'S GAME

		INNINGS								
		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
MASON	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
FARR	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

C'MON, DICK! TWO
OUT AND TWO STRIKES
ON THIS BOOT! YOU
GOTTA GET HIM!



DOWN THE ALLEY GOES THE
BALL, BREAKING SHARPLY
AT THE PLATE.

S-T-R-I-K-E
THREE!



AT THE END OF THE NINTH, THE
FIRST FARR BATTER FANS OUT!
NEXT MAN UP...

OH-OH!
POP FLY!

YOU'RE
UP NEXT, SIMBA. MAKE
IT A SINGLE, A WALK-
ANYTHING!



THERE'S YOUR
SINGLE, KIDDO!
ANYTHING TO
OBLIGE!

SMACK!

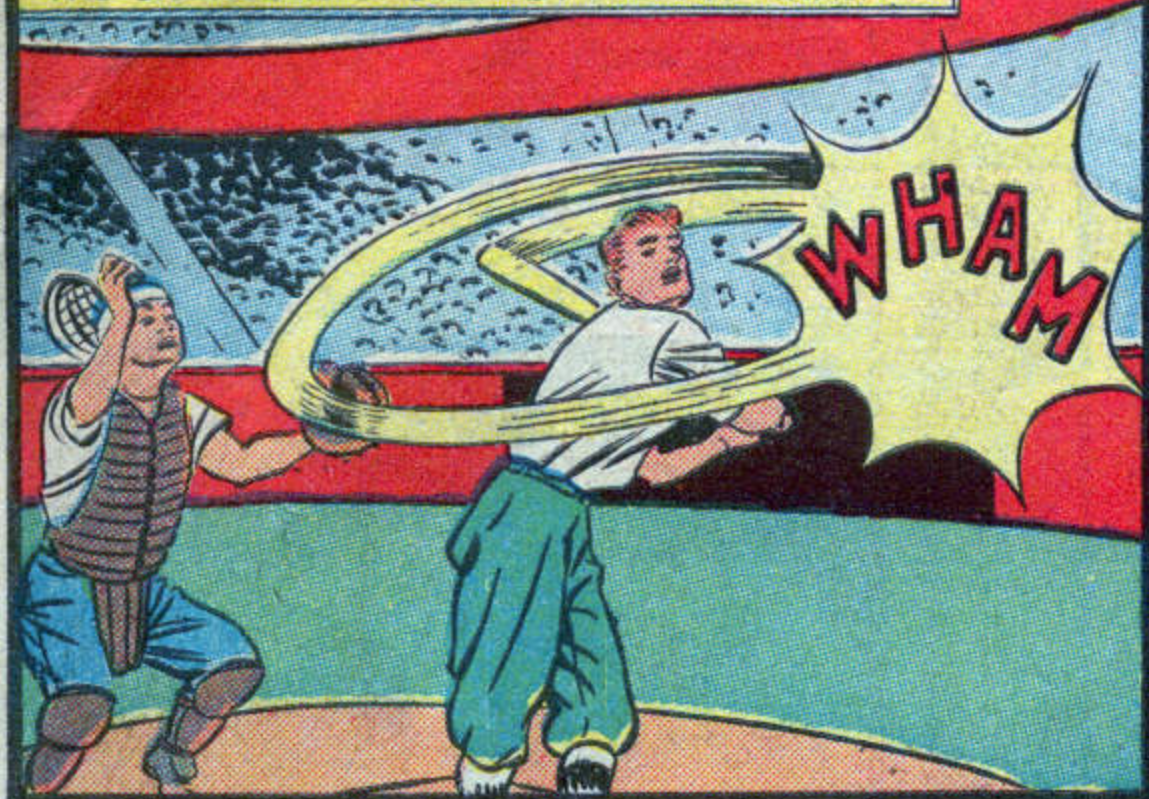


A TENSE HUSH FALLS OVER THE
PARK AS DICK GOES TO THE PLATE!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

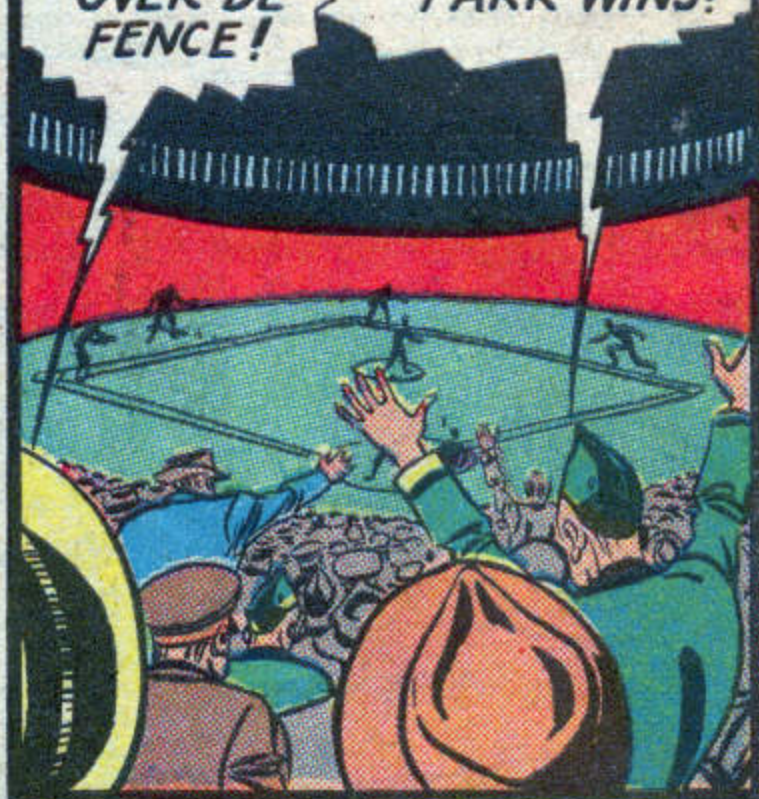


THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A SHARP CRACK...



OVER DE FENCE!

FARR WINS!



RAH-RAH-
RAH!
DICK COLE!



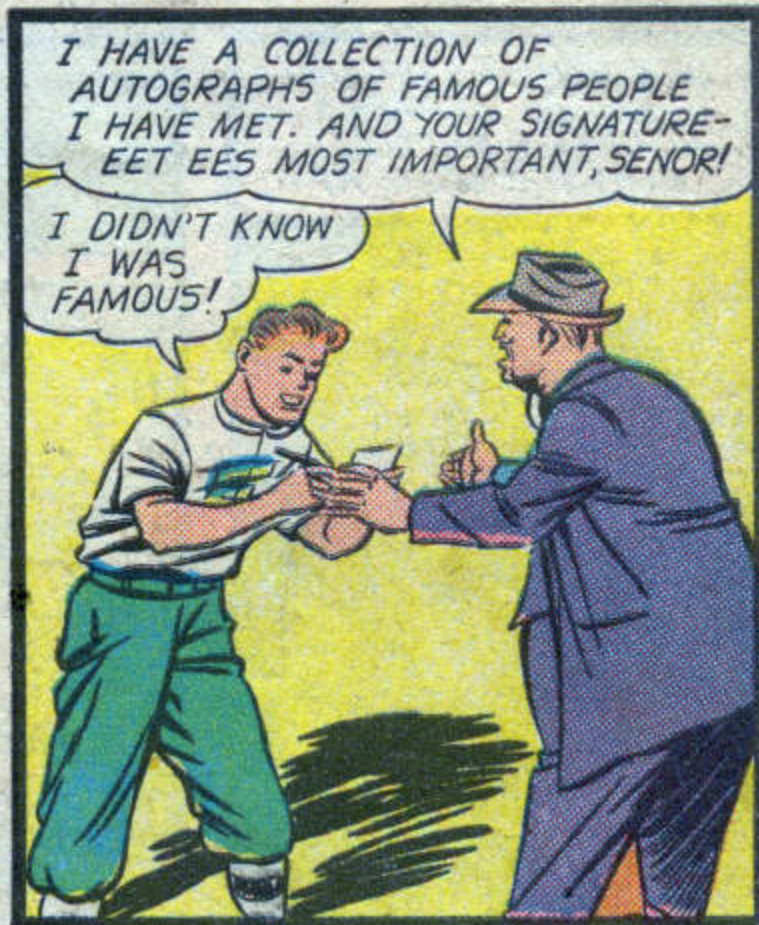
FROM THE PRESS BOX, A REPORTER RUSHES DOWN.

SEÑOR COLE, I AM MIERDO OF "ELDIARIO", A SOUTH AMERICAN PAPER. I WILL COVER YOUR TOUR. YOUR AUTOGRAPH, PLEASE?



I HAVE A COLLECTION OF AUTOGRAPHS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE I HAVE MET. AND YOUR SIGNATURE—EET EES MOST IMPORTANT, SENOR!

I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS FAMOUS!



NEXT DAY!

SNAP OUT OF IT, COLE! MAJOR FARR WANTS YOU TO REPORT IMMEDIATELY.

OKAY!



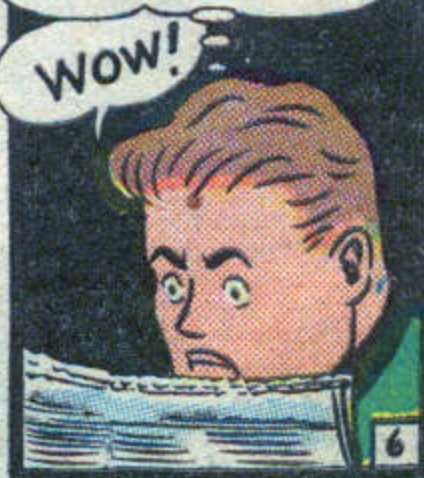
CADET COLE REPORTING, SIR!

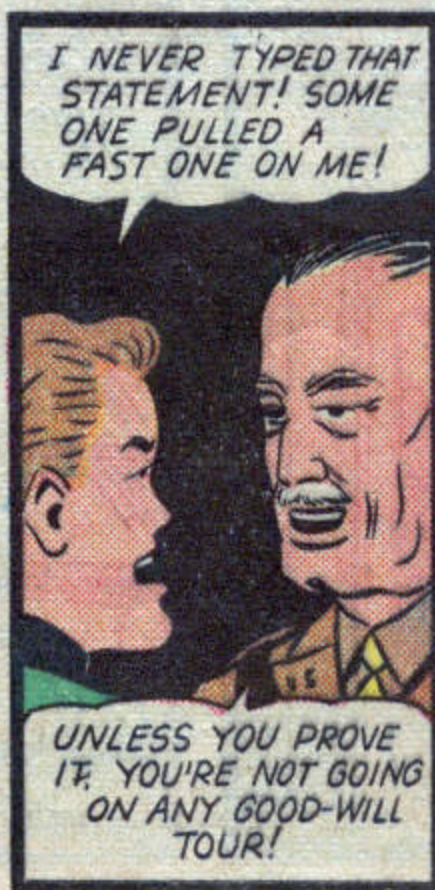
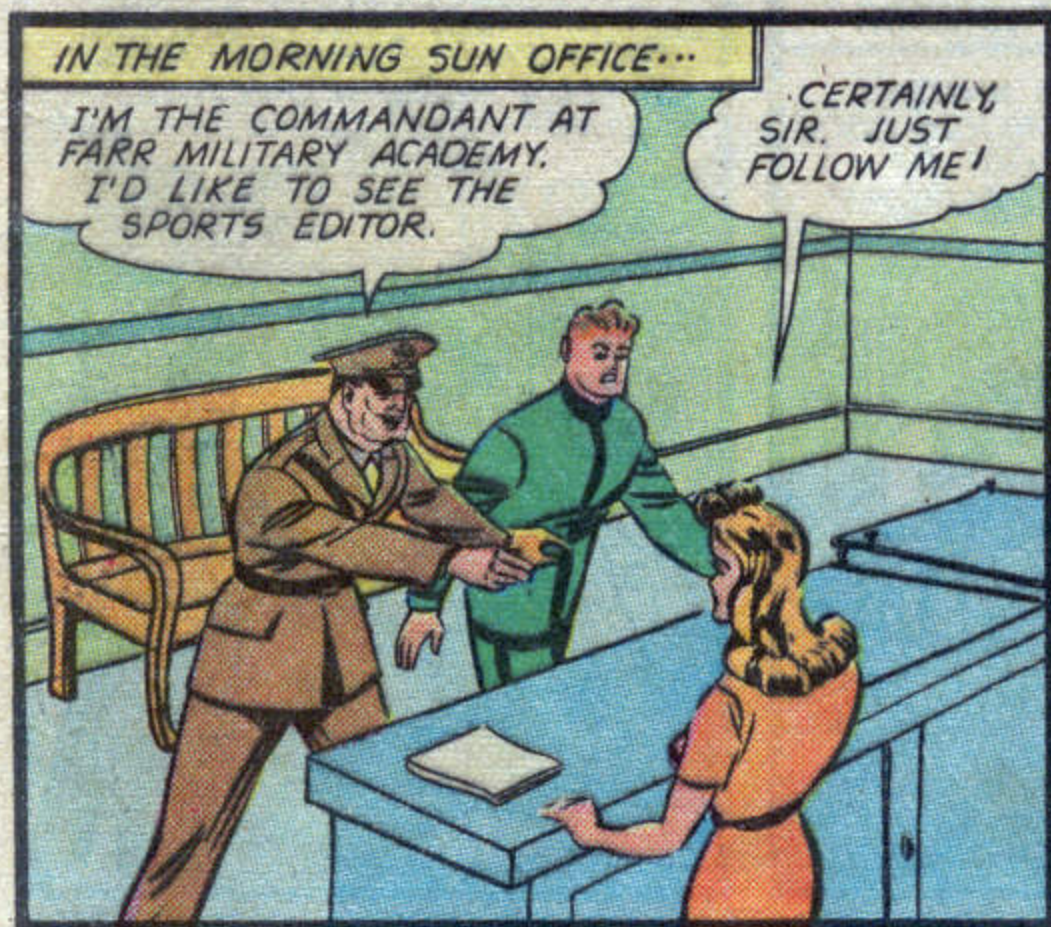
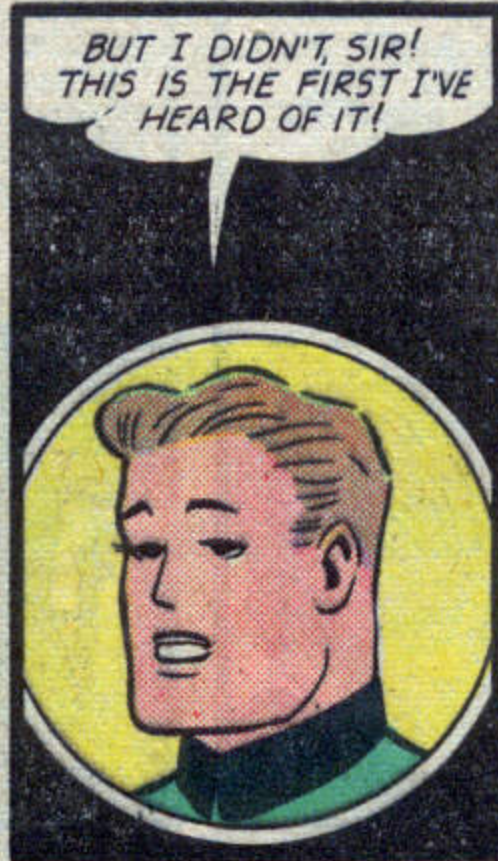
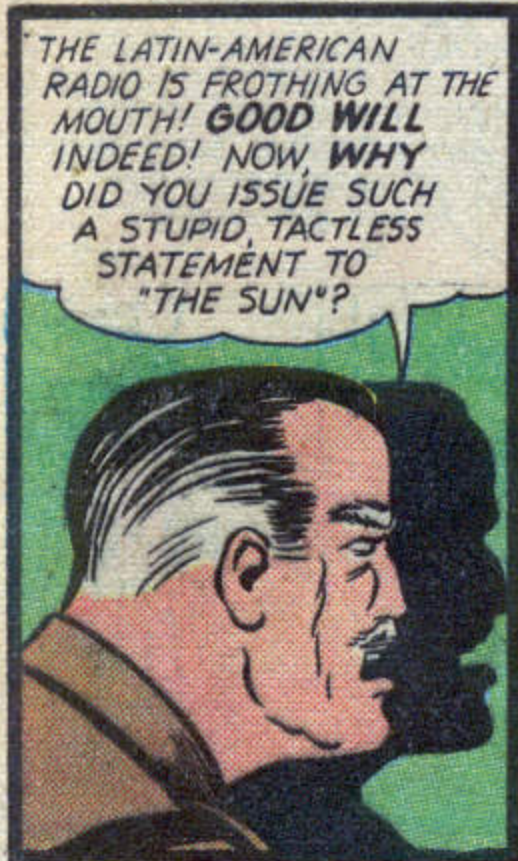
AT EASE! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PAPER AND EXPLAIN HOW THIS STORY GOT INTO PRINT!



"DICK COLE, STAR ATHLETE AT FARR, SAID IN AN INTERVIEW GIVEN TO THE MORNING SUN, THAT LATIN-AMERICAN ATHLETES ARE POOR SPORTS! COLE PREDICTS THAT HIS TEAM WILL BEAT ALL COMERS ON TOUR!"

Wow!







I'M GLAD MAJOR FARR ISN'T IN, HE'D TOSS ME OUT ON MY EAR!

HELLO, MISS SMITH!

OH, HELLO, DICK!

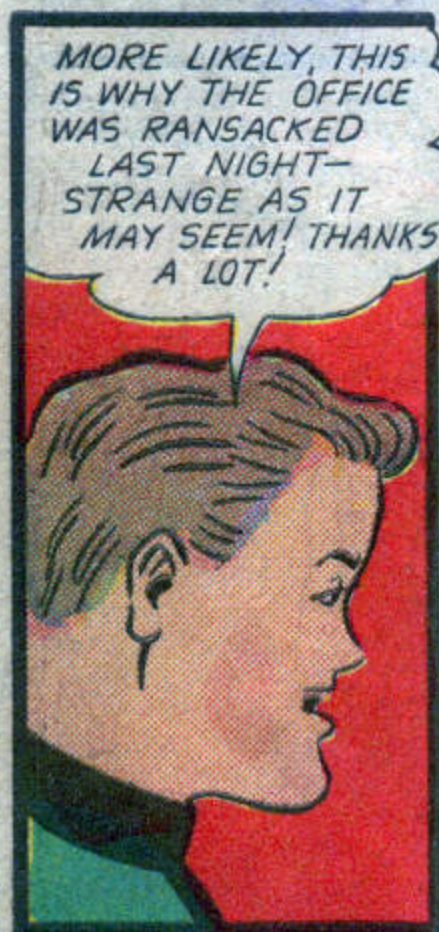


I'M IN A JAM, MISS SMITH, AND I NEED YOUR HELP. MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK ABOUT THE ROOM? I WON'T WALK OFF WITH THE FURNITURE, HONEST!



HMMM! BROKEN BANDS! ON THIS REAM OF STATIONERY! SEND OUT ANY LETTERS LATELY?

NOT TODAY! I ONLY GOT THAT REAM YESTERDAY AFTERNOON. ONE OF THE BOYS MUST HAVE RUN OUT OF PAPER.



MORE LIKELY, THIS IS WHY THE OFFICE WAS RANSACKED LAST NIGHT—STRANGE AS IT MAY SEEM! THANKS A LOT!



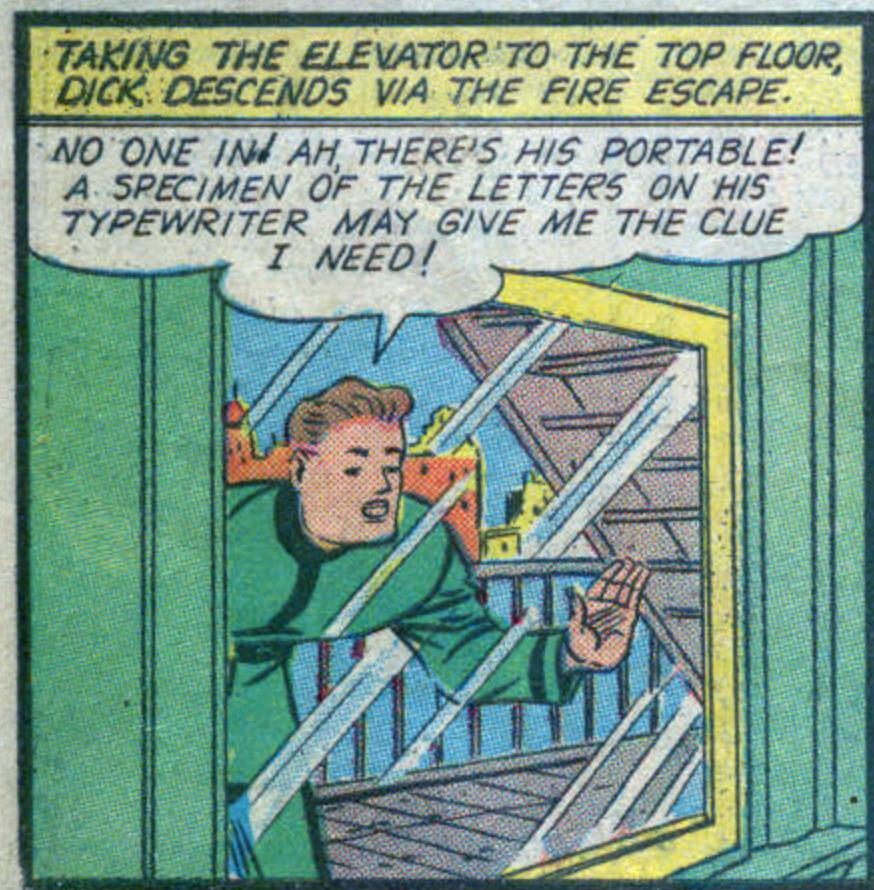
DICK HURRIES OFF TO TOWN.

MOST OF THE SPORTS WRITERS STOP HERE. HOPE MIERDO DOES! I'M CONVINCED HE GOT MY AUTOGRAPH UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.



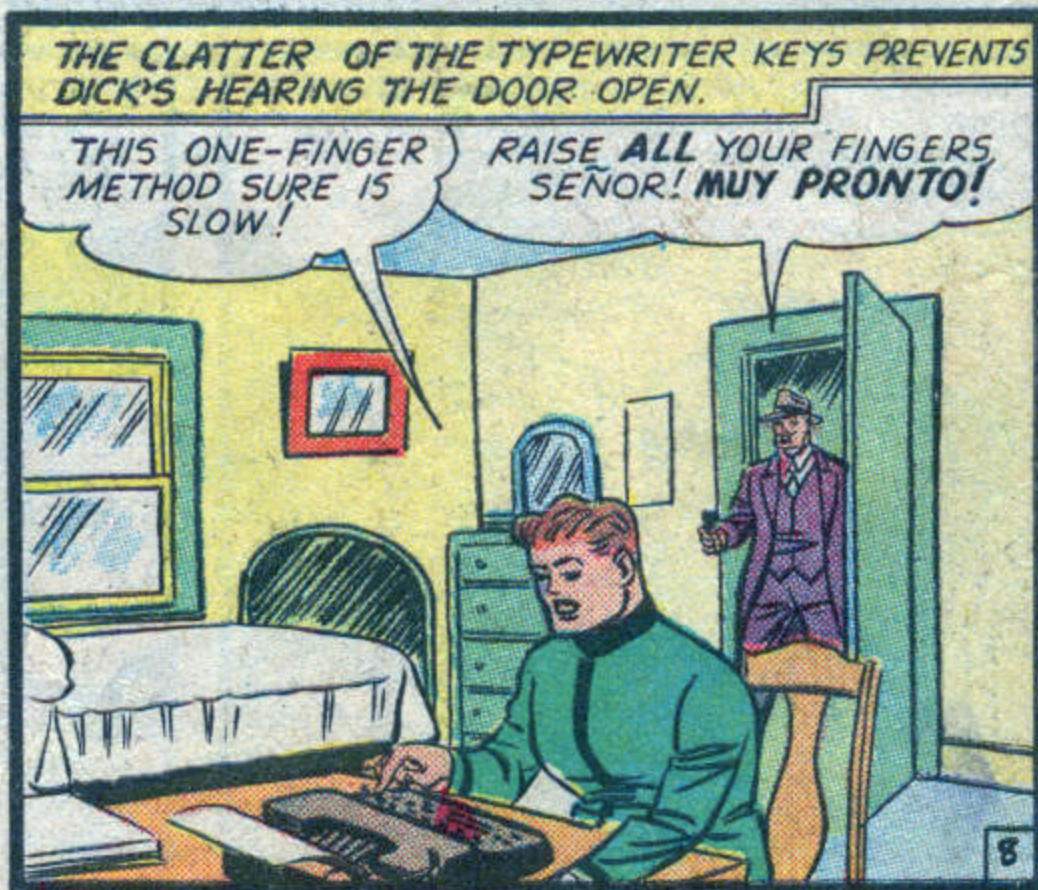
MR. MIERDO? ROOM 514! SHALL I RING?

DON'T BOTHER, THANKS. HE'S EXPECTING ME.



TAKING THE ELEVATOR TO THE TOP FLOOR, DICK DESCENDS VIA THE FIRE ESCAPE.

NO ONE IN! AH, THERE'S HIS PORTABLE! A SPECIMEN OF THE LETTERS ON HIS TYPEWRITER MAY GIVE ME THE CLUE I NEED!



THE CLATTER OF THE TYPEWRITER KEYS PREVENTS DICK'S HEARING THE DOOR OPEN.

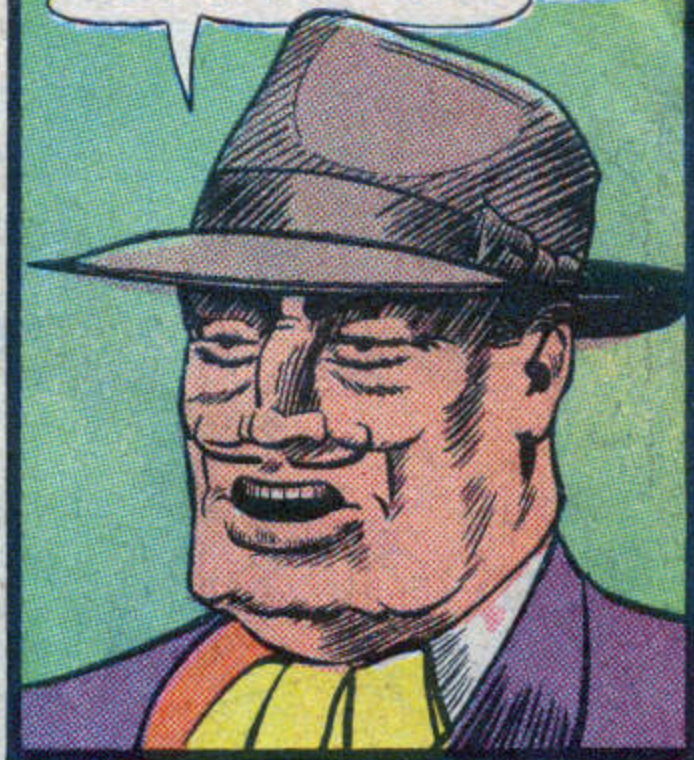
THIS ONE-FINGER METHOD SURE IS SLOW!

RAISE ALL YOUR FINGERS, SEÑOR! MUY PRONTO!

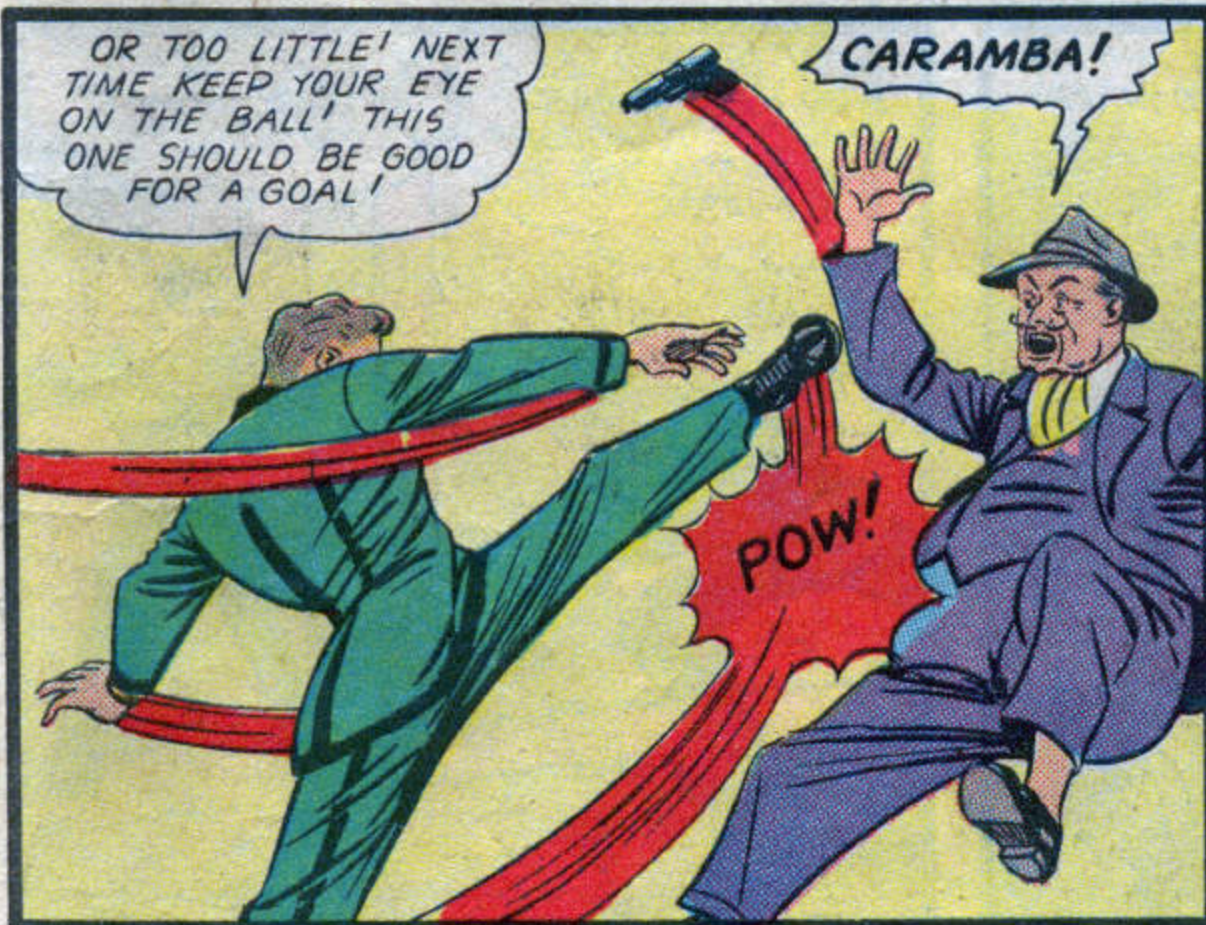
THE AUTOGRAPH HUNTER! I'M WISE TO YOU, MIERDO! YOU WROTE THAT STATEMENT, COVERED IT UP WITH A SHEET OF PAPER LEAVING A BLANK SPACE FOR MY SIGNATURE!



EET EES NEVER HEALTHY, SEÑOR, TO KNOW TOO MUCH!



OR TOO LITTLE! NEXT TIME KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL! THIS ONE SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A GOAL!



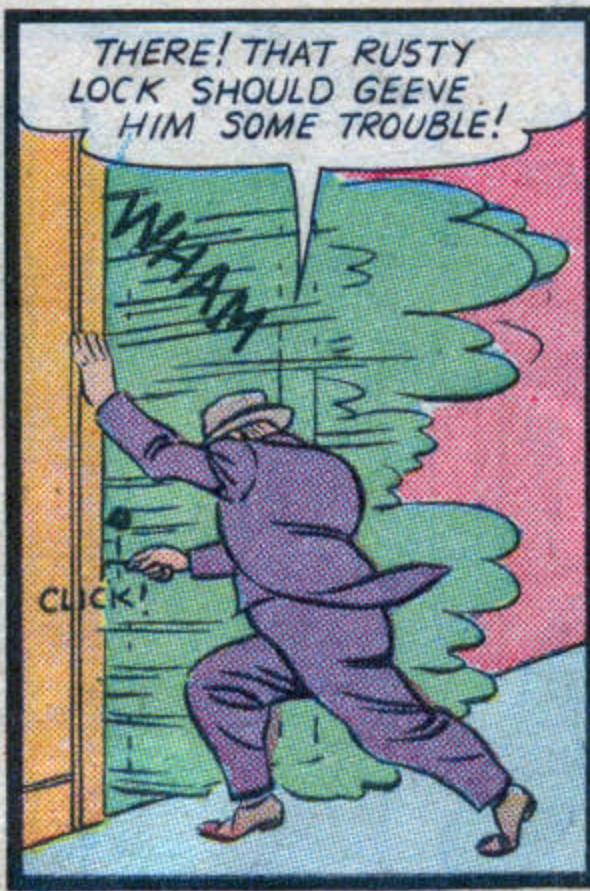
MAYBE THIS'LL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!



BUT, MIERDO TAKES SUDDEN FLIGHT!



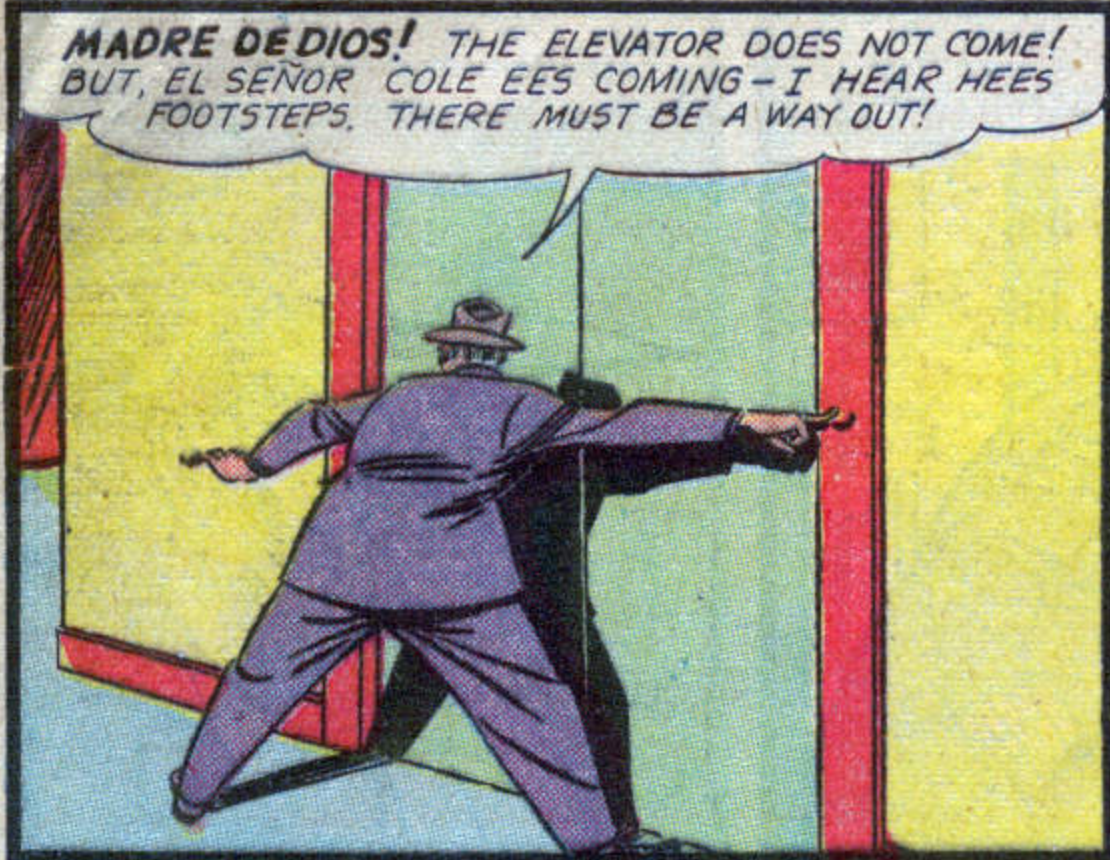
THERE! THAT RUSTY LOCK SHOULD GEEVE HIM SOME TROUBLE!



BLAST THIS DOOR! THAT SNEAKY SENOR WILL GET AWAY! AH-GOT IT!



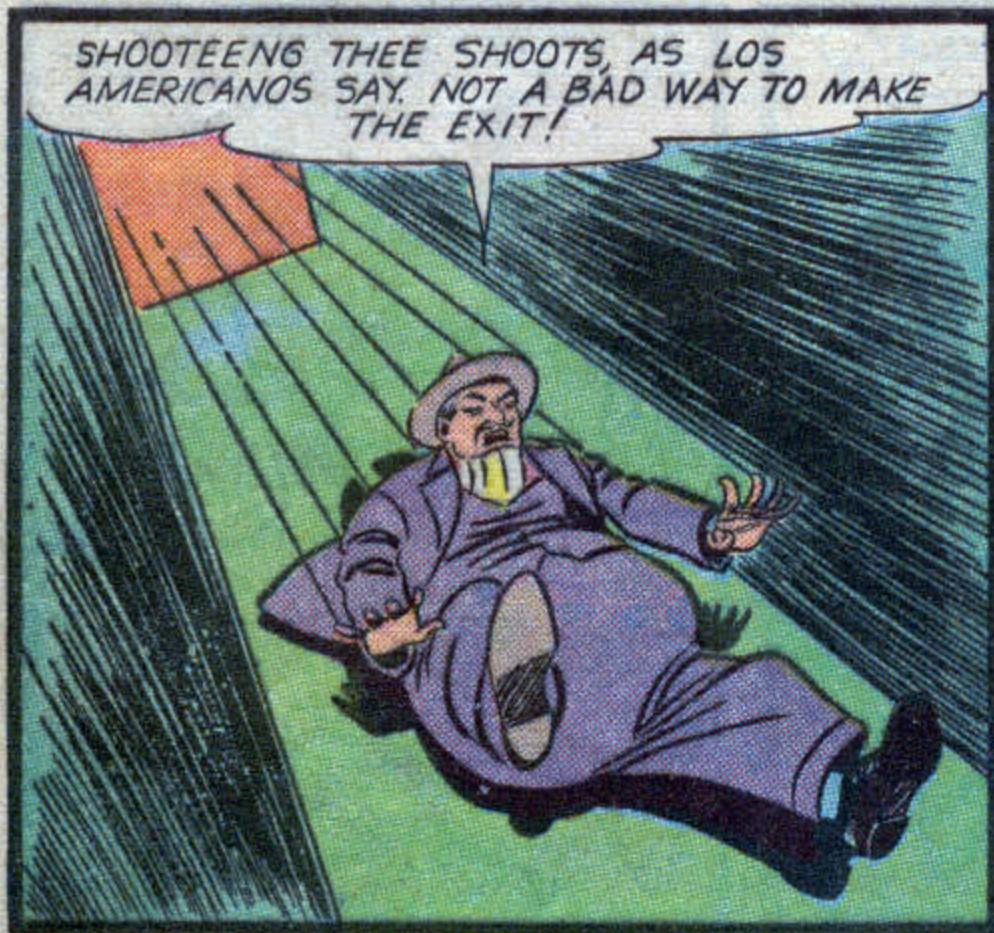
MADRE DE DIOS! THE ELEVATOR DOES NOT COME!
BUT, EL SEÑOR COLE EES COMING - I HEAR HEES
FOOTSTEPS. THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT!



HAH-H-H-H! THEE LAUNDRY
CHUTE!



SHOOTTEENG THEE SHOOT, AS LOS
AMERICANOS SAY. NOT A BAD WAY TO MAKE
THE EXIT!

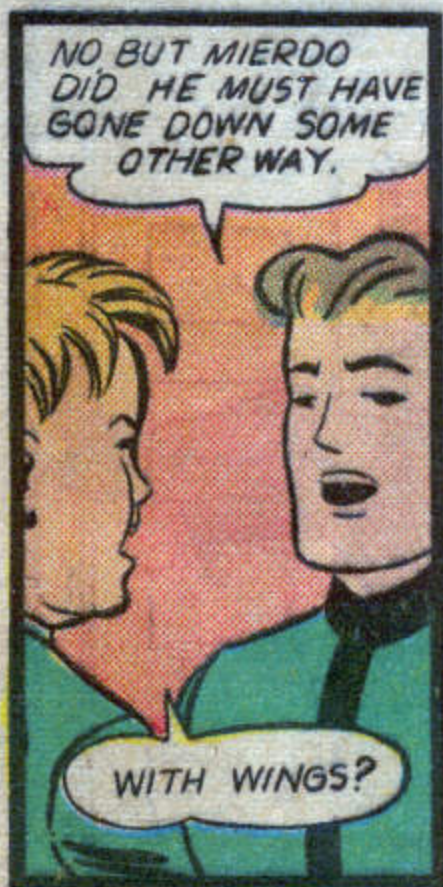


HEY! DID YOU SEE A
BIRD HERE NAMED
MIERDO? I THOUGHT
HE WAS IN THE
ELEVATOR.

I DIDN'T SEE
ANYONE. DIDN'T
YOU RING?

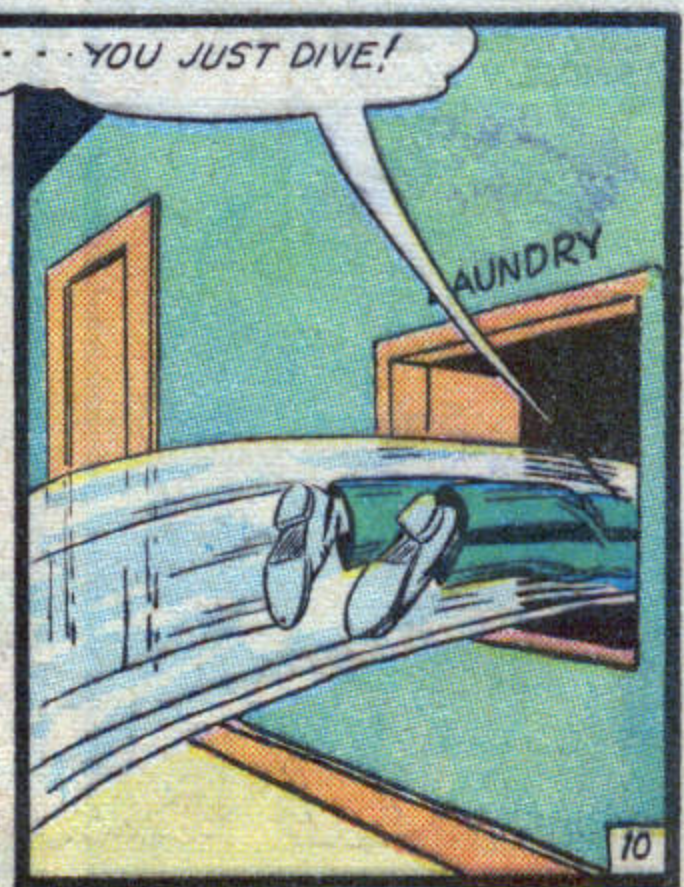


NO BUT MIERDO
DID HE MUST HAVE
GONE DOWN SOME
OTHER WAY.



WITH WINGS?

WELL... YOU DON'T HAVE TO FLY YOU JUST DIVE!



DICK HITS BOTTOM!

"I'D ACTUALLY ENJOY THIS RIDE IF I WEREN'T CHASING THAT MUG!"

GONE! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO HIS ROOM AND COLLECT MY EVIDENCE!

LATER, AT MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE...

WELL?

CADET COLE REPORTING, SIR- WITH PROOF THAT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT PHONEY STATEMENT.

HERE'S THE ORIGINAL STATEMENT AND HERE'S ANOTHER I TYPED ON HIS PORTABLE. NOTICE THE LETTERS "E" AND "M".

THEY'RE A BIT OUT OF KILTER, OBVIOUSLY, THAT STATEMENT WAS WRITTEN ON THE SAME PORTABLE. WHOSE TYPEWRITER IS IT?

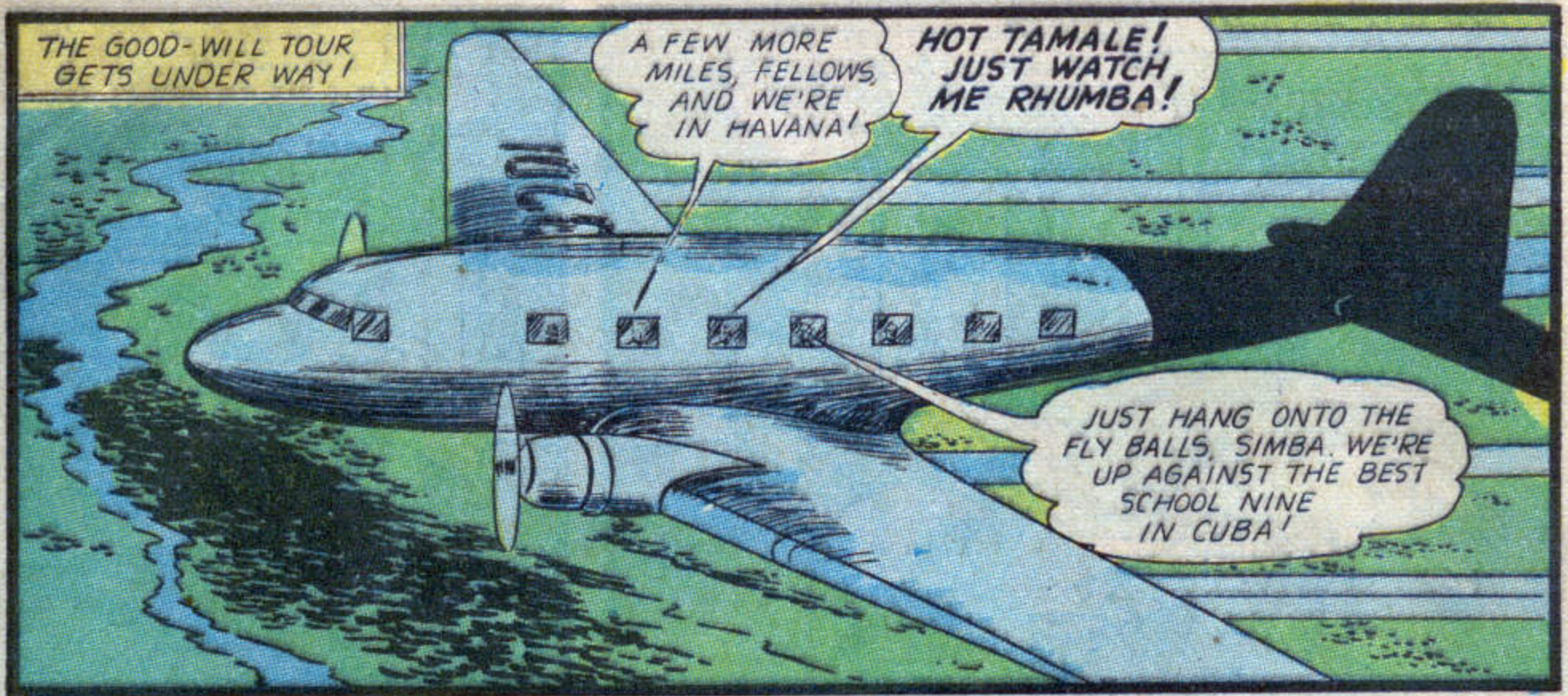
IT BELONGS TO A BIRD NAMED MIERDO! SAYS HE WORKS FOR A SOUTH AMERICAN PAPER. HE GOT MY SIGNATURE BY ASKING ME FOR MY AUTOGRAPH.

F.B.I? CHECK UP ON A MAN NAMED MIERDO! SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT "EL-DIARIO". HE'S TRYING TO SABOTAGE THE GOOD-WILL TOUR!

HERE'S HIS DOSSIER. IN THE FIRST PLACE, HE'S NOT A REPORTER-HE'S A SUSPECTED AXIS SPY, WHOM WE'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR SOME TIME.

I'LL ISSUE A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS EXPLAINING EVERYTHING! BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU GO ON THAT TOUR. I'VE A HUNCH WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF MIERDO!

I HOPE NOT! WHAT I'D GIVE TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!

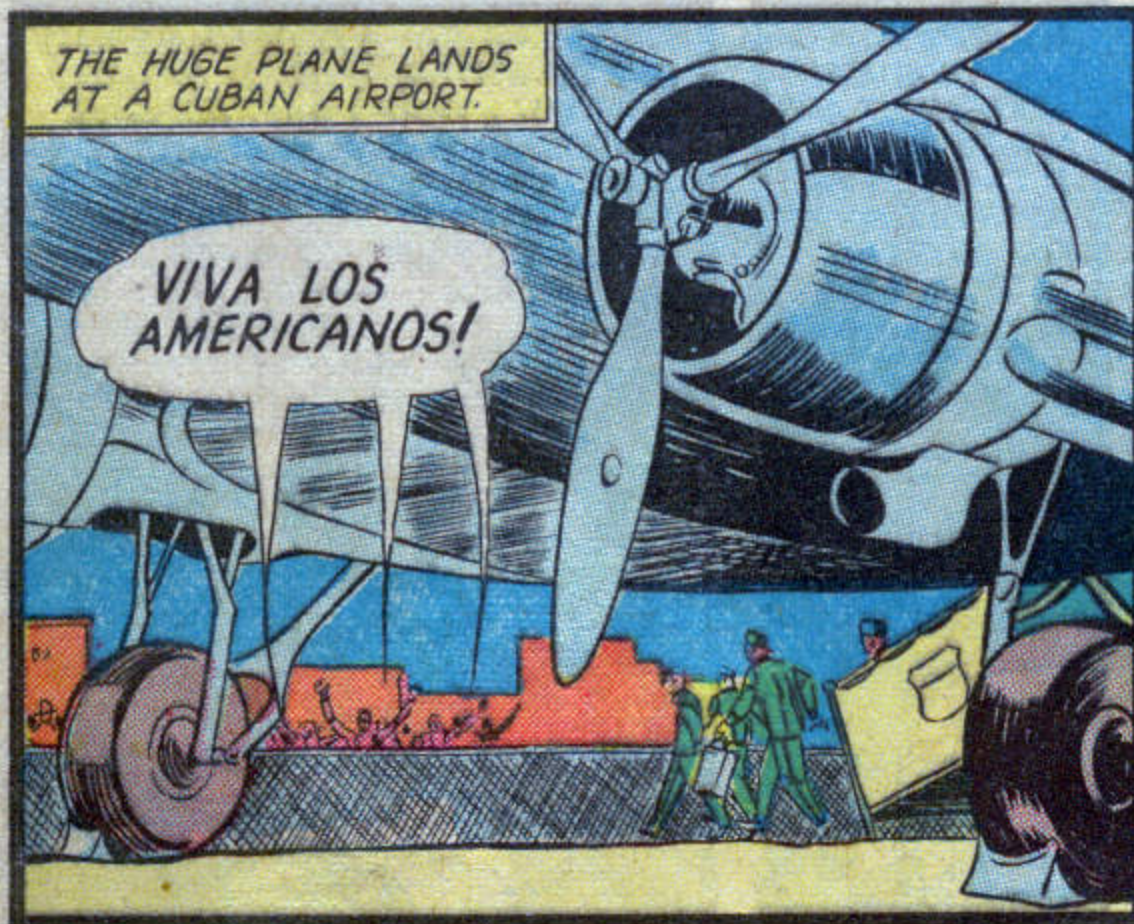


THE GOOD-WILL TOUR GETS UNDER WAY!

A FEW MORE MILES, FELLOWS, AND WE'RE IN HAVANA!

HOT TAMALE! JUST WATCH ME RHUMBA!

JUST HANG ONTO THE FLY BALLS, SIMBA. WE'RE UP AGAINST THE BEST SCHOOL NINE IN CUBA!



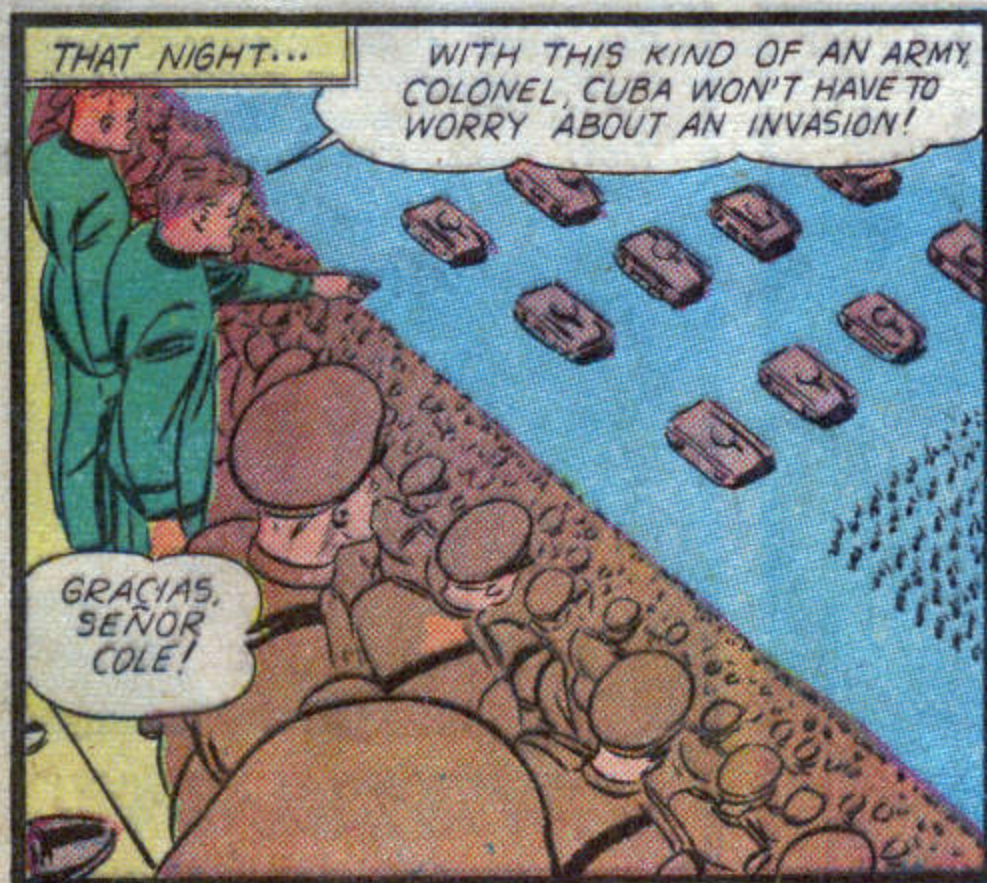
THE HUGE PLANE LANDS AT A CUBAN AIRPORT.

VIVA LOS AMERICANOS!



AFTER DINNER, SEÑOR COLE, YOUR TEAM WILL BE GUESTS OF THE CUBAN ARMY AT NIGHT MANEUVERS!

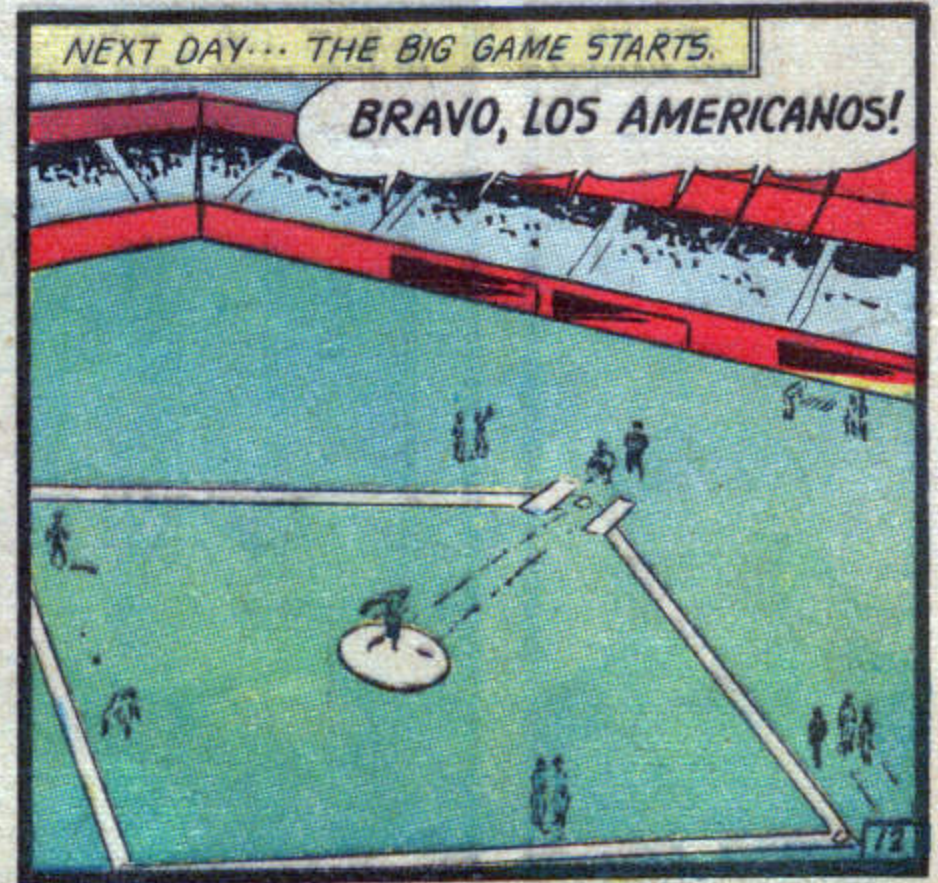
HERE'S MY CHANCE TO TRY THAT INFRA-RED FILM. SHOULD GIVE ME SOME GOOD SHOTS!



THAT NIGHT...

WITH THIS KIND OF AN ARMY, COLONEL, CUBA WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT AN INVASION!

GRACIAS, SEÑOR COLE!



NEXT DAY... THE BIG GAME STARTS.

BRAVO, LOS AMERICANOS!

IN THE SUNNY, UNPROTECTED BLEACHERS,
CLOSE TO THE FIELD...

I CANNOT TAKE ANY CHANCES
OF BEING SEEN, HERBST! AS
SOON AS I LEAVE, GO TO
WORK ON THEM!

SURE!



SEND THE AMERICANOS
BACK TO KINDERGARTEN.
ALL THEY'RE GOOD FOR
IS RING-AROUND-THE-
ROSIE!



HERBST AND HIS
COLLEAGUE INCREASE
THEIR ABUSE!

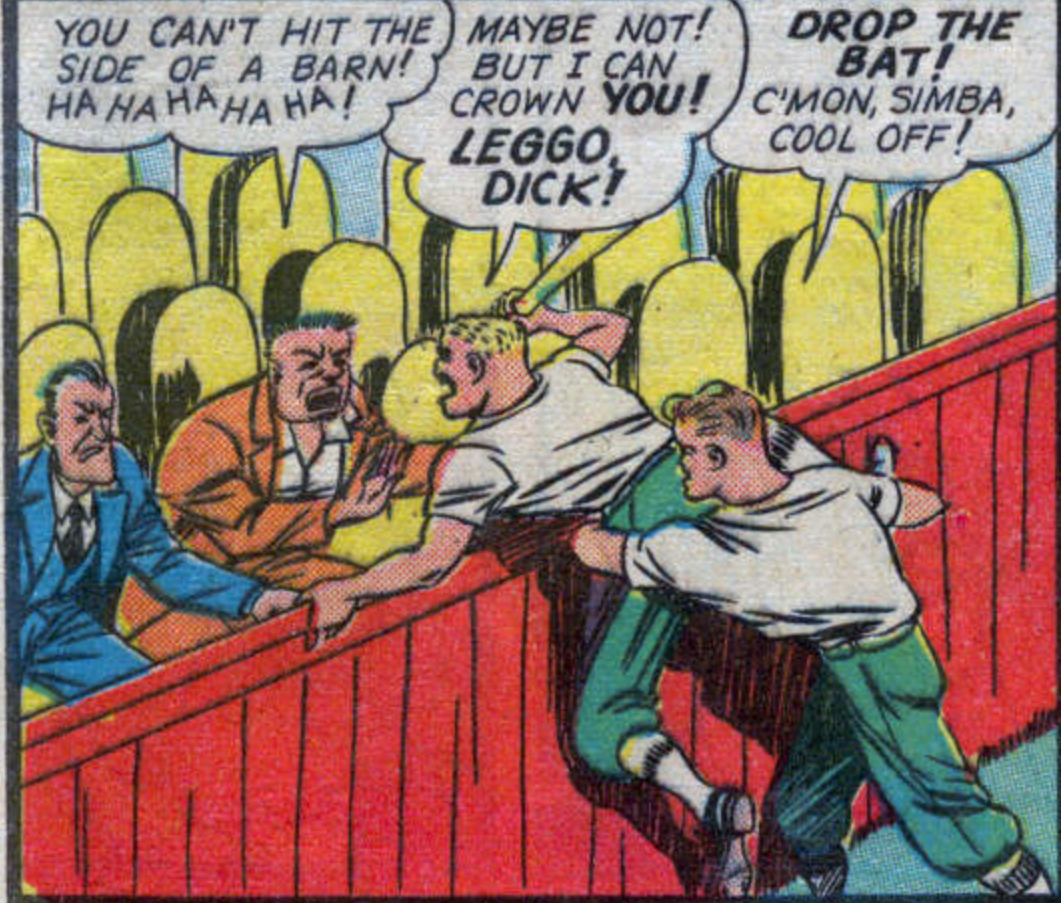
THOSE GUYS DON'T
KNOW WHEN TO STOP!



YOU CAN'T HIT THE
SIDE OF A BARN!
HA HA HA HA HA!

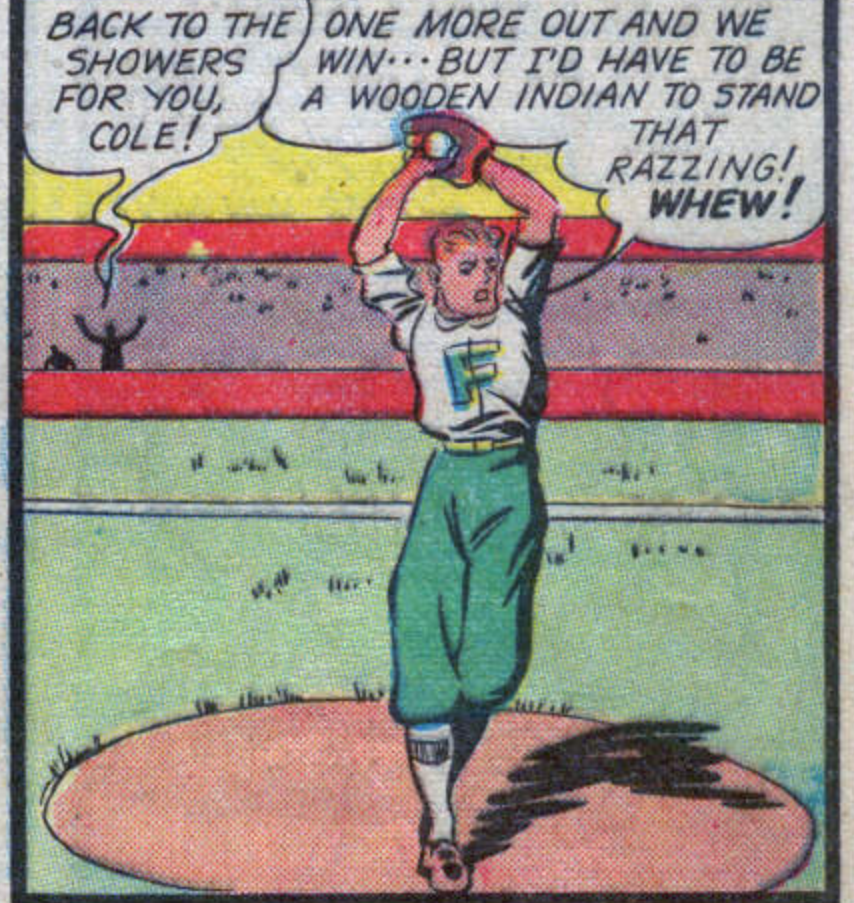
MAYBE NOT!
BUT I CAN
CROWN YOU!
**LEGGO,
DICK!**

**DROP THE
BAT!**
C'MON, SIMBA,
COOL OFF!



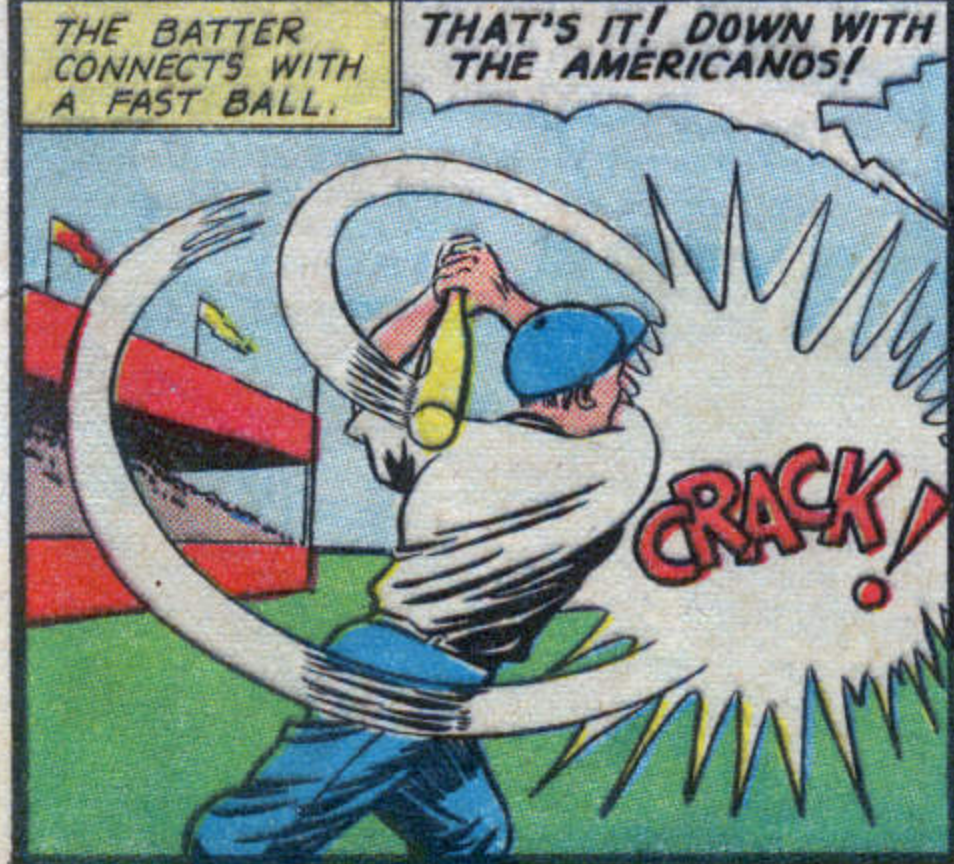
BACK TO THE
SHOWERS
FOR YOU,
COLE!

ONE MORE OUT AND WE
WIN... BUT I'D HAVE TO BE
A WOODEN INDIAN TO STAND
THAT
RAZZING!
WHEW!



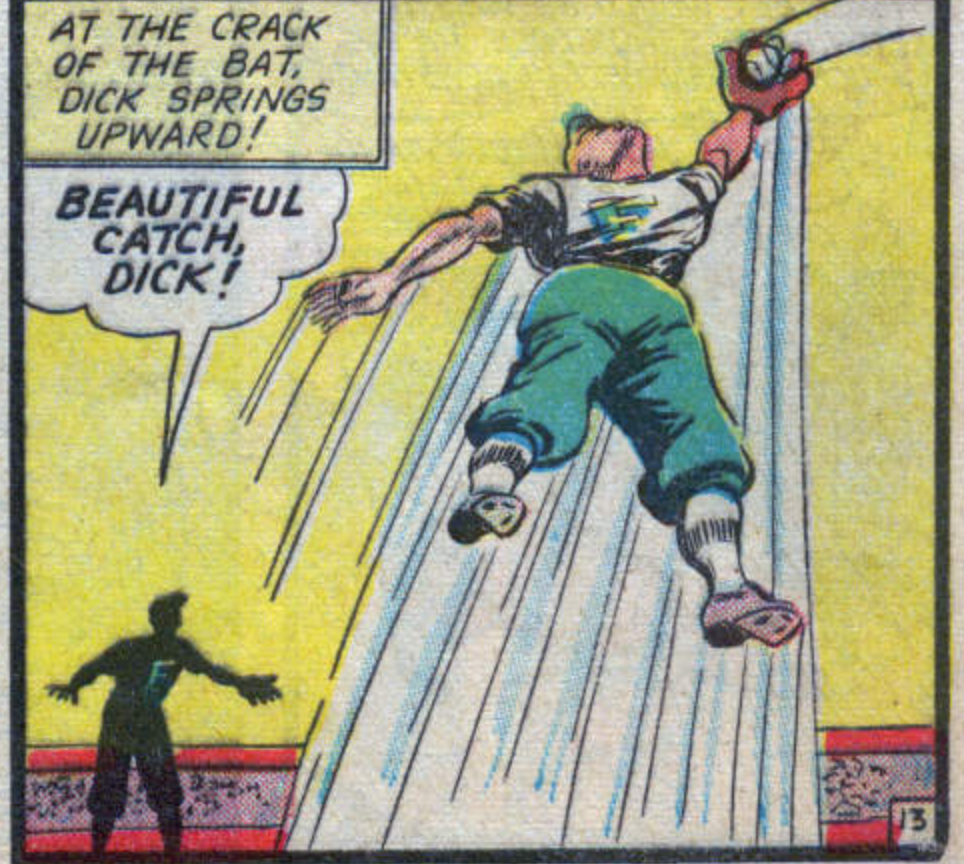
THE BATTER
CONNECTS WITH
A FAST BALL.

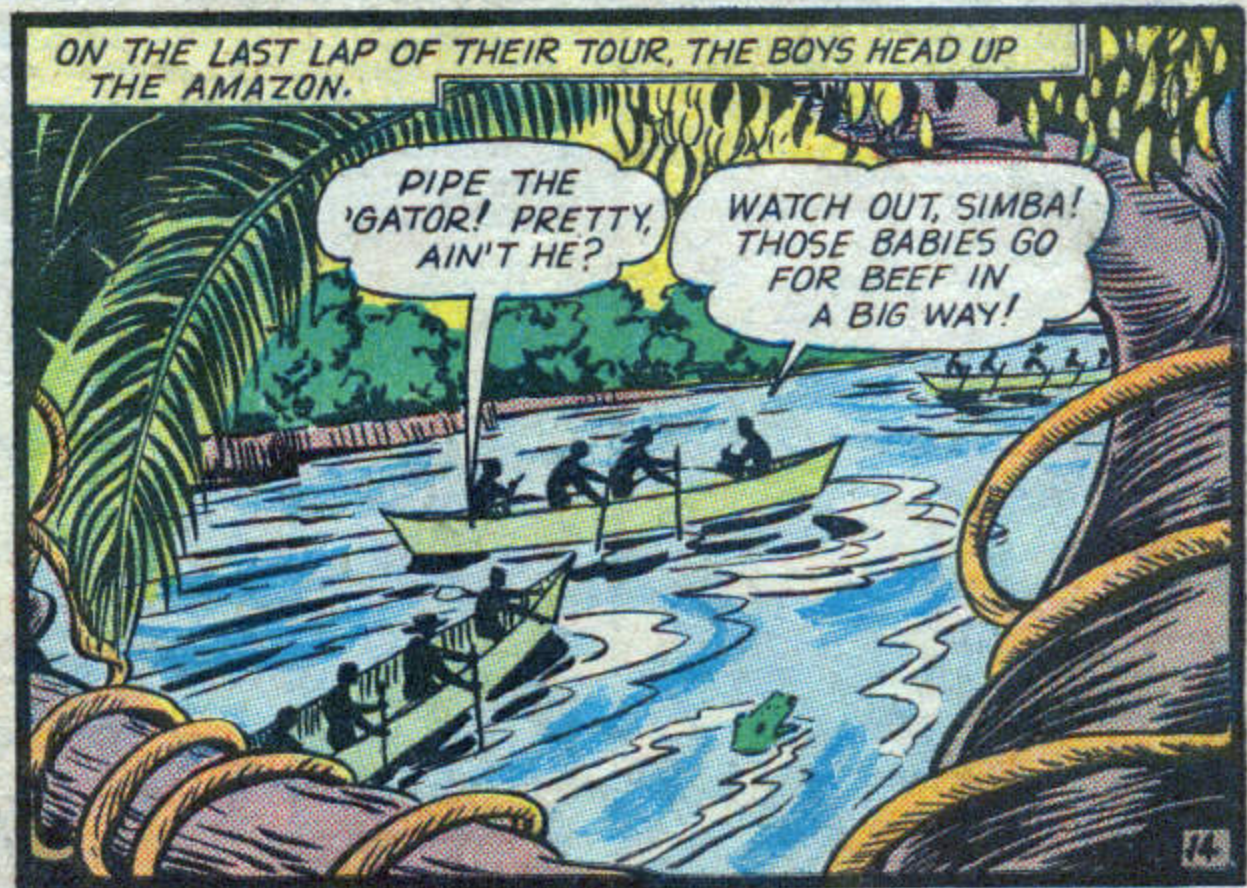
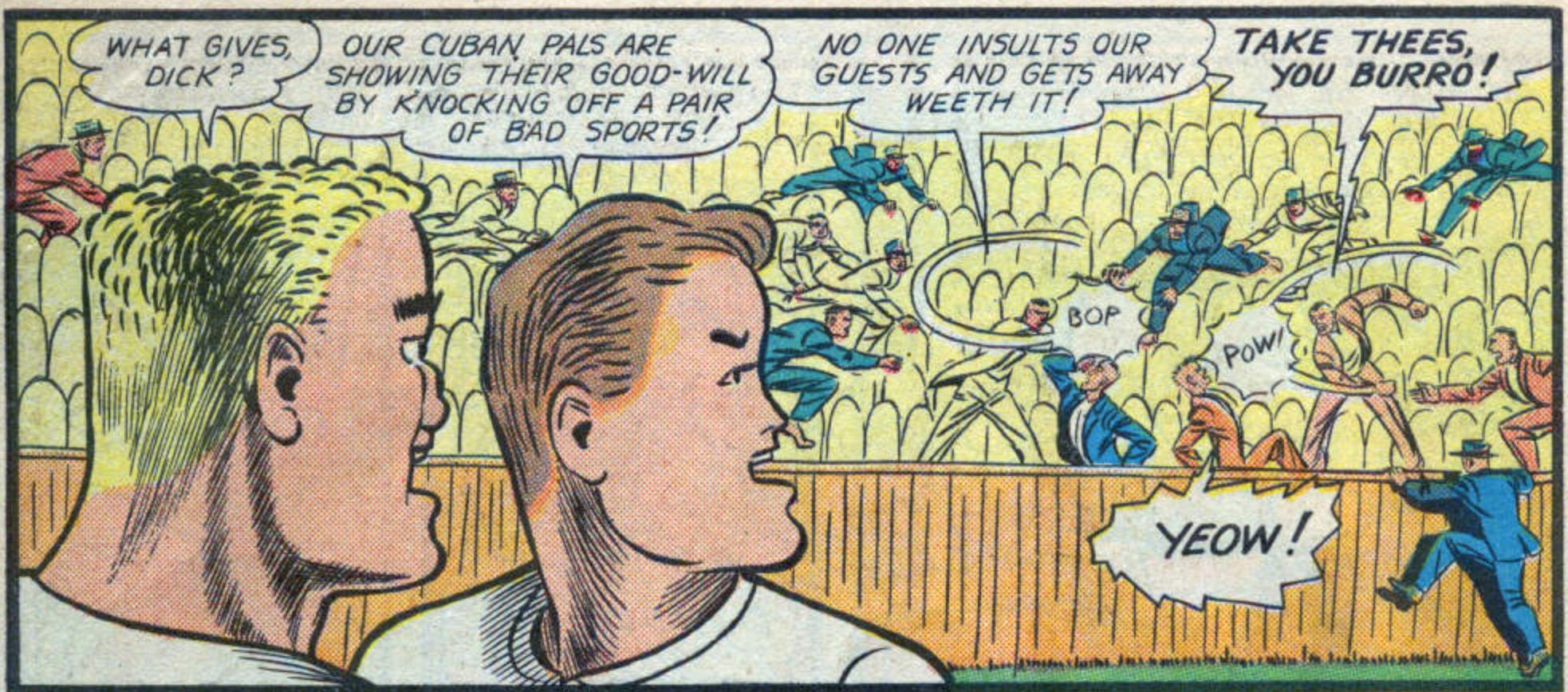
**THAT'S IT! DOWN WITH
THE AMERICANOS!**



AT THE CRACK
OF THE BAT,
DICK SPRINGS
UPWARD!

**BEAUTIFUL
CATCH,
DICK!**





BUT ALONG THE AMAZON, DANGER DOES NOT LURK ONLY IN THE WATER!

BE PATIENT, MY BEAUTIFUL PET! THEY'LL BE—! HERE THEY COME NOW!



HERBST PRESSES A BUTTON, AND THE POISONOUS REPTILE SLITHERS TOWARD THE PASSING CANOES!

LOOK OUT, DICK!

WHAT TH—!

MADRE MIO!



THE DEADLY SNAKE COILS, READY TO STRIKE...

IF I CAN ONLY GRAB MY KNIFE—GOT IT!



AS THE VENDEMOUS REPTILE STREAKS FORWARD, DICK DRIVES HIS KNIFE INTO ITS NECK!



HE'S DONE FOR! WHAT A TIME I HAD TO KEEP FROM CAPSIZING THE CANOE!

EET EES A GOOD THEENG I DO NOT KNOW WHICH IS WORSE—SNAKE OR CROCODILE!



I HAVE NEVER SEEN THEES KIND OF SNAKE ON THEE AMAZON! VEREE STRANGE EET EES!

WOW!



SOME ONE MUST HAVE PLANTED IT, THEN, PEDRO!... BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, FELLOWS!



NIGHT... THE BOYS ENCAAMP IN A SMALL CLEARING.

I HOPE THERE
AREN'T ANY
ANT HILLS
NEAR ME!

GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP, FELLOWS. IT'S
ANOTHER DAY'S RIDE
TO CARAJUA CITY!

I'LL TAKE A CUP
OF THAT SOUP,
PEDRO! I'M
HUNGRY!

THEE FIRE WILL KEEP
JUNGLE PROWLERS
AWAY FROM CAMP!

LATER... A WEIRD SOUND AWAKENS
DICK AND THE GUIDE.

WHOO-O-O

WHAT'S
THAT, PEDRO-
A HOOT
OWL?

WHO-WHO-WHO-

EEF I AM NOT
MISTAKEN, THOSE
OWLS CARRY BOWS
AND ARROWS. A
SYSTEM OF SIGNALS
THAT PROBABLY
MEAN AN ATTACK!

THEE INDIANS
WEEL ATTACK
IN FORCE!

HEY!
SIMBA!
SNAP
OUT OF
IT!

HUH?

THE BOYS ARE QUICKLY ROUSED!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SURROUNDED! THIS
CALLS FOR SOME STRATEGY!

YOUR PROJECTOR
WORKS WITH
BATTERIES,
DOESN'T IT,
SPECS?

SURE. BUT
WHAT A TIME
TO TALK ABOUT
PICTURES!

SET IT UP FAST! THE REST OF YOU GUYS
GET YOUR SHEETS AND FIX 'EM SO
THEY FORM A SCREEN.
HURRY!

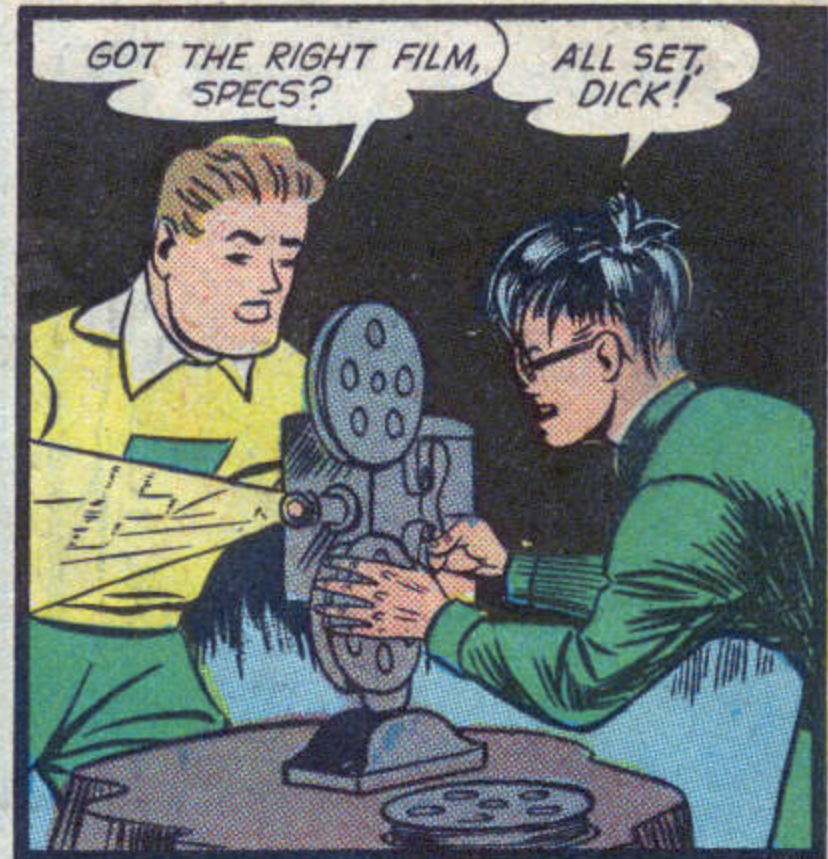
SURE!



I DON'T GET IT, SIMBA!

NEITHER DO I! MAYBE DICK THINKS THESE INDIANS COME FROM HOLLYWOOD!

THEES EES VEREE STRANGE!



GOT THE RIGHT FILM, SPECS?

ALL SET, DICK!



A MOMENT LATER, THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY A FEARSOME SHRIEK!

E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E



THE SAVAGES LEAP TO THE ATTACK!

KILL! KILL THE GRINGOES!

YA-A-A-A-A!

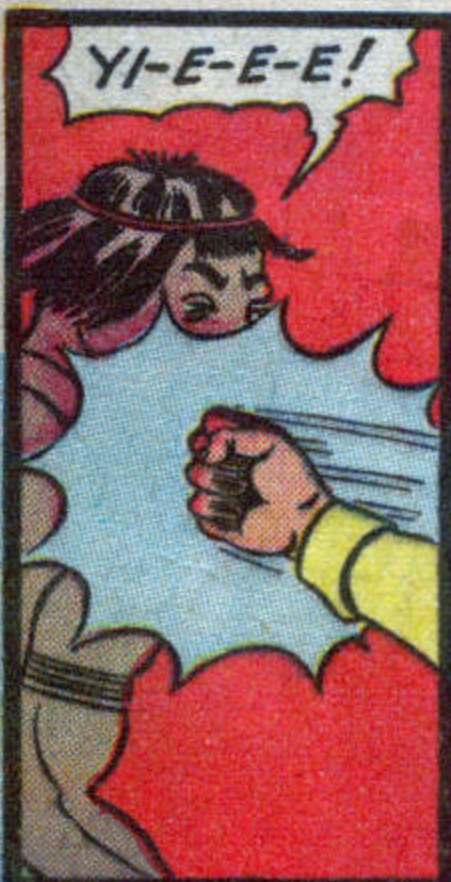
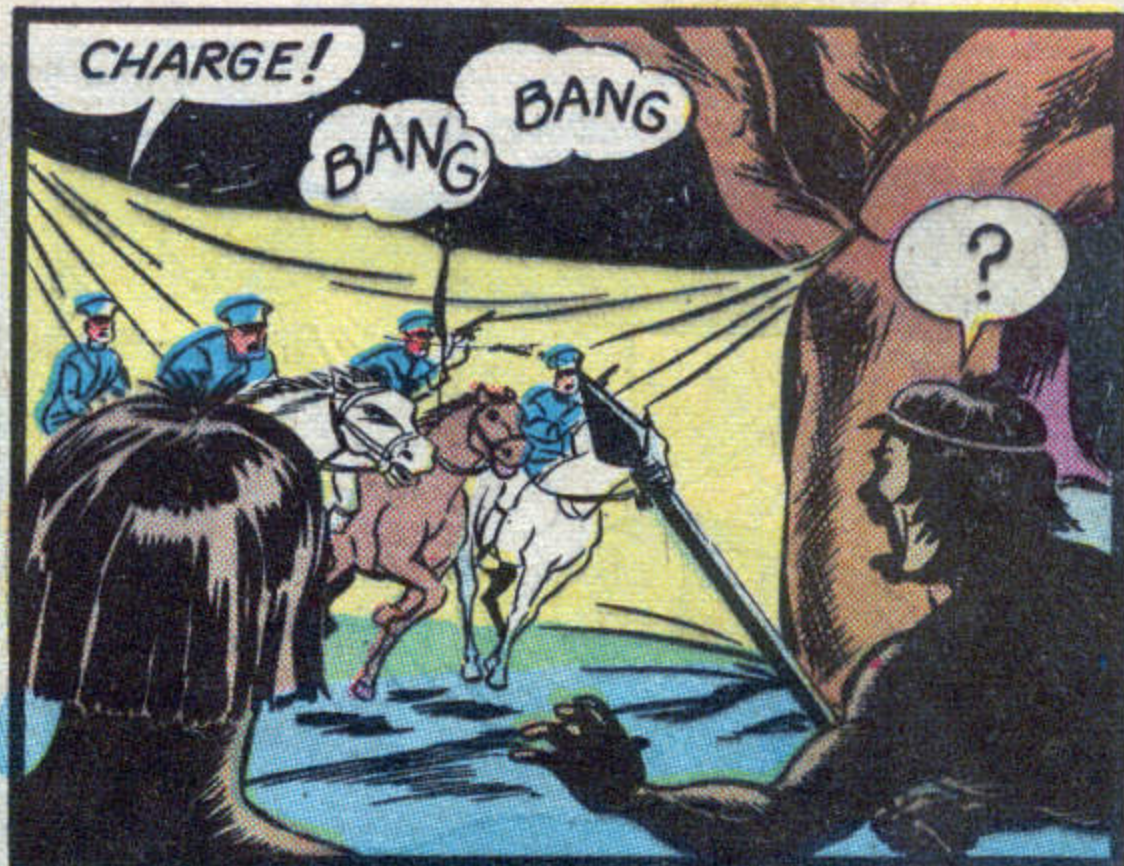
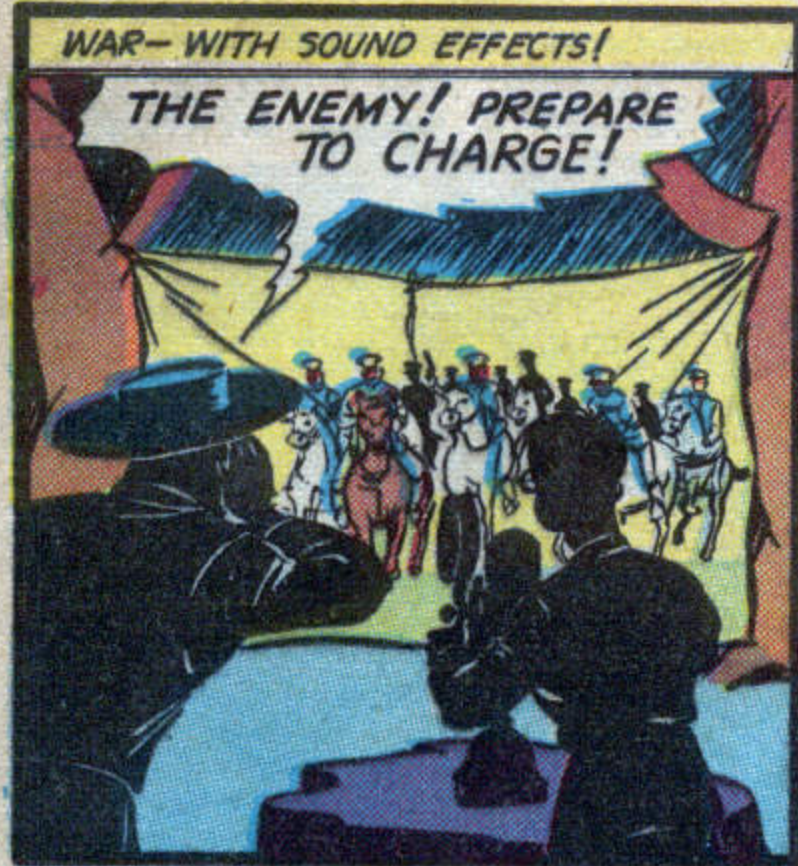


AS SOON AS THE MOVIE STARTS, PEDRO, YOU DUB IN THE SOUND EFFECTS!

SI- AND YOU WEEL SHOOT INTO THEE AIR!

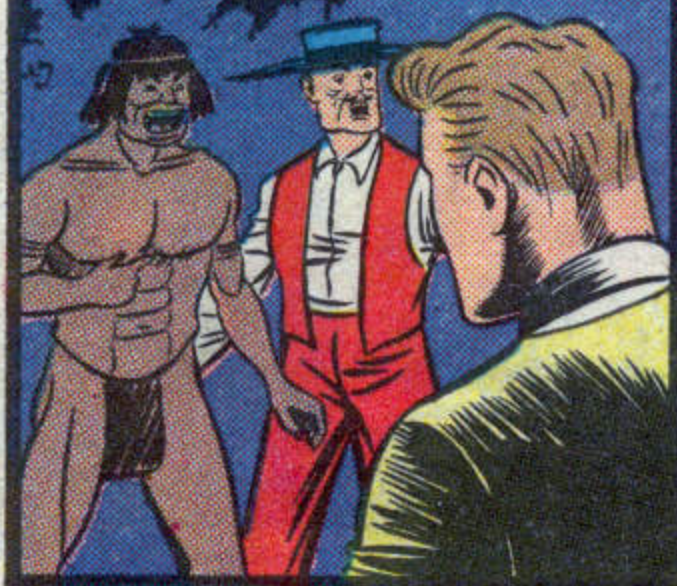


WELL, I'LL BE--! THE PICTURES THAT SPECS TOOK OF THE CUBAN MANEUVERS!



TORO...
CARAJUA!

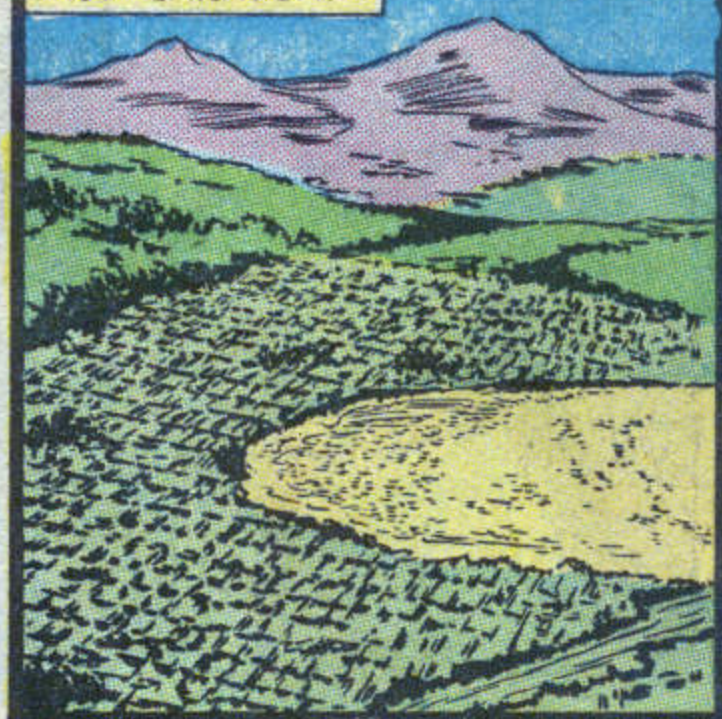
HE BEARS NO ILL
WILL. HE WOULD
LIKE TO GO WEETH US,
TO SEE THEE BULL
FIGHT. HE HAS NEVER
SEEN ONE.



HM-M. WE COULD
USE HIM TO HANDLE
ANY OTHER NATIVES
WHO GET NASTY!
OKAY, RANGO, A,
PUT 'ER THERE!



NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS SET OUT...
THEIR GOAL THE LOVELY CITY
OF CARAJUA.



BUT, THEY ARE UNAWARE
OF WHAT AWAITS THEM!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
OF CARAJUA!

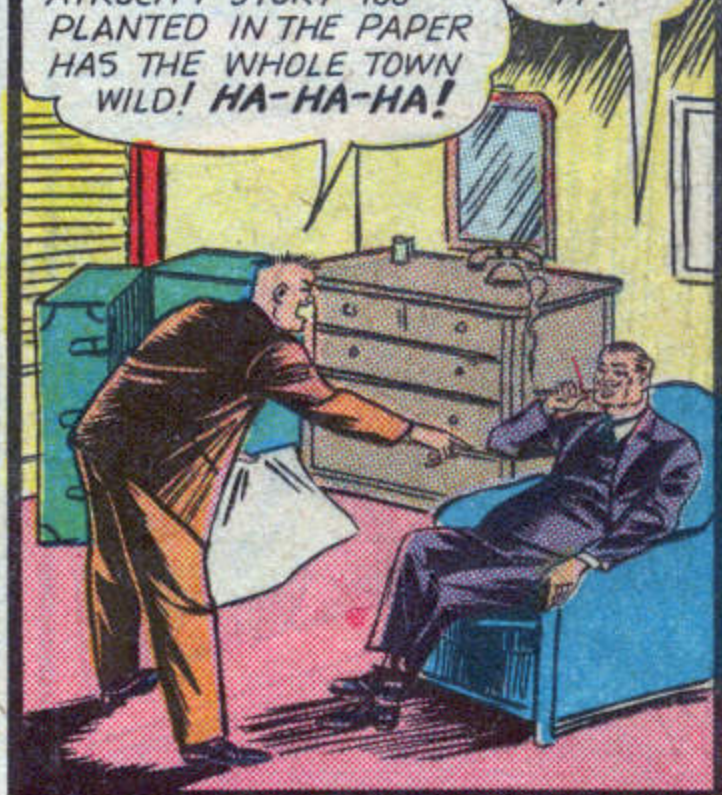
AN OUTRAGE! THEE
SWIMMING MEET EES
CANCELLED!

SI, SEÑOR!



YOU DID IT THIS TIME,
MIERDO! THAT FAKE
ATROCITY STORY YOU
PLANTED IN THE PAPER
HAS THE WHOLE TOWN
WILD! HA-HA-HA!

AMUSING,
ISN'T
IT?



THAT NIGHT THE BOYS ARRIVE AT CARAJUA!

WASN'T THERE SUPPOSED
TO BE A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE?

FORGET IT! THEY'RE PROBABLY
SAVING THE ORATORY FOR
TOMORROW! HEY, CAB!



HOTEL
ESTRELLITA.
WHAT TH-?

LOS AMERICANOS!
AMIGOS DEL
DIABLO!

HUH?



WEARILY, DICK AND HIS FRIENDS TRUDGE TO THE HOTEL.

THEY SURE GIVE YOU THE ICE AROUND THIS BURG!

THEES I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

WE RESERVED SUITE 204

VEREE WELL-

LATER, IN THEIR ROOMS...

NOW THAT YOU'VE PICKED UP A LITTLE AMERICANES, RANGOA, MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

ME NO SLEEP IN BED. BED TOO SOFT!

FLOOR NO GOOD! ROOM NO GOOD! ME WANT OUTSIDE! I MEET YOU AT BULL-FIGHT!

OKAY, RANGOA! SWEET DREAMS!

LATER...

OPEN UP! POLICE!

KNOCK KNOCK

NOW WHAT?

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE NOT WELCOME IN CARAJUA CITY! I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE.

BUT WHY?

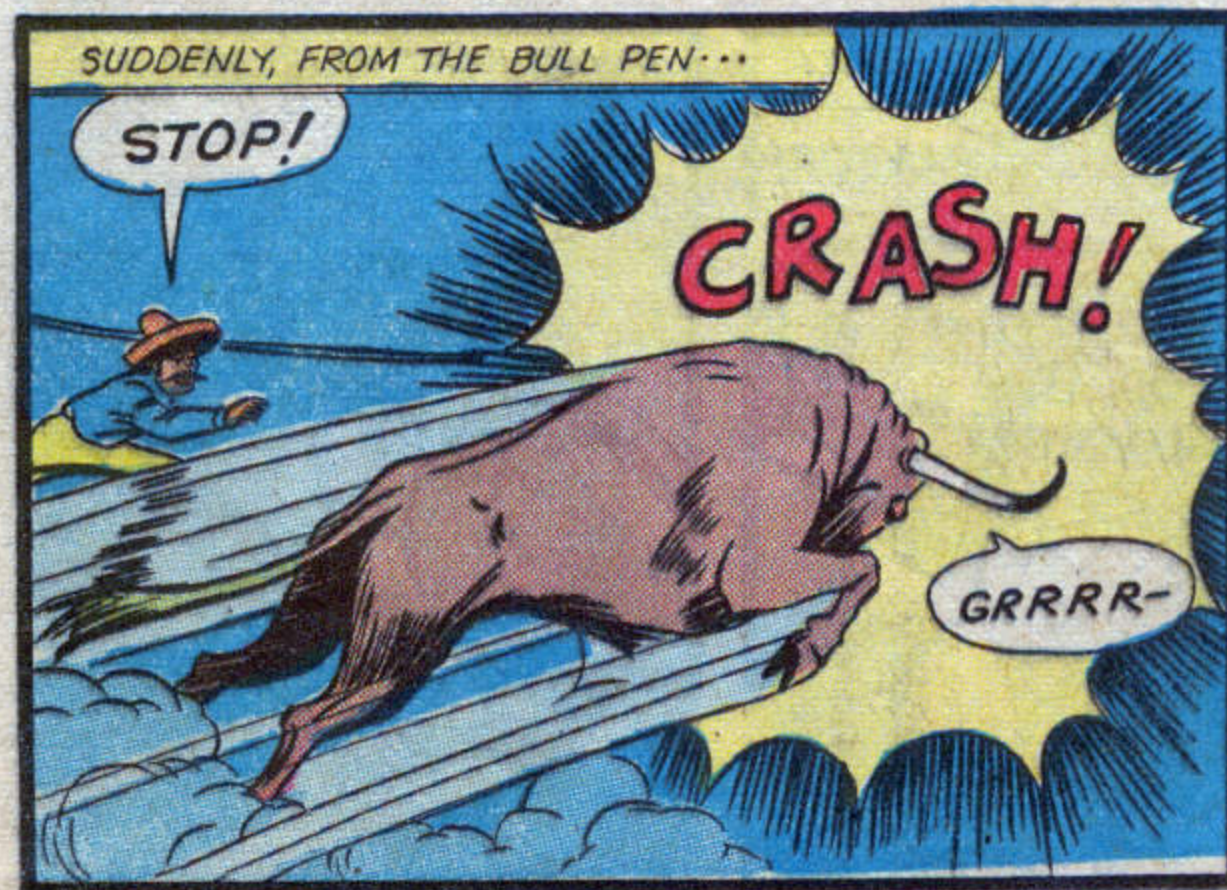
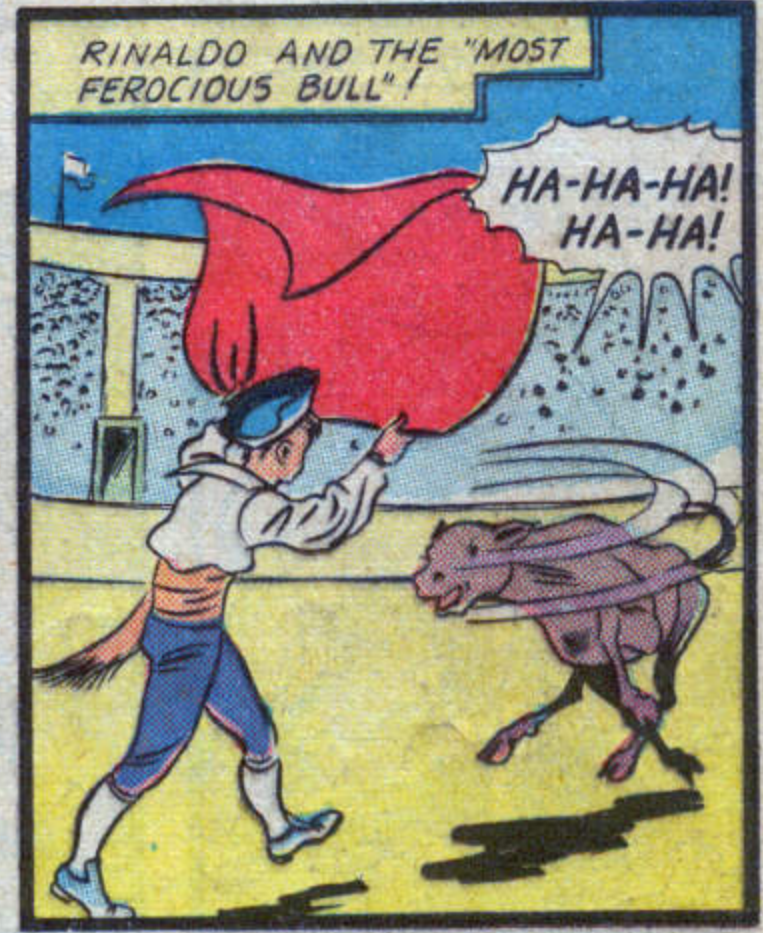
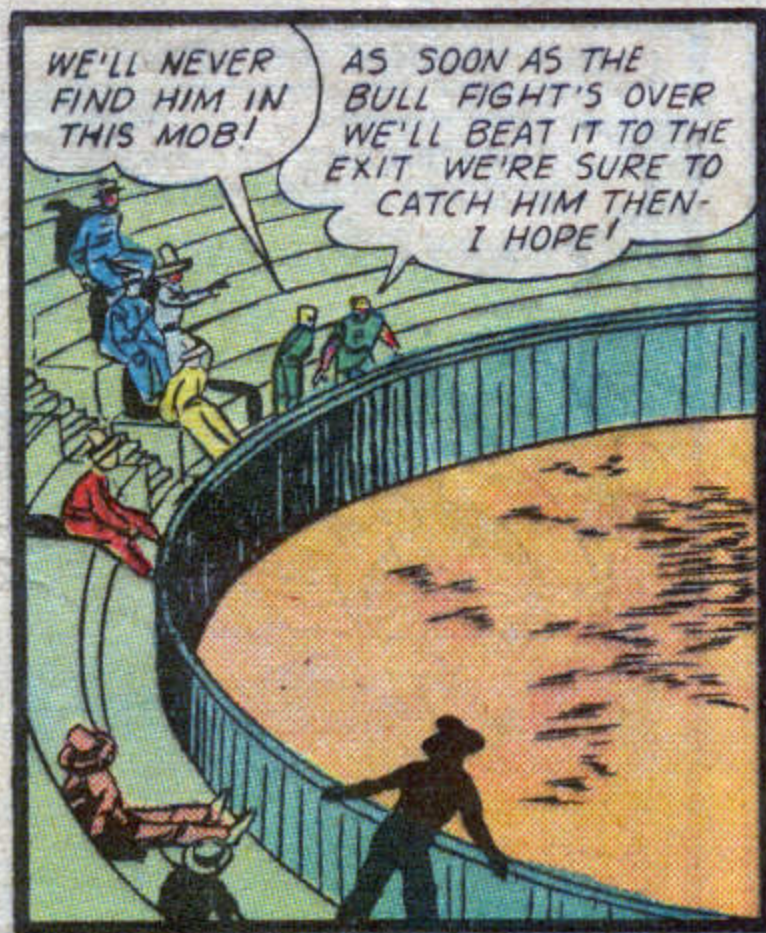
YOU PRETEND NOT TO KNOW. PERHAPS THIS NEWSPAPER WILL ENLIGHTEN YOU!

WOW! THIS PHONEY YARN IS ENOUGH TO START A WAR! BETTER WAKEN THE OTHERS! THE ONLY THING FOR US TO DO IS GO TO THE AMERICAN EMBASSY!

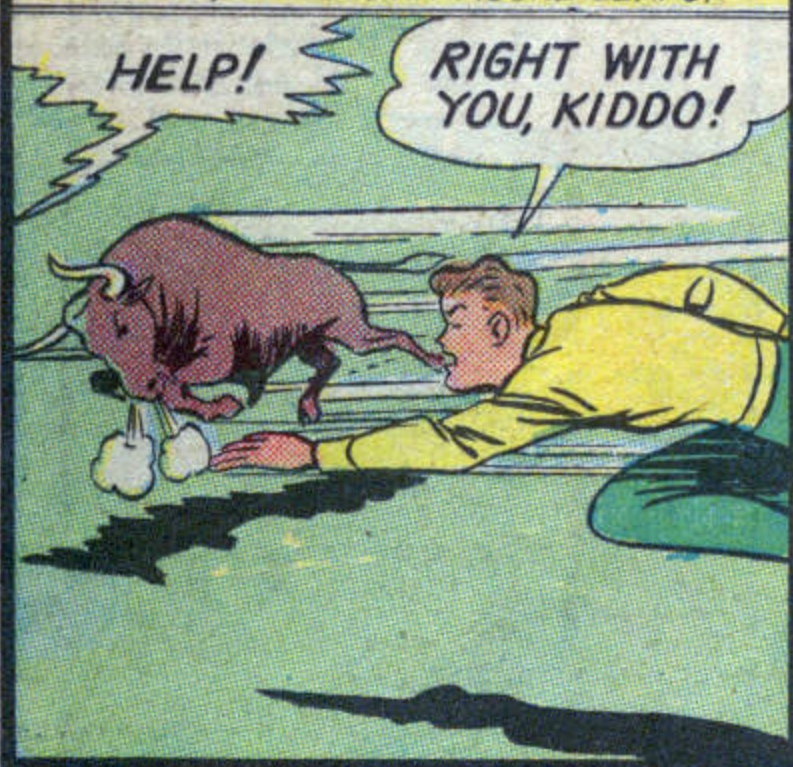
AT THE EMBASSY, DICK TELLS HIS STORY.

THE ONLY WITNESS TO WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED IS RANGOA. YOU'D BETTER FIND HIM.

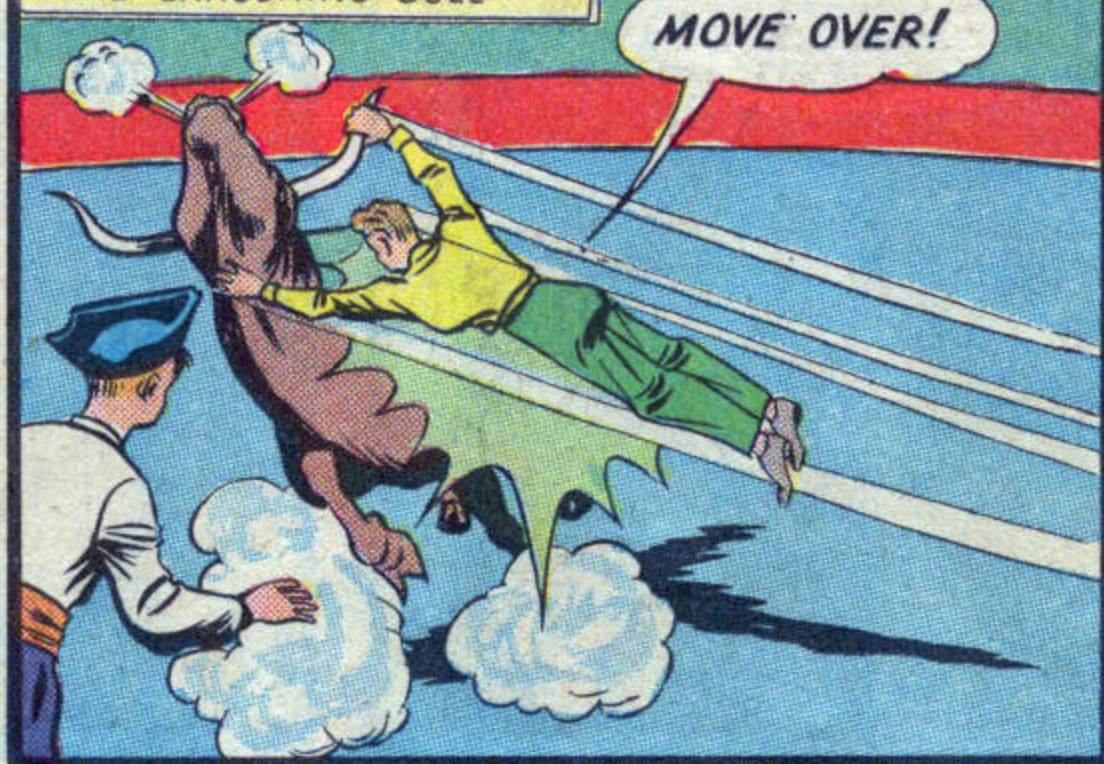
BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS. WAIT A MINUTE. HE SAID HE'D MEET US AT THE BULL FIGHT, TOMORROW.



A STUNNED HUSH HITS THE ARENA!
SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR FIGURE LEAPS!



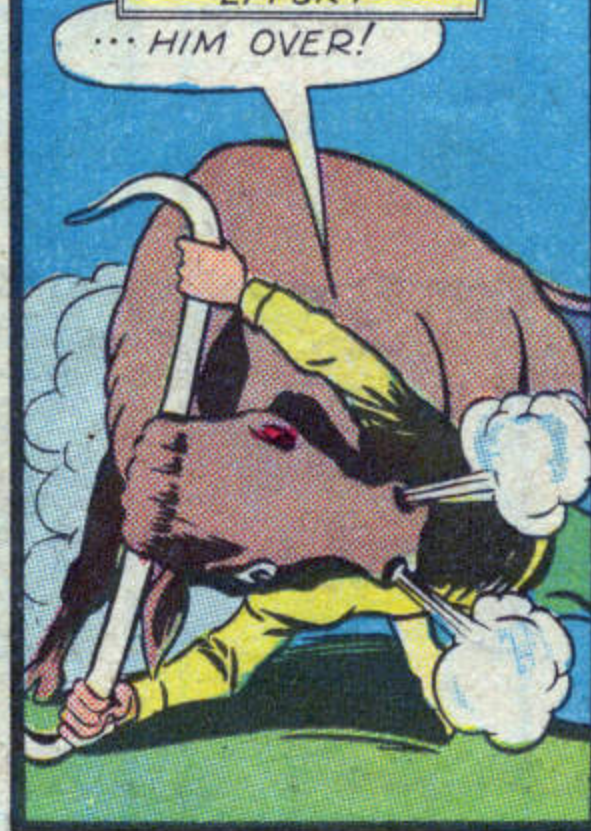
WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, DICK HURLS HIMSELF AT
THE ONRUSHING BULL!



AS THE ANIMAL SWERVES...



... WITH A TREMENDOUS
EFFORT...



... DICK THROWS HIM TO THE
GROUND!



I- MAYOR OF
CARAJUA CITY-
EXTEND TO YOU
MY THANKS FOR
SAVING MY BOY!
YOU ARE A
HERO!



ME, TOO! EET WAS WONDERFUL!
BETTER THAN STICKING
BULL WITH SWORD!



IF YOU WANT TO DO ME A GOOD
TURN, RANGO, TELL THE MAYOR
ALL ABOUT THAT ATTACK YOUR
MEN MADE ON OUR
CAMP LAST NIGHT!



RANGOA RELATES THE WHOLE STORY.

GRACIAS, RANGOA! SEÑOR COLE, YOU AND YOUR PARTY HAVE BEEN WRONGED. I WILL MAKE AMENDS!



FIRST, I WEEL ORDER THEE ARREST OF MIERDO, WHO EES RESPONSIBLE FOR THEE ATROCITY STORY. THEN THEE SWIMMING MEET WILL BE HELD!

YIPPEE!



BUT BEFORE AN ALARM CAN BE BROADCAST FOR MIERDO, A PRO-AXIS POLICEMAN MAKES A CALL.

YOU HAD BETTER MAKE YOURSELVES SCARCE, SEÑORES MIERDO Y HERBST!

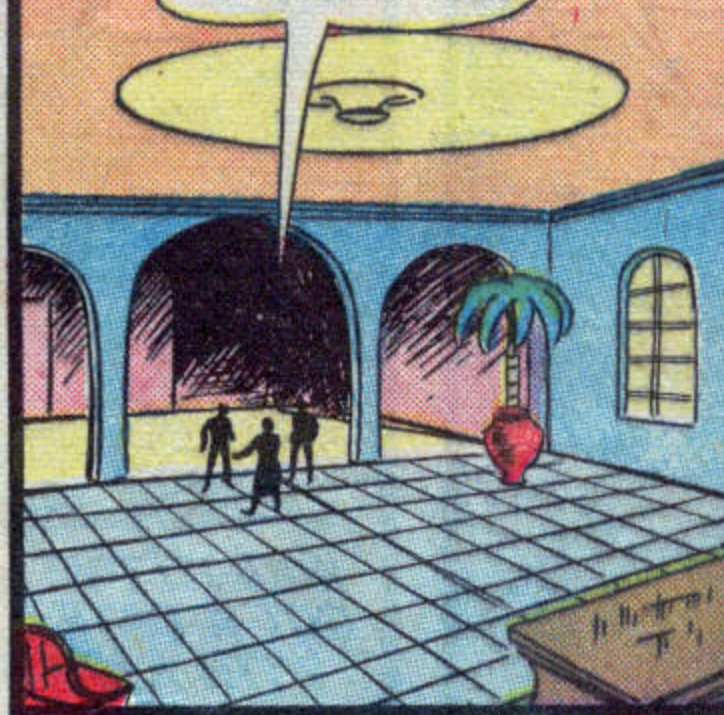


WE CAN HIDE HERE AT THEE GERMAN EMBASSY! COME, SEÑOR!

I DO NOT THINK HERR AMBASSADOR VILL BE IN A GOOD HUMOR, SENOR MIERDO!



YOU ARE THROUGH AS A GESTAPO AGENT, HERBST! BACK YOU GO TO DER REICH! AS FOR YOU, SEÑOR MIERDO, YOU'D BETTER GET ANOTHER JOB.



LATER, MIERDO BROODS OVER HIS LATEST SETBACK.

COLE EES RESPONSIBLE, FOR THAT HE SHALL PAY.



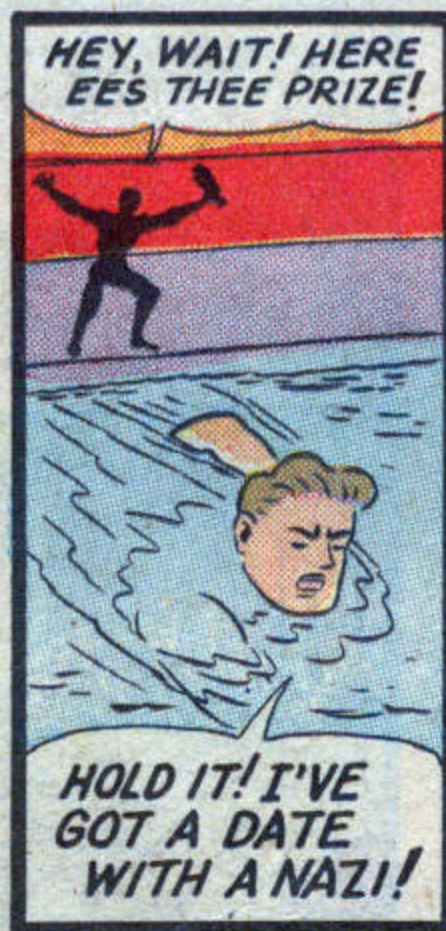
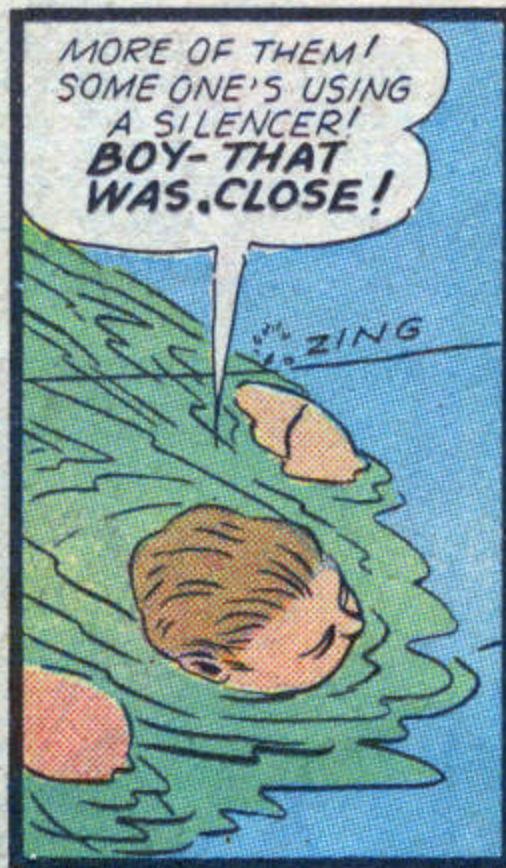
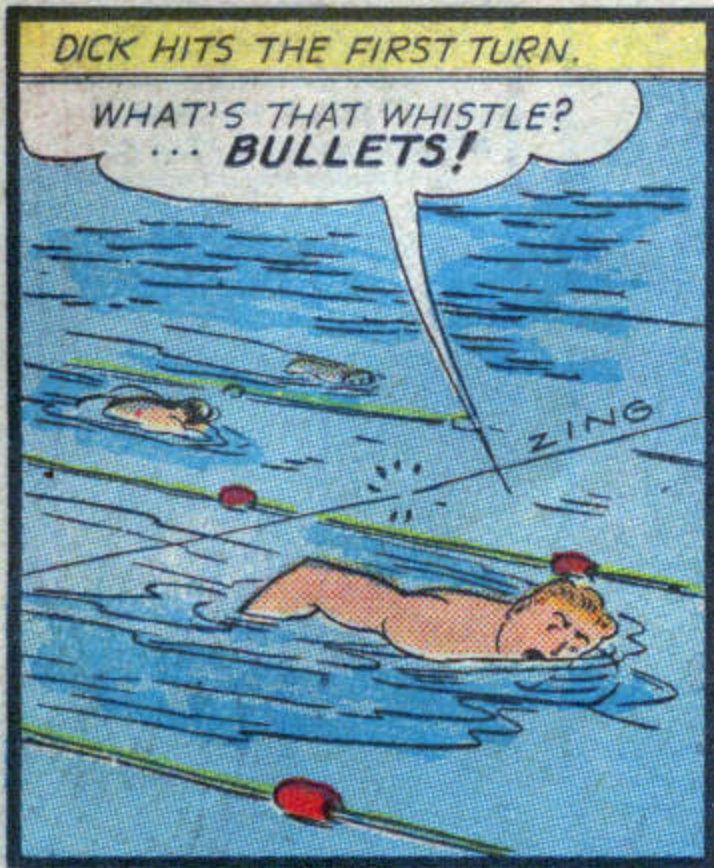
THE FINAL EVENT OF THE SWIMMING MEET... THE ONE-MILE FREE-STYLE STARTS IN CARAJUA BAY.



OUTSIDE THE ROPES...

COLE EES AHEAD- BUT THEES RACE HE WEEL NOT WEEN!

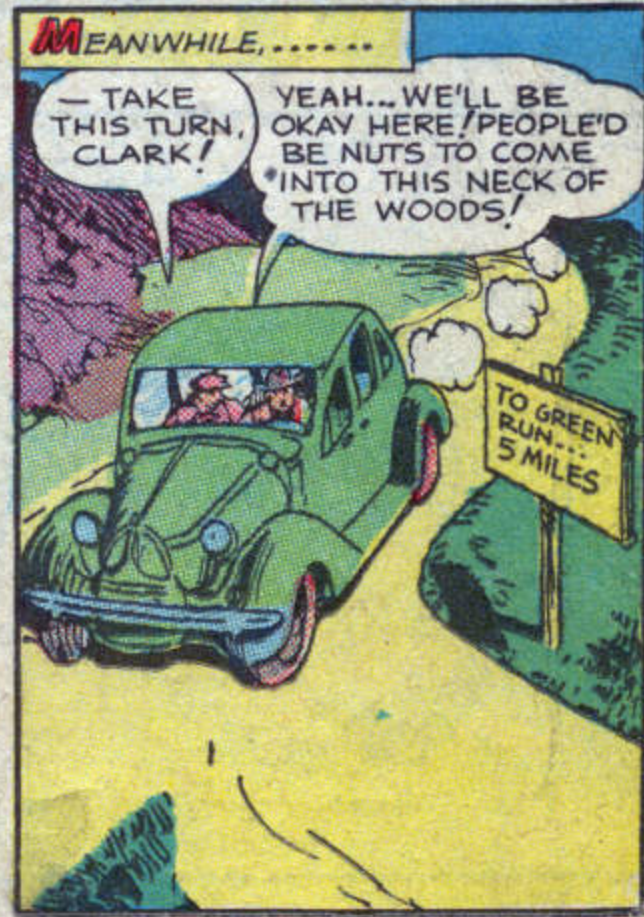




DICK COLE
KNOWS THAT
THE BEST WAY
TO
STICK TOGETHER
IS TO KEEP
STICKING STAMPS
INTO A BOOK
UNTIL YOU CAN
STICK
A WAR BOND
IN THE BANK

**LICK A STAMP
AND
LICK THE
AXIS!**

Edison BELL



WELL, WE'LL SOON
BE IN THE OLD INDIAN
VALLEY OF GREEN
RUN!

IS IT TRUE,
EDDIE, THAT THE
VALLEY WAS ONCE
CONSIDERED
HAUNTED?

THAT'S RIGHT...
AND AS A
RESULT, THE
VALLEY HASN'T
BEEN SETTLED
SINCE THE
REDMEN WERE
HERE...
WHY, THE ONLY
ROAD UP HERE IS
A DEAD END...
SO NO CARS
EVER...

HEAR
SOMETHING,
FRED?

I DON'T KNOW... DID
YOU SAY **NO** CARS
COME UP THIS
WAY?

THAT'S RIGHT...
THERE'D BE NO
REASON TO
COME, WHY?

OH, NOTHING!
I GUESS I
WAS
MISTAKEN...

INDIAN JEWELRY

BEADS OF WAR!

SIMPLY
STRING HORSE
CHESTNUTS
AND ACORNS
TOGETHER
AS SHOWN.

BONE VEST!

LONG
STRIPS
OF FELT.

TIED
AROUND
NECK.

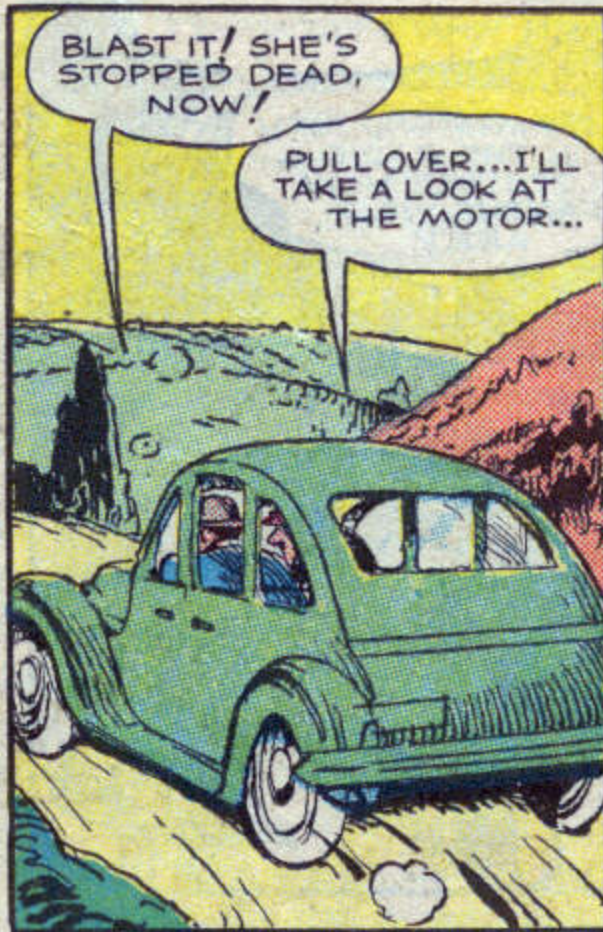
LACE WITH
NEEDLE
AND STRING.

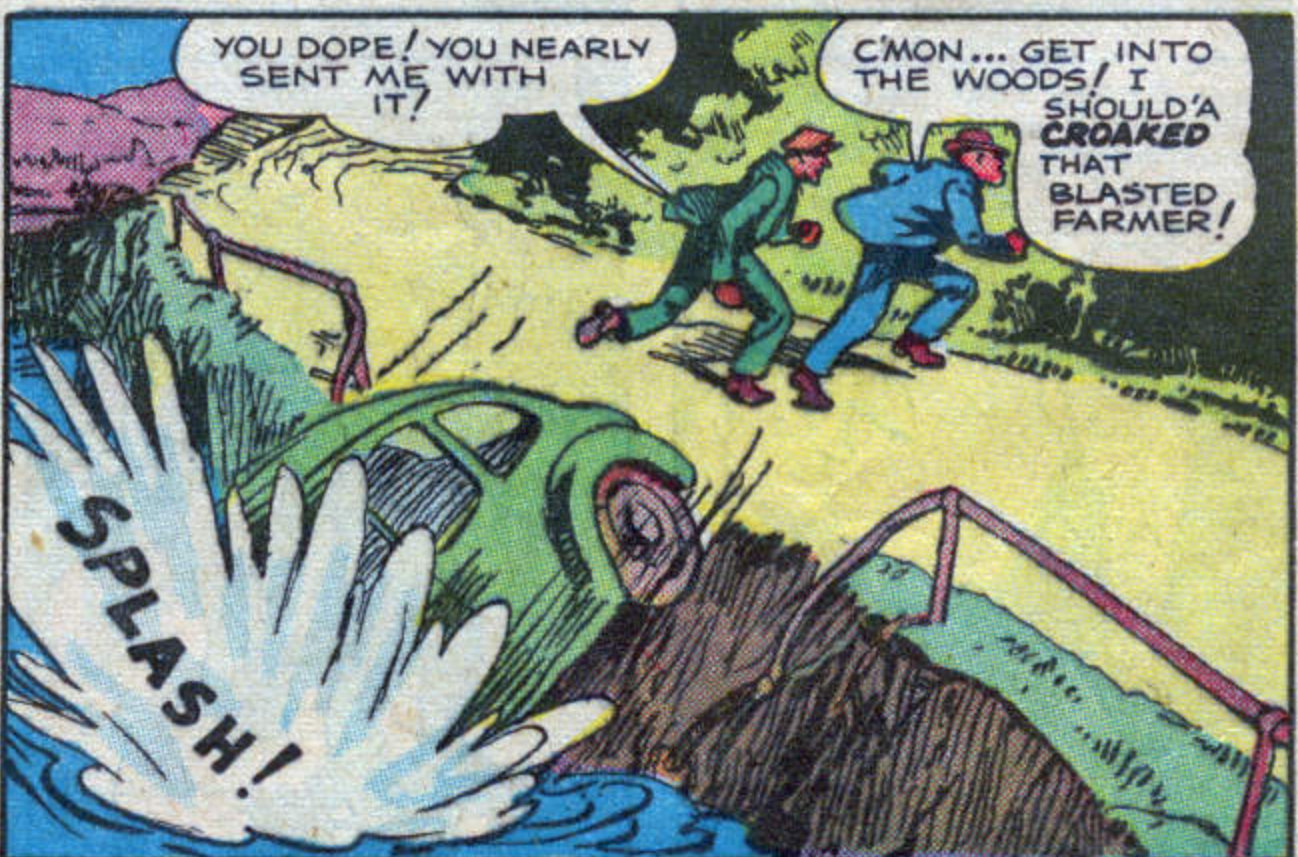
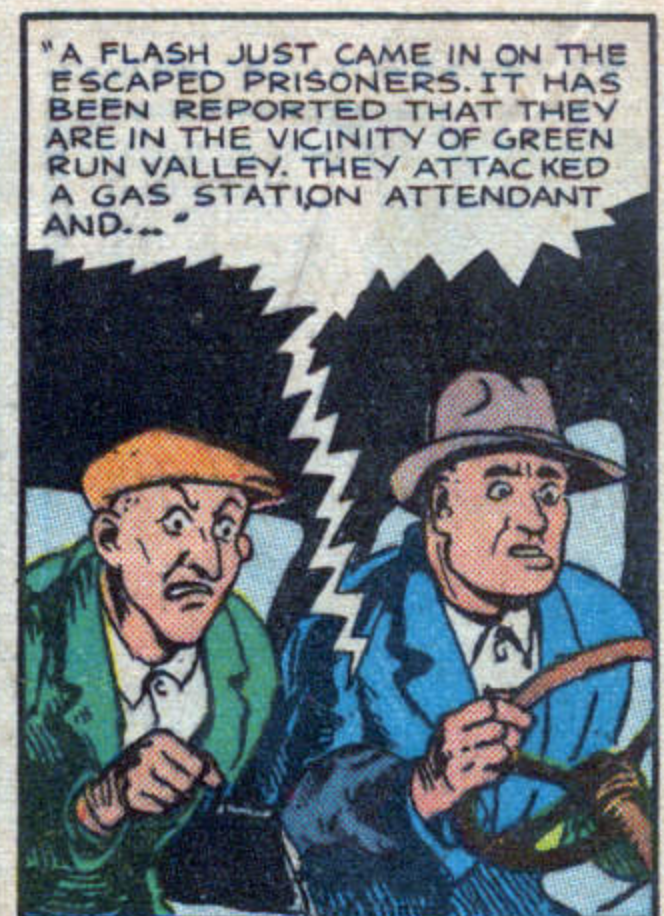
"BONES"
ARE SHORT PIECES OF
HOLLOW ELDERBERRY
STICKS, PAINTED WHITE.

OTHER NECKLACES MAY BE
MADE OF PAINTED
PEANUTS. ALTERNATE
WHITE ELDERBERRY STICKS
AND HORSE CHESTNUTS
OR - SMALL FEATHERS.

INTERESTING
LARGE BRASS
EAR RINGS MAY
BE MADE AS
SHOWN, AND
HUNG OVER
EARS WITH STRING.

FOR
EAR.
BENT
TUBING.





Your INDIAN MUSEUM!

WHY NOT START YOUR OWN INDIAN RELIC COLLECTION! ARROWHEADS, ETC. ARE EASY TO FIND. MOST LARGE MUSEUMS HAVE A SURPLUS THEY WILL SHARE, AS WELL AS MANY OTHER COLORFUL RELICS. THOSE YOU CAN'T FIND, MAKE!---- AND WATCH YOUR COLLECTION GROW!

A TOMAHAWK IS EASY TO MAKE. LOCATE A WELL-SHAPED STONE, AND INSERT IN SPLIT HANDLE. TIE WITH CORD.

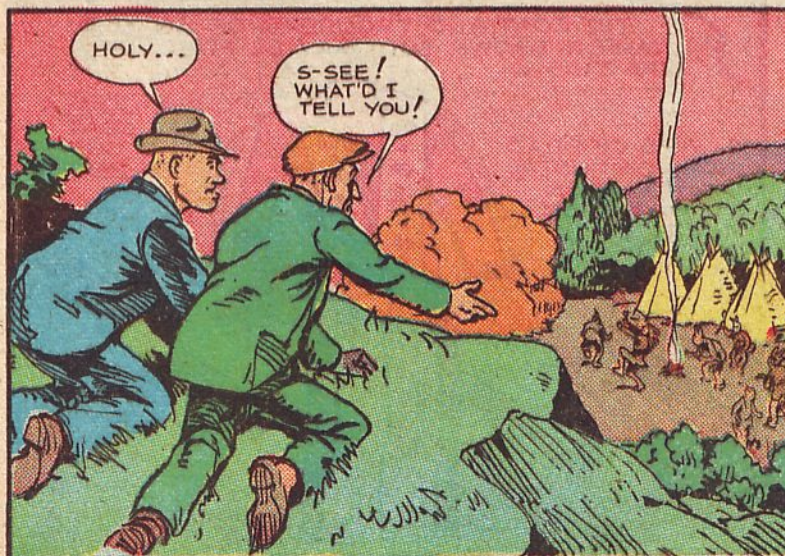


MOUNT YOUR REAL FLINT ARROW HEADS AS SHOWN TO RIGHT.



A GLASS FURNITURE COASTER FILLED WITH PLASTER OF PARIS... SET RELIC IN WHILE PLASTER IS WET.

PAINT INDIAN DESIGNS ON OLD WOODEN BOWLS.



KEEP IT GOING, BRAVES!
IT SAYS IN THE BOOK THAT
THE INDIANS WORSHIPPED
THE SUN WITH THIS
DANCE!

WE CAN
USE SOME
SUN TOMORROW!



AND, ON THE HILLTOP OVERLOOKING
THE CAMP...

GEE, SKIN,
YOU'RE RIGHT!
GIMME A LIGHT,
QUICK!

YEAH!



W-WHAT'LL
WE D-DO,
CLARK?

BEAT IT OUT OF
HERE— THEY
MIGHT BE
FRIENDLY BUT
I AIN'T TAKIN'
ANY CHANCES!



THEY LEAVE... AND LEAVE BEHIND
THEIR TRADEMARK! **FIRE!**



ED! I DID SEE
SOMEONE UP THERE!
ISN'T THAT SMOKE?

WOW!



COME ON, FELLOWS!
WE'VE GOT A DATE
TO MEET A **FOREST**
FIRE!

GRAB AN
AXE, HURRY!



Make These

INDIAN CLOTHES

MOCCASINS

IMPROVISE BY PAINTING
UP, OR SEWING BEAD-
WORK ONTO, A PAIR OF
OLD SNEAKERS OR
MOCCASIN-TYPE SHOES.



THE COAT AND TROUSERS OF AN OLD
TAN OR BROWN SUIT MAY BE FIXED UP
LIKE THIS...

STRIPS OF BEAD
WORK OR PAINTED
CANVAS SEWN
TO FRONT OF
COAT.



CUT LAPELS
OFF COAT
AND CUFFS
OFF PANTS.

SEW STRIPS
OF FRINGE
ALONG SIDES
AS SHOWN.
CUT FRINGE
OUT OF
CANVAS.



MEANWHILE THE TWO CONVICTS LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE MAZE OF TREES...



AND CIRCLE BACK TO THE CLIFF.



EDDIE AND HIS FRIENDS CLIMB UP THE SIDE OF THE STEEP HILL.



FRED AND JERRY GO AFTER THE FLEEING MEN WHILE EDDIE AND THE OTHER BOYS START FIGHTING THE BLAZE.



A CONVENIENT ROCK AND A TREE AND...





HOLY SMOKES, JERRY! THEY'RE CRIMINALS!



MEANWHILE BACK AT THE PRISON...
NO WORD YET, WARDEN!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS!



AFTER TYING UP THE CRIMINALS THE BOYS TURN THEIR ATTENTION TO THE FIRE...

SPREAD OUT- EVERY TEN FEET! THAT'S THE WAY!



CLEAR A PATH THREE FEET WIDE IN FRONT OF THE FIRE AND THROW ALL THE LOOSE STUFF INTO THE BLAZE!

OKAY!



NOW, LIGHT THE PILE OF STUFF YOU'VE CLEARED!

WHAT! START ANOTHER FIRE?



YEAH- WE CAN CONTROL THIS ONE. DON'T LET IT GET ACROSS THE CLEARING! THEN WHEN THE BIG FIRE REACHES THIS ONE, IT'LL BURN OUT!

INDIAN TOM-TOMS

TOM-TOMS WERE USED BY THE INDIANS TO SEND MESSAGES
THEY ALSO BEAT OUT RYTHMS AND DANCED TO THEM FOR PLEASURE AND IN CEREMONIAL WORSHIP.
HERE ARE A FEW TYPES OF DRUMS YOU CAN MAKE.



SMALL NAIL BARREL.

THESE SIMPLIFIED TOM-TOMS ARE COVERED TIGHTLY WITH HEAVY BUTCHER PAPER ... HELD TIGHT WITH STRONG CORD.

DECORATE WITH FEATHERS.



CARRY THIS PAINT CAN TOM-TOM AROUND YOUR NECK!

BUTTER TUB DRUM



THE DRUM STICK...



IS A SHORT BRANCH WITH A RUBBER BALL COVERED AND PAINTED ON THE END.



THAT'S IT!
STAMP OUT ANY
SPARKS THAT
FLY OVER!

GEE, THIS
IS WORKING
FINE, EDDIE!



THE FIRE IS NOTICED BY SOMEONE
ELSE TOO.

HEAVY SMOKE
FROM NUMBER 2
MOUNTAIN!
LET'S GO,
BILL!



THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED, THE
FOREST RANGERS START OUT.

THE WOODS
ARE PRETTY
DRY THIS
TIME OF
YEAR—

YEAH WE
WON'T GET
HELP AROUND
GREEN
RUN!

USING THEIR WATERPROOF KNAPSACKS, EDDIE AND THE BOYS
CARRY WATER FROM THE NEARBY STREAM.



PHEW! IT'S
PRETTY HOT,
EDDIE!

YES. SAY, YOU'D
BETTER DOUSE OUR
FRIENDS SO THEY WON'T
COOK!



THERE! YOU'LL
SOON BE BACK IN
YOUR NICE COOL
CELLS!



SKIN! NOW'S
OUR CHANCE
TO ESCAPE—
WHILE THEY'RE
BUSY WITH
THE FIRE!

CAN YOU
GET AT
THE ROPES?



YEAH! THERE
THAT DOES
IT! IS ANY-
ONE WATCH-
ING US?

NO GET
BUSY!



EASY
NOW!

THIS SHOULD
BE A CINC—
WE BROKE OUT
OF THE BIG
HOUSE
DIDN'T WE?



OMIGOSH/
EDDIE, OUR
CONVICTS
ARE GONE!

WELL, WE CAN'T
LEAVE THE
FIRE NOW..
COME ON
WITH THAT
WATER!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

THE FIRE'S OUT!
GUESS WE CAN
TAKE A DIP IN THE
BROOK AND COOL
OFF!

GOOD IDEA!
LET'S GO
FELLOWS!

AT THE BROOK.

THIS IS COLD
BUT IT FEELS
GOOD!

HERE GOES
THE LAST
OF THE
MOHICANS!



BACK TO THE RANGERS.

TURN IN
HERE, BILL?

RIGHT!



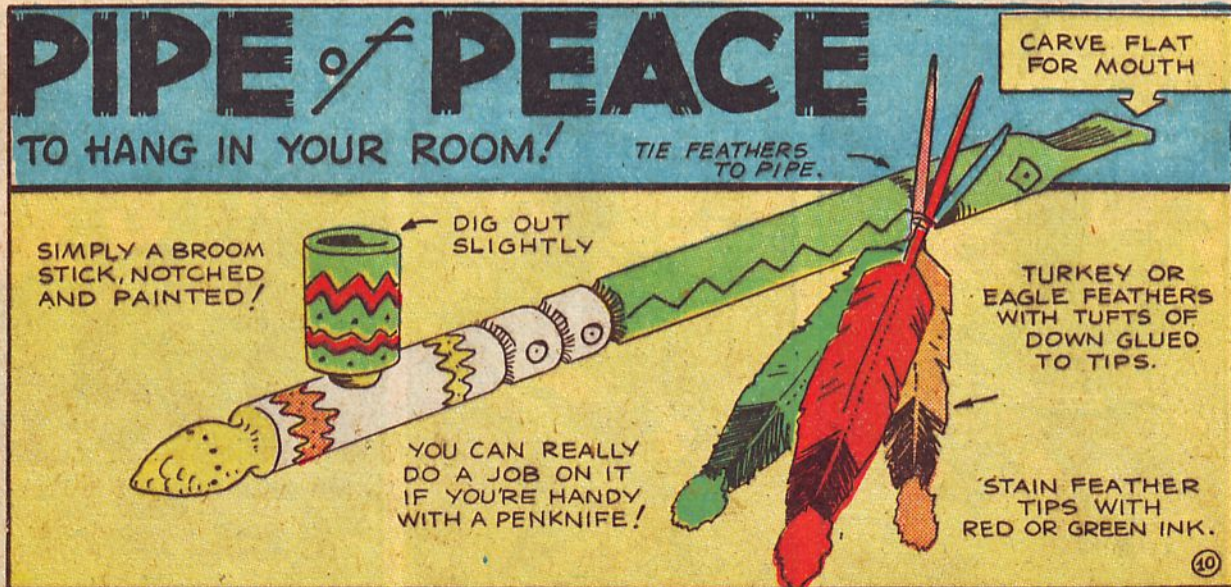
WHAT
TH'!

WE
GIVE
UP!



JUMPIN' JACK RABBITS!
IT'S THE ESCAPED CONS!
YOU GO ON, BILL, I'LL
HANDCUFF THEM TO A
TREE FOR SAFE-
KEEPING!

OKAY, MAC!
BUT HURRY!



PIPE OF PEACE

TO HANG IN YOUR ROOM!

TIE FEATHERS
TO PIPE.

CARVE FLAT
FOR MOUTH

SIMPLY A BROOM
STICK, NOTCHED
AND PAINTED!

DIG OUT
SLIGHTLY

TURKEY OR
EAGLE FEATHERS
WITH TUFTS OF
DOWN GLUED
TO TIPS.

YOU CAN REALLY
DO A JOB ON IT
IF YOU'RE HANDY
WITH A PENKNIFE!

STAIN FEATHER
TIPS WITH
RED OR GREEN INK.

BILL PROCEEDS TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE.



NOW WHO THE HECK PUT THIS OUT?



WHOEVER IT WAS DID A GOOD JOB! I WONDER IF THOSE TWO GUYS...

HIS PAL APPEARS...



SAAY-I KNEW YOU WERE GOOD, BILL, BUT THIS IS **TOO MUCH!**

NIX! SOMEONE GOT HERE BEFORE ME!

DOWN AT THE BROOK...



COME ON, KIDS- WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THAT FIRE- JUST TO BE SURE!

RIGHT WITH YOU!



UH-OH- THE RANGERS! HOPE THEY DON'T THINK WE STARTED IT!



YEAH... SAY, THOSE GUYS MUST BE NUTS, THEY KEPT BABBLING THAT THEY WERE ATTACKED BY... (GULP) HEY, LOOK!

GOT THE ESCAPED PRISONERS TIED UP?



SORRY IF WE FRIGHTENED YOU- WE HAVE AN INDIAN CLUB AND...

FOR GOSH SAKES- **KIDS!**



EDDIE EXPLAINS.

... WE PUT IT OUT! I'M GLAD YOU CAUGHT THOSE CRIMINALS, THOUGH. WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT THEM!

WELL, I'LL BE- THAT WAS NICE GOING, BOYS!



I'M GLAD I SAW THIS MYSELF OR I'D HAVE SUGGESTED AN INSANITY PLEA FOR THOSE BOYS!

S'LONG, BOYS. YOU CAN BUILD A REAL CAMP WITH THE REWARD MONEY!

REWARD! OBOY!

EDDIE BELL APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF **4-MOST** AND **BLUE BOLT** COMICS WITH MORE FUN AND NEW ADVENTURES.

YOU

CAN MAKE THIS

American Indian HEAD-DRESS

SOFT DOWNY FEATHERS
STUCK ON WITH AMBROID.

By Gill

LONG TURKEY
FEATHERS,
OR ACTUAL
EAGLE
FEATHERS
(THEY CAN
BE
PURCHASED
THROUGH THE
MAILS) ARE
USED.

FEATHERS ARE
FASTENED TO HAT
BY LACING STRONG
THREAD OR STRING
THROUGH LOOPS
IN FELT COVERS.
(FOR COVERS, SEE
BELOW.)

STRIP OF BEAD WORK
SEWN ONTO HAT.

CROWN CUT
FROM OLD
FELT HAT

ERMINES TAILS OR
OTHER SIDE DECORATIONS.

STRING TIED
TO EACH
FEATHER

HOLDS
THEM IN
PLACE.

COVER THE
BOTTOM TIPS OF
ALL LARGE FEATHERS
WITH FELT STRIPS,
LEAVING A LOOP
AT BOTTOM SO
IT MAY BE
LACED TO HAT.

FEATHER

NEEDLE
AND
THREAD

FELT STRIP.

SEW THROUGH TIP.

THE BACK STRIP
IS CANVAS, OR
OTHER STRONG
MATERIAL, AND
FEATHERS ARE
LACED ONTO IT
IN ROWS OF
TWO OR THREE.

...

THERE YOU ARE!
NOW GO TO WORK!

GOOD AS GOLD

BY RAY GILL

"NO KIDDIN', Mr. Greeves! Were there *really* pirates in the old house by the river?" Little Donald Lahey held tighter to his twin sister's hand, her name was Jean . . . also ten years old, as they both listened to the town's most colorful old man Jeb Greeves' frightful story of pirates and treasure!

"Yes, Donnie, my boy," Jeb continued with a twinkle in his eyes, "I remember them well . . . I must have been your age when it all happened!"

"Geel!" Both twins sighed at once. Suddenly Jean perked up with, "And what about the treasure?—did they take it away with them?"

"No, they didn't, little lady . . . as far as anyone knows it's still there!" Jeb continued, "and it'll be found . . . by someone brave enough to go in there some night and follow the strange lights and noises to it!"

Well, at this point, the twins eyes were ready to pop out. They both stood with their mouths open as old Jeb, famous for his stories . . . no one can say how true or false, ambled off into the gathering dusk. The twins looked at each other. They realized how late it must be and ran for home.

After dinner, they were ushered up to their rooms and the lights were turned off by Bill, their older brother. As he started to close the door behind him . . .

"Say, Bill!" Don's voice broke

the stillness.

"Shh!" Bill was taken un-awares by Donald's sudden cry. "Do you want to wake your sister?—What do you want?"

"I was just wonderin'," Donnie mused. "Is pirate treasure still good? I mean, could a fella spend it like other money?"

"What?—now listen, kid . . ." Bill was about to lose patience but decided the best way to stop Don was to answer his question and make him happy. Perhaps then he'd go to sleep and Bill could get back to his homework. Bill was tired . . . he'd worked all day delivering orders for the local butcher. He had taken a job to help his mother after his dad died . . . the pension wasn't much. "Sure it's good . . . most of it was gold, I guess. Now go to sleep, will you!"

"Okay, Bill . . . I'll go to sleep . . . soon." Donnie laid back . . . filled with big thoughts. Suddenly he felt queer, as if someone were entering the room. He knew it wasn't Bill because he could hear the typewriter going, downstairs in the living room. "Who—who's there?" Donald called from under the blankets.

The strange figure hovered over him for a moment then it tore the covers off him with a quiet: "*Boo! It's me!*"

Donnie sat up . . . ashamed at being frightened by his sister. "Gosh, Jeannie you shouldn't have done that!" But Donald caught himself . . . he wasn't going to admit being frightened to a *girl!* "—But you didn't scare me! I don't scare so easy!"

Jean giggled at her brother's show of manliness and a sudden desire to test him leaped into her fertile young mind. "Oh, no! I know you weren't scared, Donnie! Not *much!*" Jean giggled again but Donald silenced her.

"Quiet! If Bill hears us, he'll get mad!"

"I know, I heard him talking to you," Jean said . . . "and I know what you were thinkin', too!—But you're too scared to try it! Aren't you?"

"Who . . . me?" Don's voice cracked a bit on that last one . . . but he kept his composure. "I am not!—but you are! I'd get dressed and go over to that old house right now if you weren't scared to!"

But Don's attempt at table-turning didn't work here . . . Jean was set to follow through with her dare.

"I'm all set!—and I'll bet I'm dressed before you are, too!" With that, she ran into her own room. Don could hear her dressing so he slowly got out of bed and started himself!

Half an hour later the twins found themselves standing on a hill overlooking the deserted old mansion. The fog of the evening had lingered and the faint wisps gave an eerie appearance to what was known as the haunted house. Holding Don's hand, Jean felt him shiver.

"What's the matter, Donnie?" she teased. "Scared?"

"No . . . I, I'm cold, that's all! Well, let's go in! We'll never find the treasure out here! We—we've got to follow the strange lights and noises like Mr. Greeves said . . . are you game?" Donald half hoped his sister would back down at this point but she didn't relent. Women, even at ten, are funny like that.

The twins made their way to the big door and went in . . . just like that! Inside, the musty air and cobwebs were perfect background for whatever ghosts might be lurking about but none were. That is until . . .

"Didja hear it, Donnie?" Jean was practically talking into her brother's ear . . . she had a slight quiver in her voice but she was brave. The feel of the hunt had entered her bones!

"Yeah, I h-heard it, sis . . ." Donnie shook so, that the loose timbers rattled. Jean, with a firm grip on Donnie's hand, dragged him with her as she crossed the room and started down the cellar steps! Donnie closed his eyes to shut out whatever spooks they might run into when suddenly he heard, in the strong voices of men . . . perhaps even pirates: "That was an easy job but we don't split it here!"

Donnie, still with his eyes closed, tried to drag Jean upstairs with him but she wouldn't come. He acted on impulse and let go! He ran for home, feeling the best thing to do would be to get Bill and come back to rescue her!

When Bill heard the amazing story, he hopped into his jacket, grabbed his flashlight, and ran back with Donnie. Entering quietly, they suddenly heard muffled voices. Fearing for his little sister, Bill clicked on his light and boldly sprinted into the cellar to find her standing alone in the darkness next to a large metal door.

"Jeanie! Are you all right?" Bill grabbed up his sister and kissed her. But, on second glance, Bill saw that it wasn't necessary

to worry about her . . . she had closed and locked the metal door and still held the key in her hand! The voices from within were gruff! Mean! Bill took the twins and ran home to call the police.

The next morning, Bill read the newspaper aloud to his mother and the twins, "A gang of hoodlums hiding out in the old river mansion, were trapped last night by Jean and Donald Lahey, age ten! The police will hold the men for questioning until noon but if no new evidence is found, they will be released."

Bill folded the paper and smiled at his small brother and sister. "You scamps! I should have known you'd pull some crazy stunt like that after I heard Donnie asking all those questions about pirate treasure! Well, are you both convinced that there was none there?"

Donald readily said he was but Jean kept quiet . . . dug into her dress and pulled something out. Calmly, she tossed a package of bills on the table. "I'm not! What about *this*? I found it in the room where the pirates were, before I locked them in!"

"For goodness—" Bill cut himself off and called the police.

That afternoon, after a busy morning in court, Donnie and

Jean treated their mother and brother to a soda with the *reward money*!

"Just what happened, Bill?" His mother asked. "I'm a little mixed up with all we heard this morning . . ."

"Well, it seems that these little imps ran smack into the den of a bunch of river pirates but the police didn't have anything on them until Jean popped out with those marked bills. They were the ones who robbed the steamship office last month and they've been hiding out in the old house ever since. The cops have found the rest of the money and . . ."

"But they were pirates," Donnie interrupted, "and this reward money is just as good as *treasure*, isn't it?"

"Okay, Okay!" Bill laughed, "You win! All right?—But if I ever catch either of you running off at night like that again, I'll—"

"Oh, drink your soda," Mrs. Lahey laughed, "I think the twins have learned their lesson. I can remember you doing almost the same thing a few years back but you never got *paid* for it!"

The color rose on Bill's neck at the twins' laughter. He sipped his drink, while secretly toying with the idea of dropping over to the old house himself one night . . . to check up on the real treasure *himself*!

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF 4MOST COMICS, published quarterly at Philadelphia, Penna., for October 1st, 1942.
State of Pennsylvania } ss.
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. MacNeal, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Treasurer of Novelty Press, Inc., publisher of 4MOST COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stanley H. Beaman, 17 McIntyre St., Bronxville, N. Y.; Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated

concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Novelty Press, Inc., 292 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.; The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Novelty Press, Inc.

(Signed) R. E. MacNEAL

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1942.

(Seal) W. C. TURNER.

(My commission expires April 1, 1943.)

DAN'L FLANNEL

by EDWARD RYAN

MORBID MARSH

... A FREAKISH THROW-BACK TO THE DARK AGES... BATHED IN MISTS... OVER-RUN WITH GIGANTIC, TERRIFYING MONSTERS ... A PRE-HISTORIC REALM FROM WHICH NO HUMAN HAS EVER RETURNED. HOMESPUN CENTER FOLKS SKIRT IT BY MILES

... BUT ...

FATE FORCES DAN'L FLANNEL AND BEULAH BELLE INTO ITS HORRIBLE DEPTHS WHERE THEY MEET UP WITH... BUT LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING.



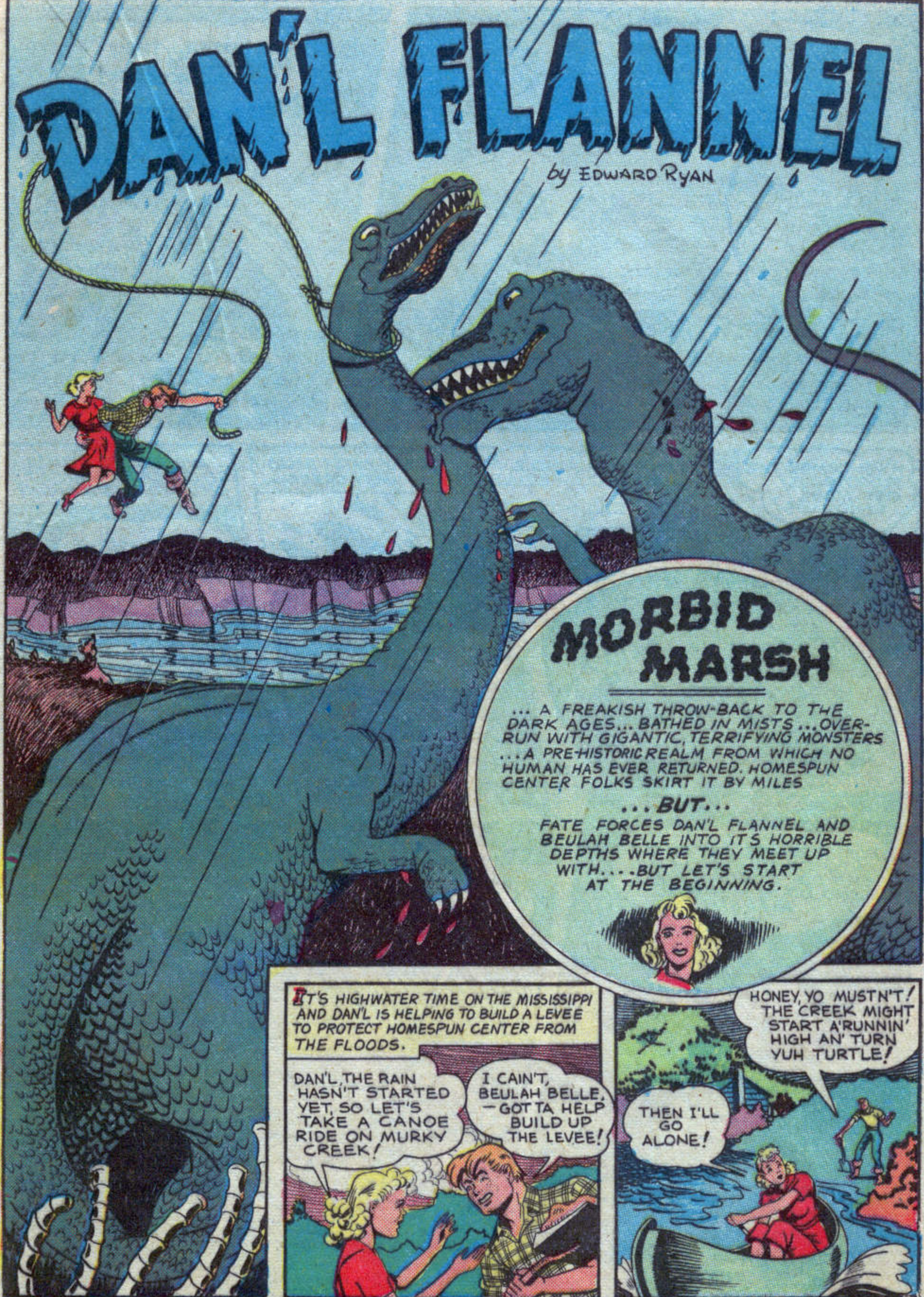
IT'S HIGHWATER TIME ON THE MISSISSIPPI AND DAN'L IS HELPING TO BUILD A LEVEE TO PROTECT HOMESPUN CENTER FROM THE FLOODS.

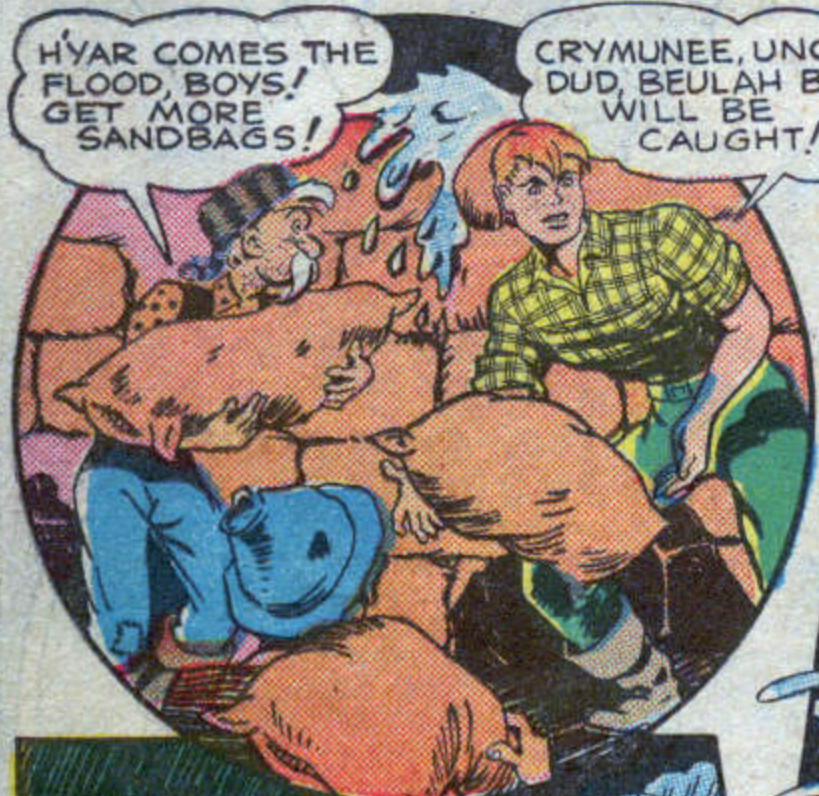
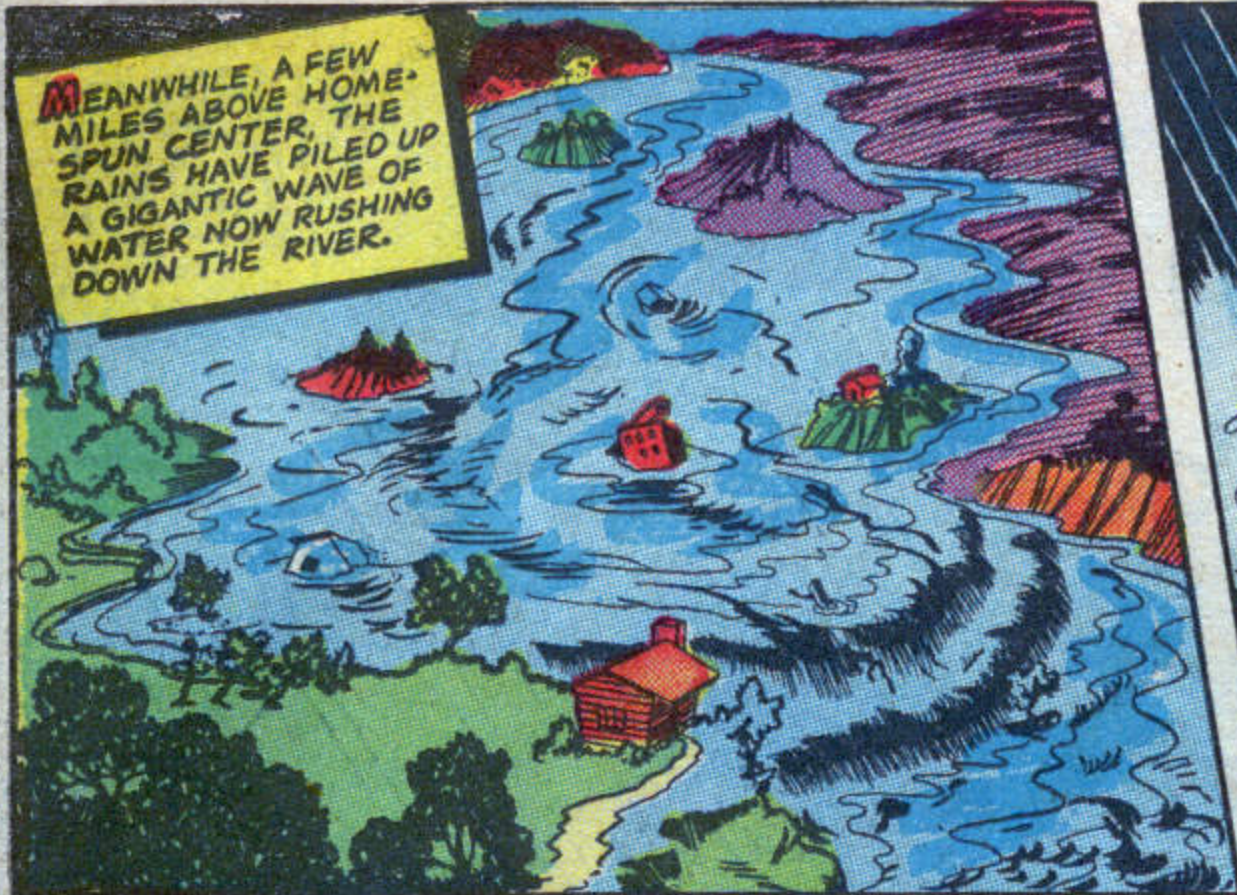
DAN'L, THE RAIN HASN'T STARTED YET, SO LET'S TAKE A CANOE RIDE ON MURKY CREEK!

I CAN'T, BEULAH BELLE, - GOTTA HELP BUILD UP THE LEVEE!

HONEY, YO MUSTN'T! THE CREEK MIGHT START A'RUNNIN' HIGH AN' TURN YUH TURTLE!

THEN I'LL GO ALONE!





H'YAR COMES THE FLOOD, BOYS! GET MORE SANDBAGS!

CRYMUNEE, UNCLE DUD, BEULAH BELLE WILL BE CAUGHT!



THE WALL OF WATER BACKS UP INTO MURKY CREEK...



...AND SWEEPS BEULAH BELLE'S CANOE STRAIGHT INTO MORBID MARSH!



BEULAH BELLE'S OUT ON TH' CREST OF TH' FLOOD! IF N SHE DON'T DROWN, SHE'LL LAND UP IN MORBID MARSH!



I GOTTA GO FETCH HER BACK H'YAR!

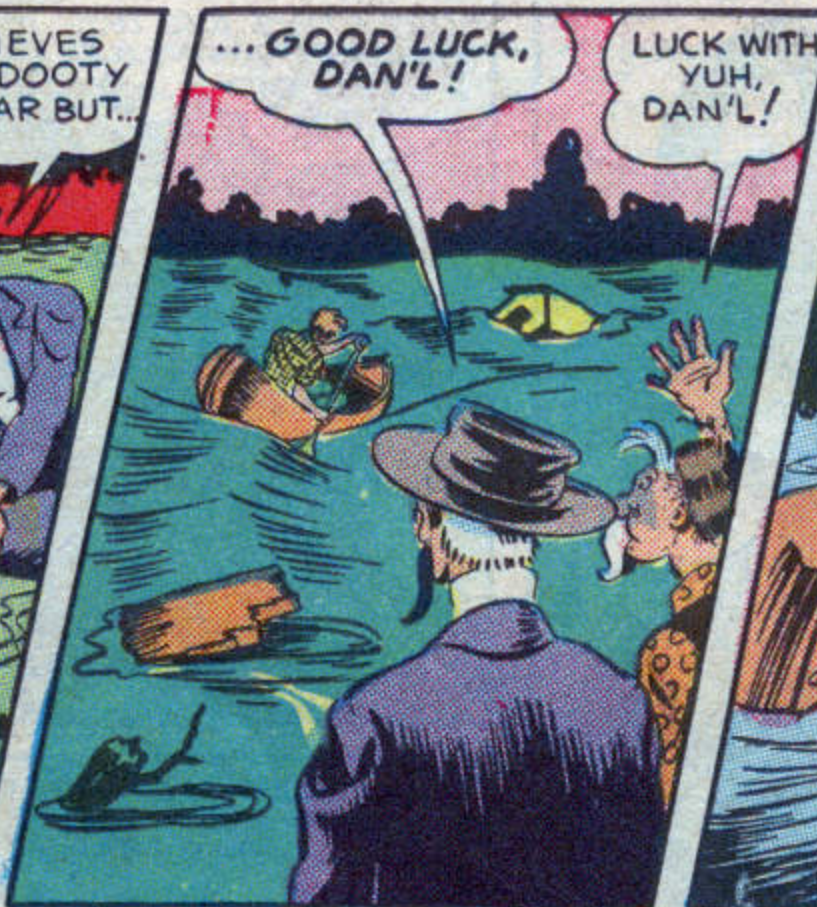
DAN'L, YO' CAIN'T... YOU'LL DROWN, TOO!

DAN'L, AS PREACHER FOR THIS FLOCK, I TELLS YOU... YOUR DUTY LIES IN HELPING TH' TOWN, NOT IN TRYING TO SAVE ONE PERSON!



PARSON, IT WOULD BE INHOUMAN FER ME TO STAY H'YAR AN LET BEULAH BELLE GO TO A TURRIBLE FATE!

I BELIEVES YOUR DOOTY IS H'YAR BUT...



...GOOD LUCK, DAN'L!

LUCK WITH YUH, DAN'L!

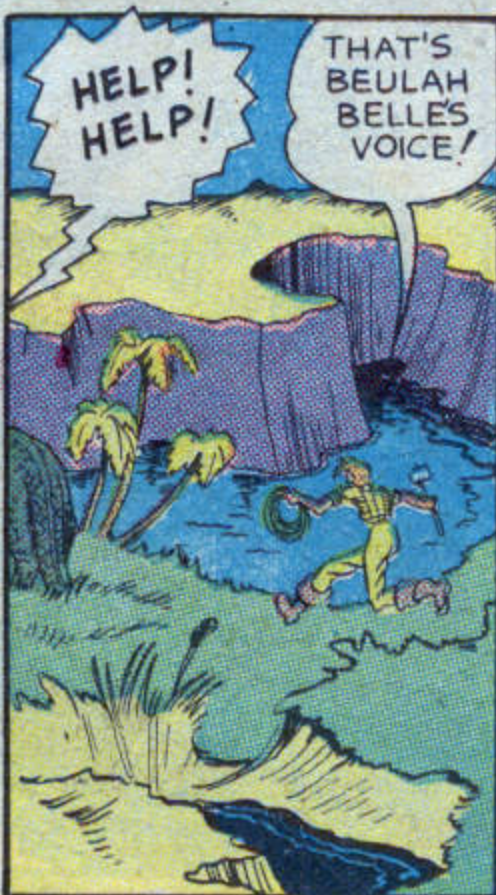


IF'N BEULAH BELLE ISN'T DROWNED, SHE MUST'VE BEEN CARRIED RIGHT INTO MORBID MARSH BY THIS TIME!



THE RACING WATERS SHOOT DAN'L'S CANOE INTO THE PRIMEVAL DEPTHS OF THE DREADED SWAMP

BEULAH BELLE!
IS YO' ALIVE?

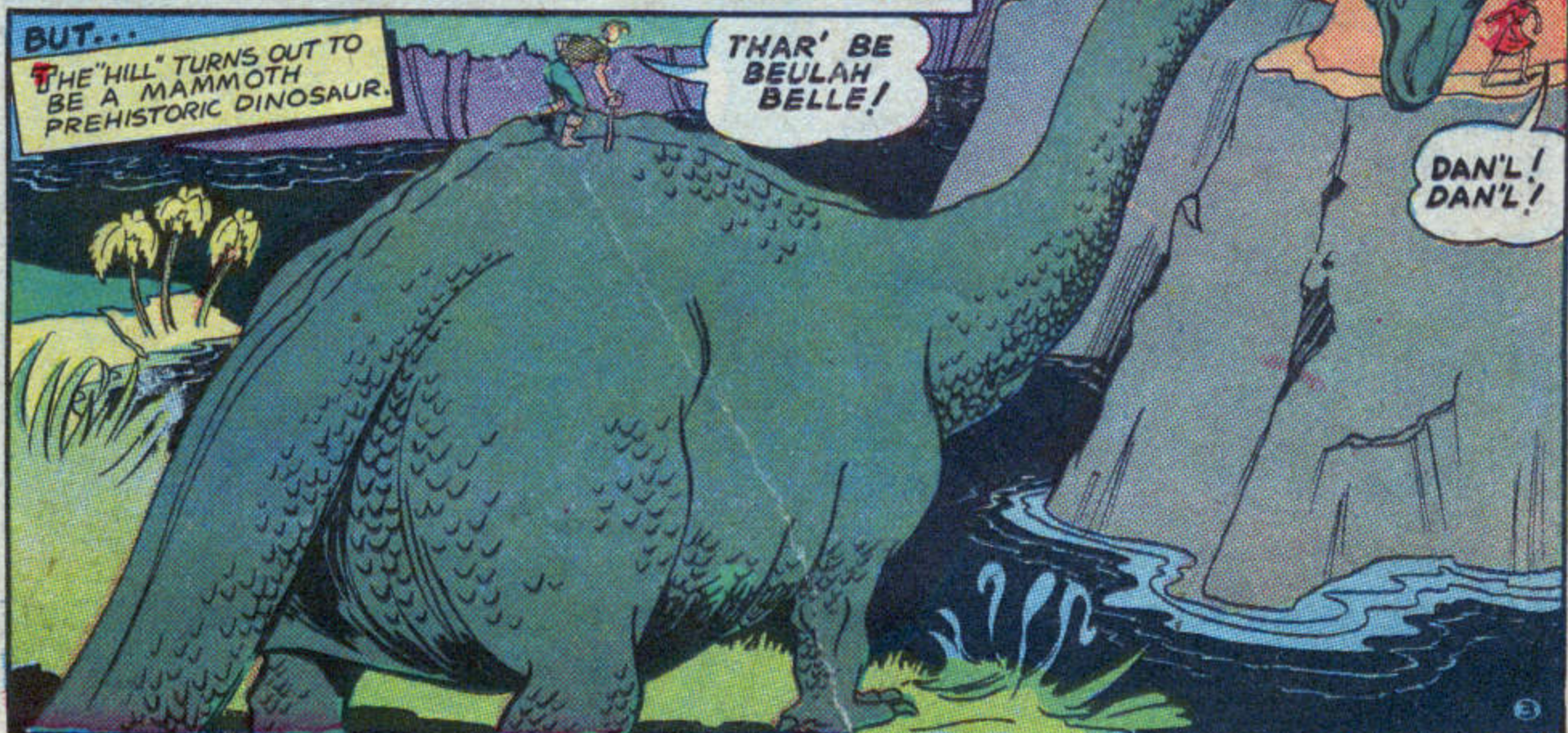


HELP!
HELP!

THAT'S BEULAH BELLE'S VOICE!



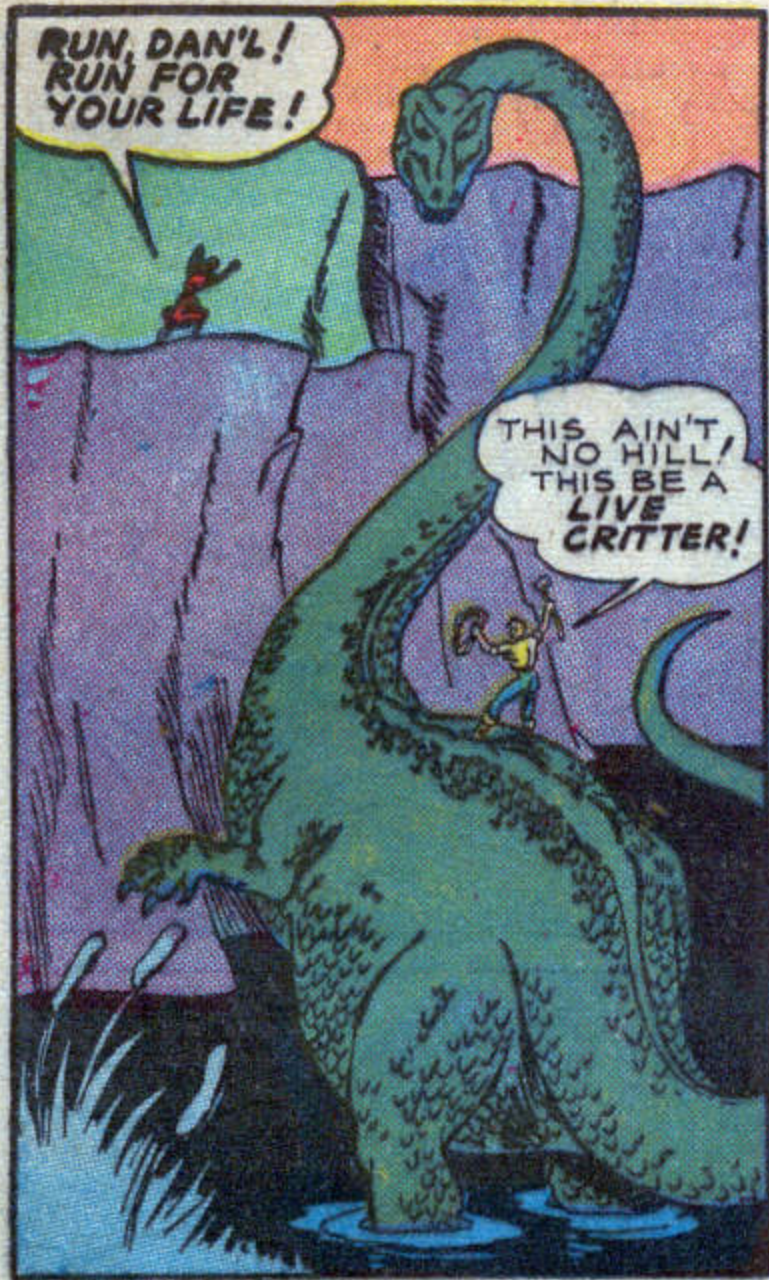
I'LL CLIMB THIS HILL AND TAKE A LOOK!



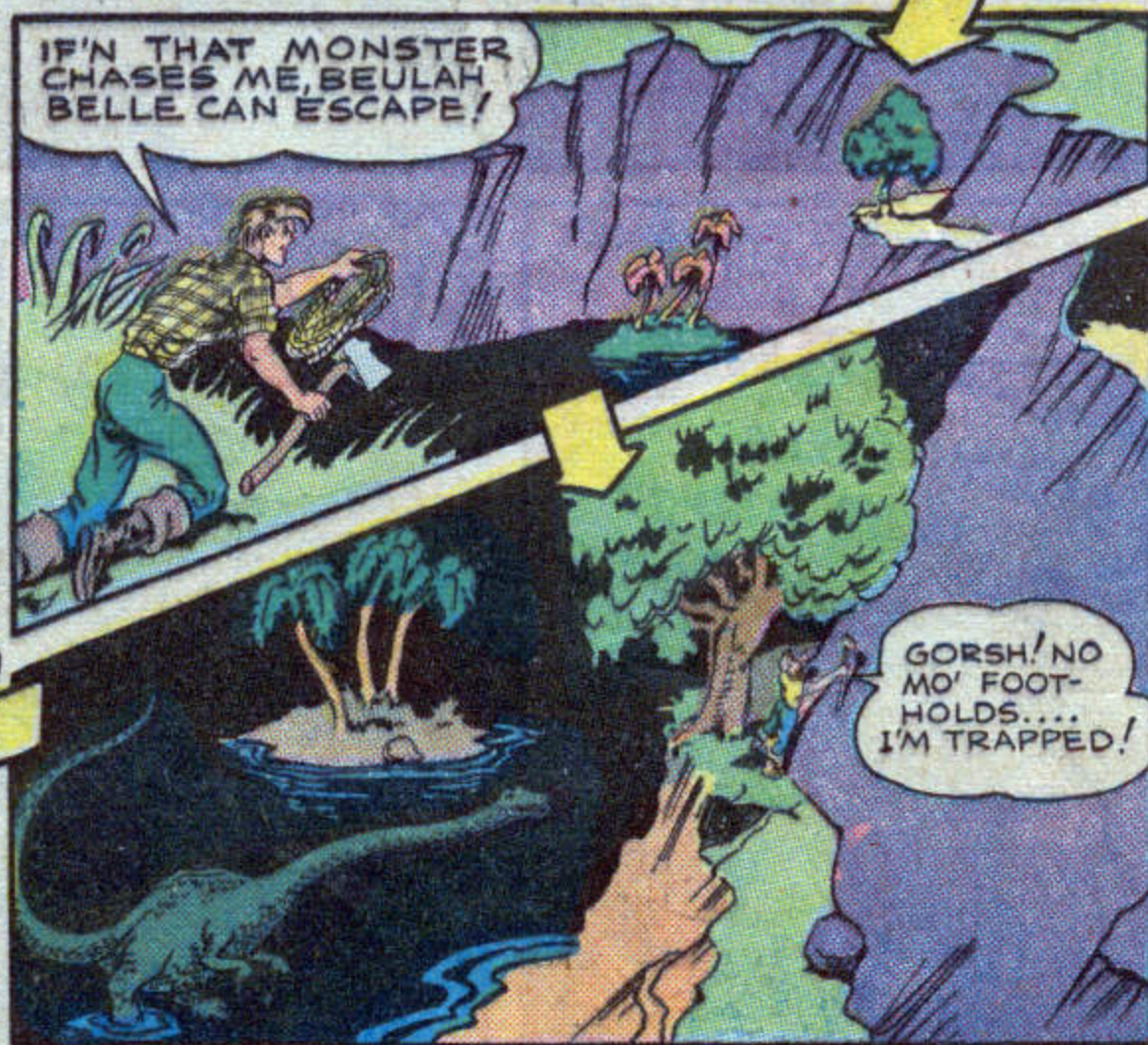
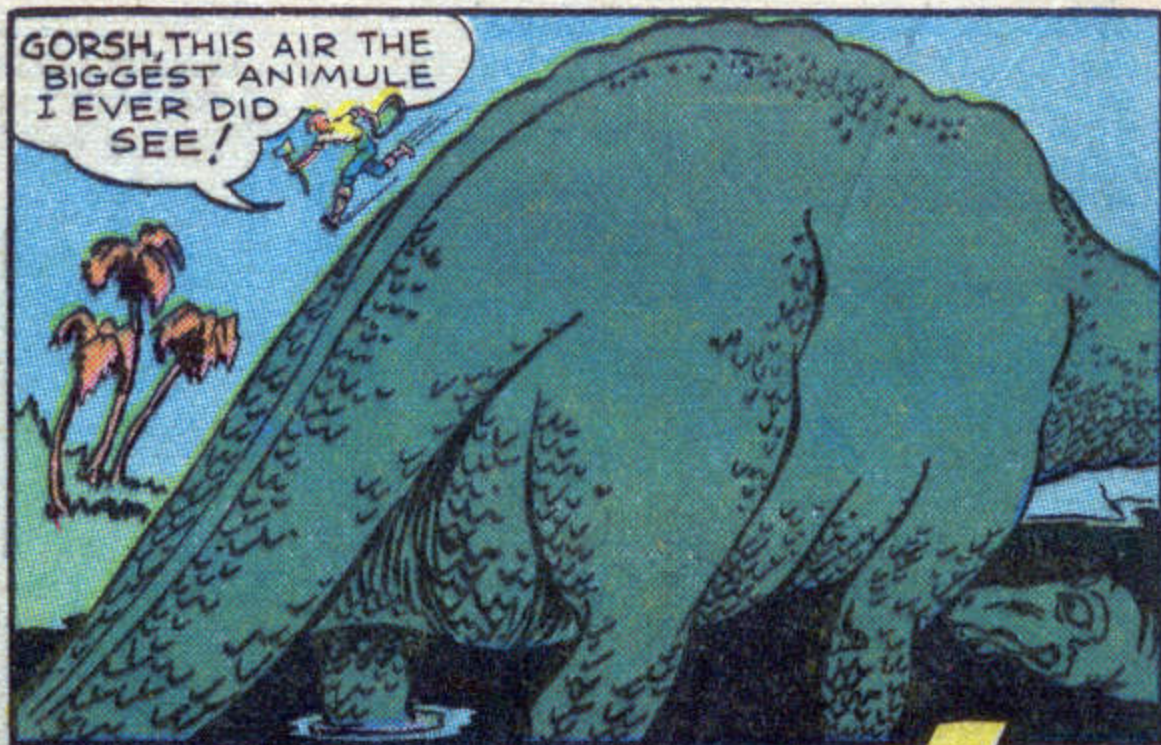
BUT...
THE "HILL" TURNS OUT TO BE A MAMMOTH PREHISTORIC DINOSAUR.

THAR' BE BEULAH BELLE!

DAN'L!
DAN'L!



THIS AIN'T NO HILL!
THIS BE A
LIVE
CRITTER!

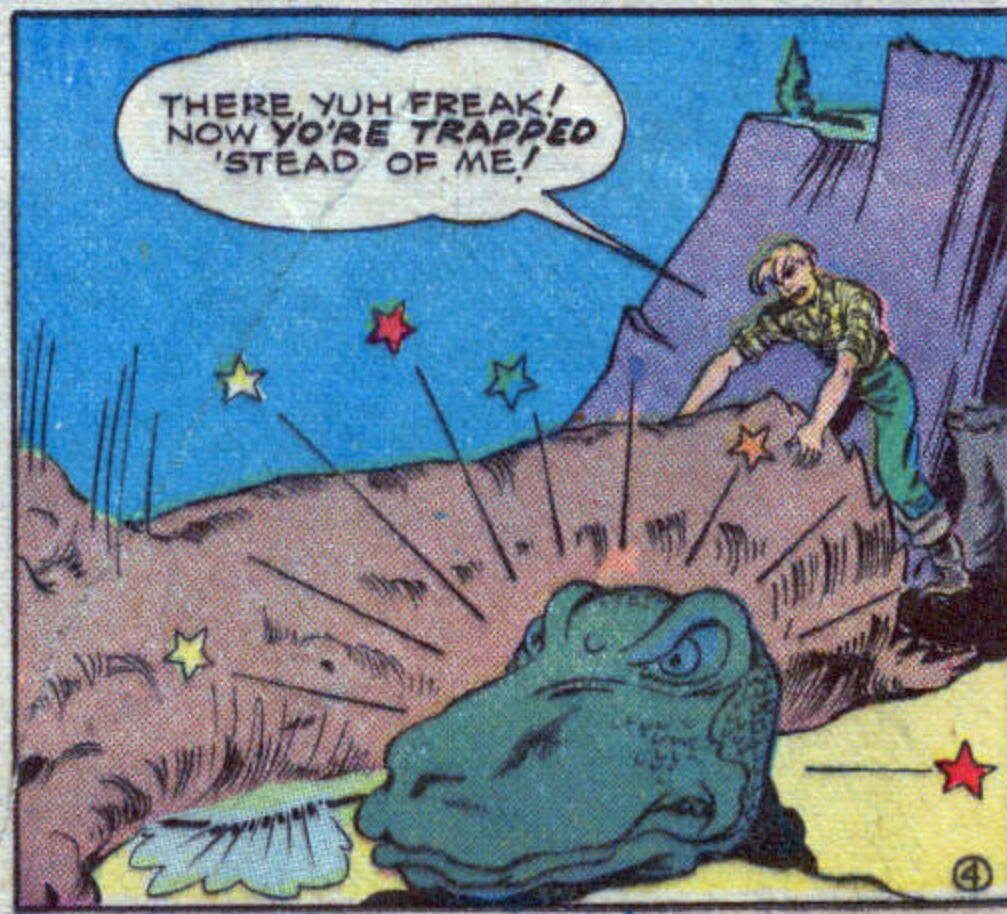


GORSH! NO
MO' FOOT-
HOLDS....
I'M TRAPPED!



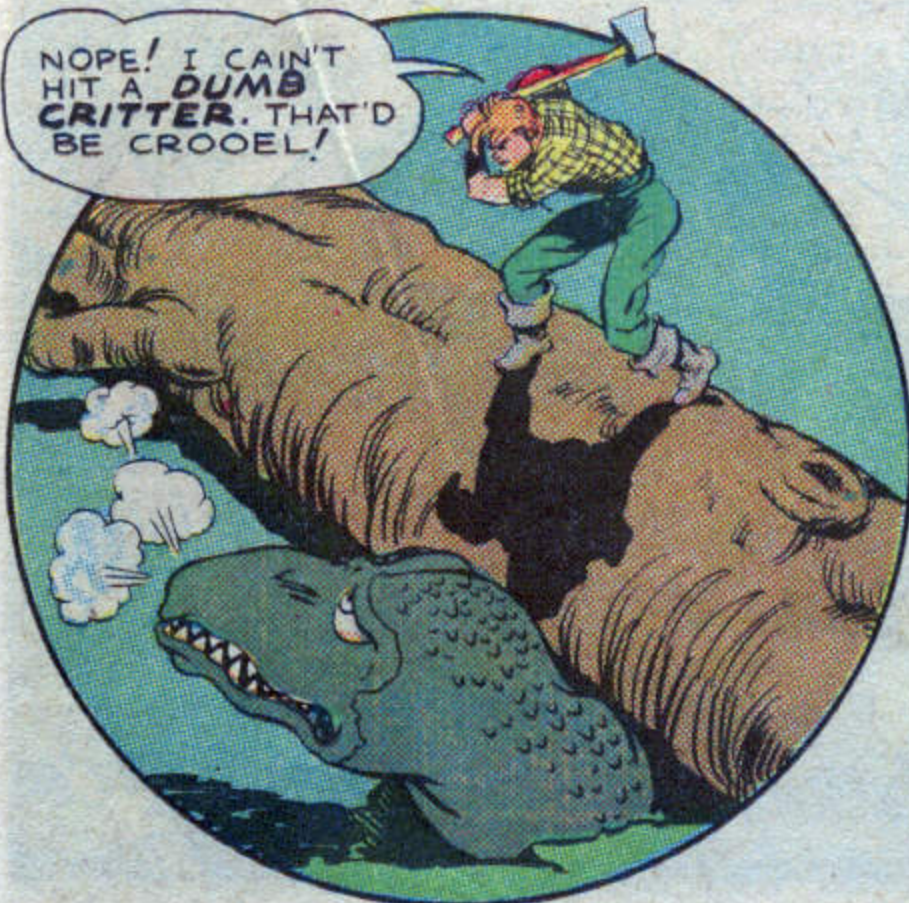
AN' THAT HUNGRY
CRITTER CAN
REACH ME. I'M A
GONER!... SAY!
MEBBE THAT
BREAK IN TH'
LEDGE IS UH
SALOOSHUN!

QUICKLY DAN'L
CHOPS DOWN
THE TREE...



THERE, YUH FREAK!
NOW YO'RE TRAPPED
'STEAD OF ME!

NOPE! I CAN'T
HIT A **DUMB**
CRITTER. THAT'D
BE CROOEL!



DAN'L REMEMBERS THE
MAGICAL GIFT GRANTED
TO HIM BY A GRATEFUL
INDIAN CHIEF... **THE**
POWER TO TALK
ANIMAL LANGUAGE.

MEBBE IT CAN
UNERSTAN' REGULAR
ANIMULE TALK! BUT
PROB'LY NOT, BEIN'
A FURRINER!



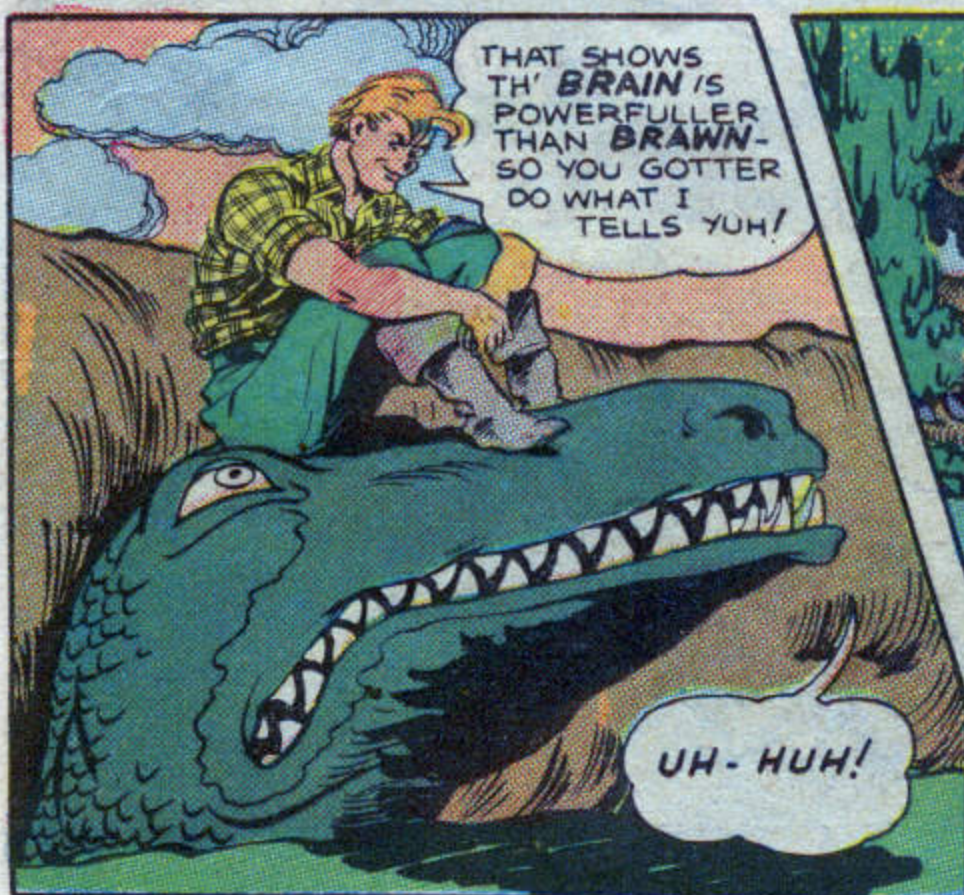
THE DINOSAUR DOES UNDER-
STAND.

UGH-A-LOOPA!
YOU CAN'T GET
OUT'A THIS
TRAP!

GR-R-R-R
GAZOOK!
GUESS YO'RE
RIGHT!



THAT SHOWS
TH' **BRAIN** IS
POWERFULLER
THAN **BRAWN**-
SO YOU GOTTER
DO WHAT I
TELLS YUH!



UH-HUH!

PROVIDIN' YO PROMISES
TO BEHAVE AN' BE
MY FREN', I'LL TAKE
AWAY THIS TREE -
PROVIDIN' YOU'LL
BE MY FREN'!



GALOMP!
OKAY,
PAL!

BY USING A STICK AS A LEVER, DAN'L EASILY LIFTS
THE TREE... FREEING THE DINOSAUR...

SOON AS I GET
YO' OUT, YO'RE
A'GONNA TAKE ME
BACK TO BEULAH
BELLE!



THAR SHE
GOES!

WHEW!
THANKS!





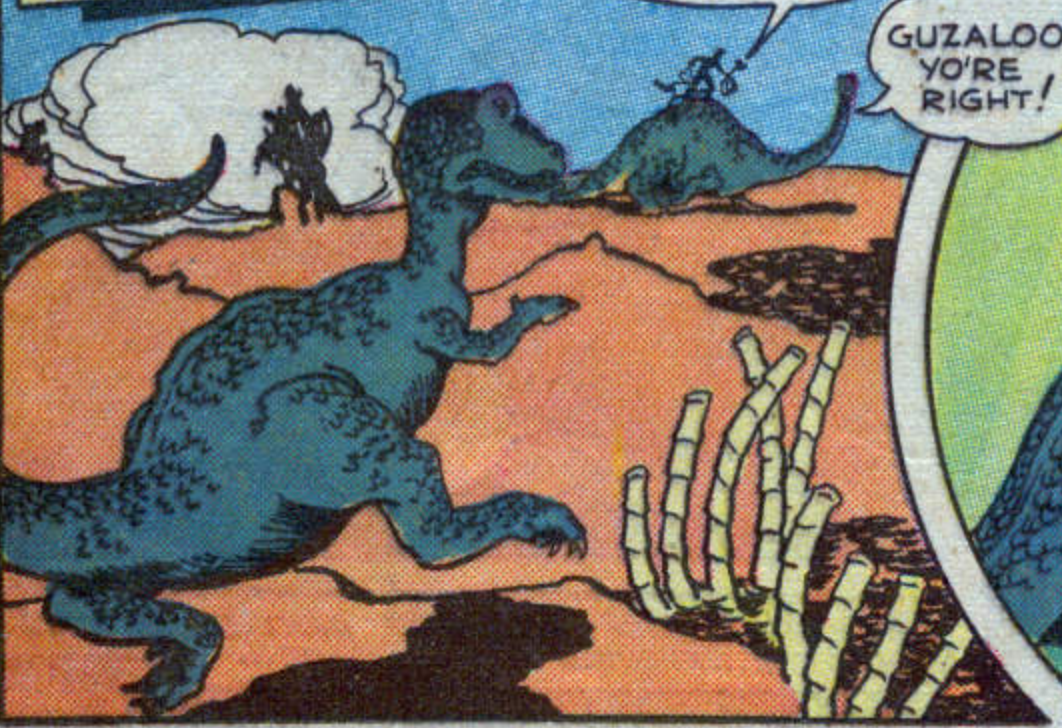
NOW SINCE YO'RE MY FREN', I'M GONNA CALL YOU **MIDGE** BECUZ YO'RE SO SMALL IN INTELLECK. GET GOIN' NOW, MIDGE, AN' WE'LL **RESCUE UP** BEULAH BELLE!

MEET MY FREN' MIDGE, BEULAH BELLE. SHE'S TAKIN' US **BACK** TO HOMESPUN CENTER!



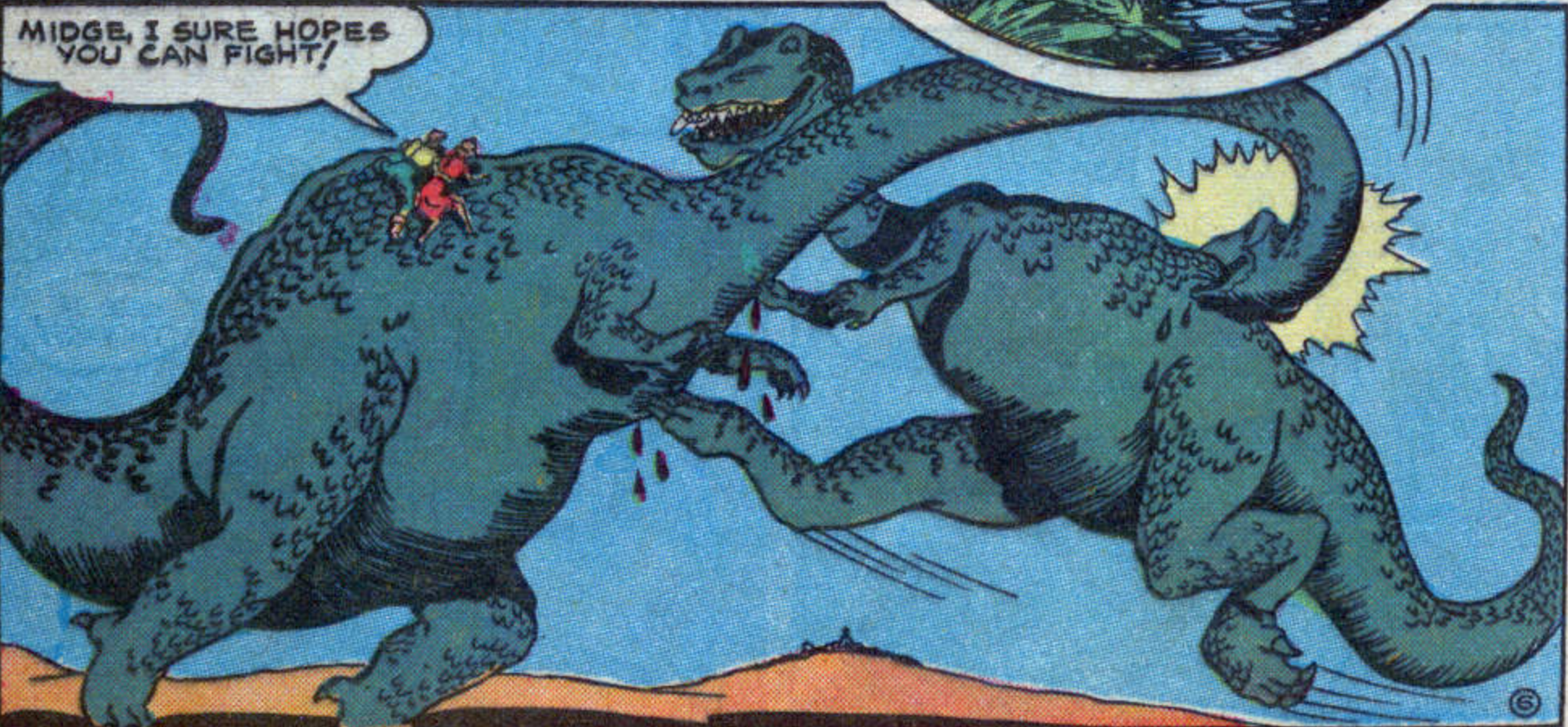
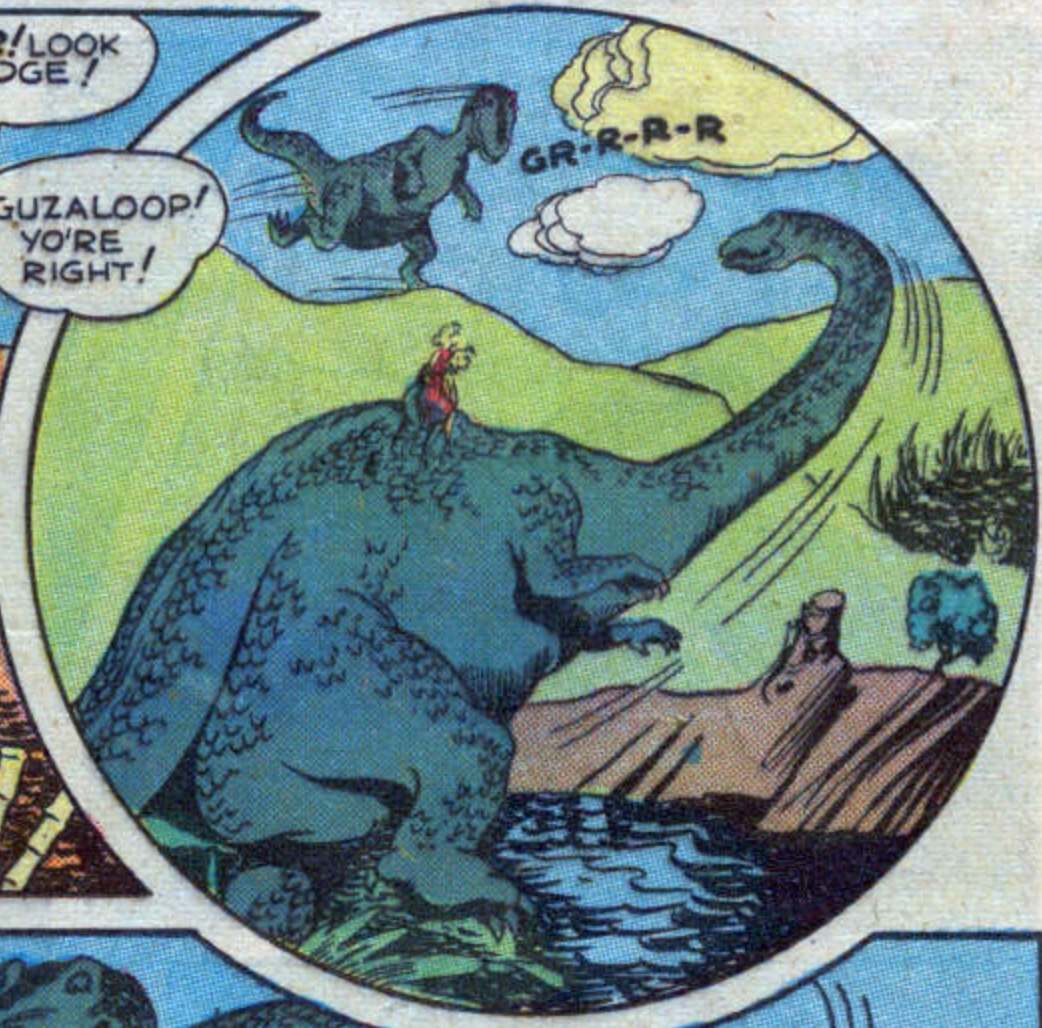
DAN'L, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

JUST THEN... OVER THE HILL COMES AN ENEMY— ANOTHER PRIMORDIAL MONSTER, KNOWN TO SCIENCE AS **TYRANNOSAURUS REX**.



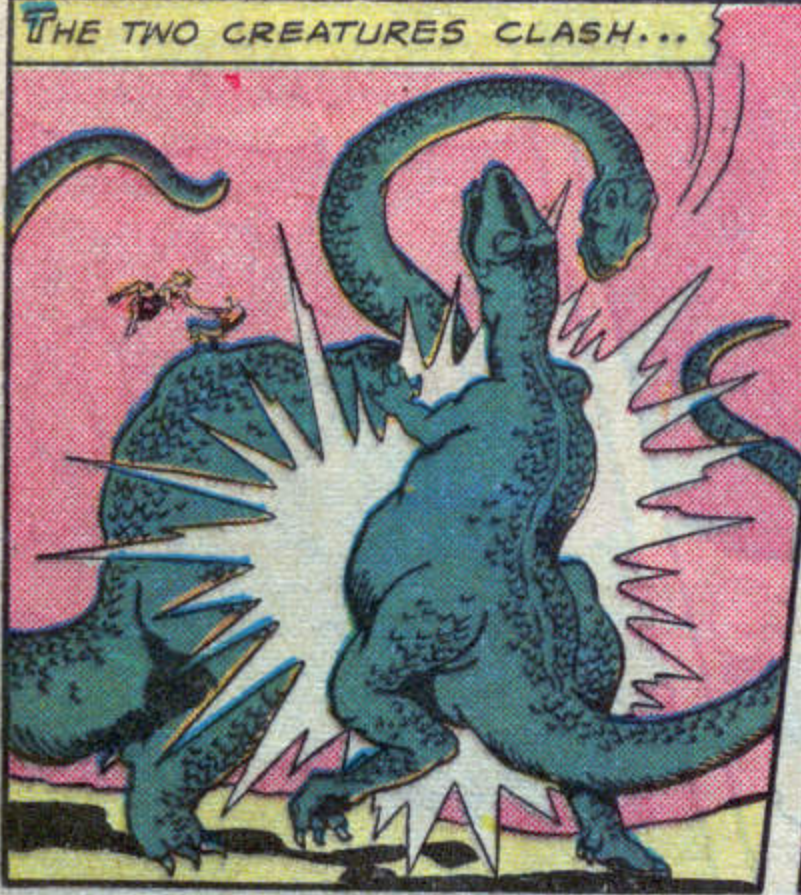
JUMPIN JUPEETER! LOOK WHAT'S COMIN', MIDGE! WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT!

GUZALOOP! YO'RE RIGHT!

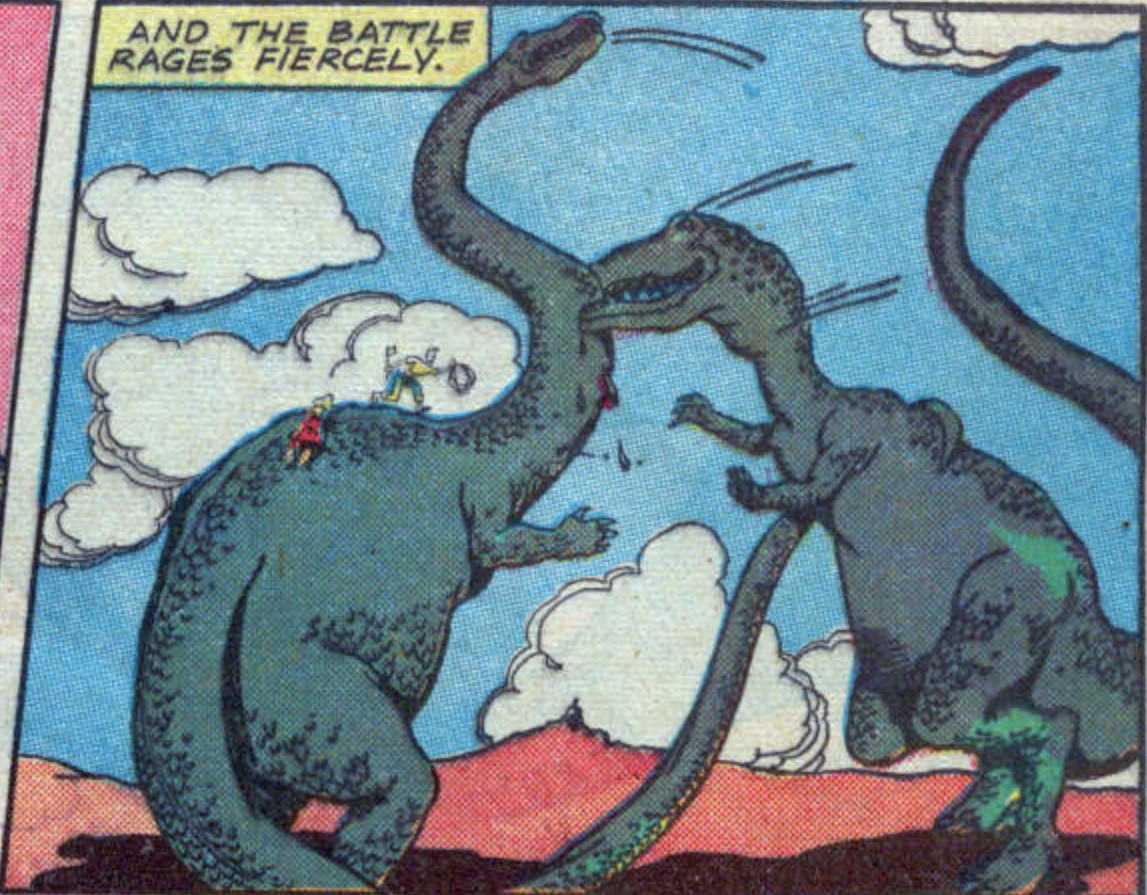


MIDGE, I SURE HOPES YOU CAN FIGHT!

THE TWO CREATURES CLASH...



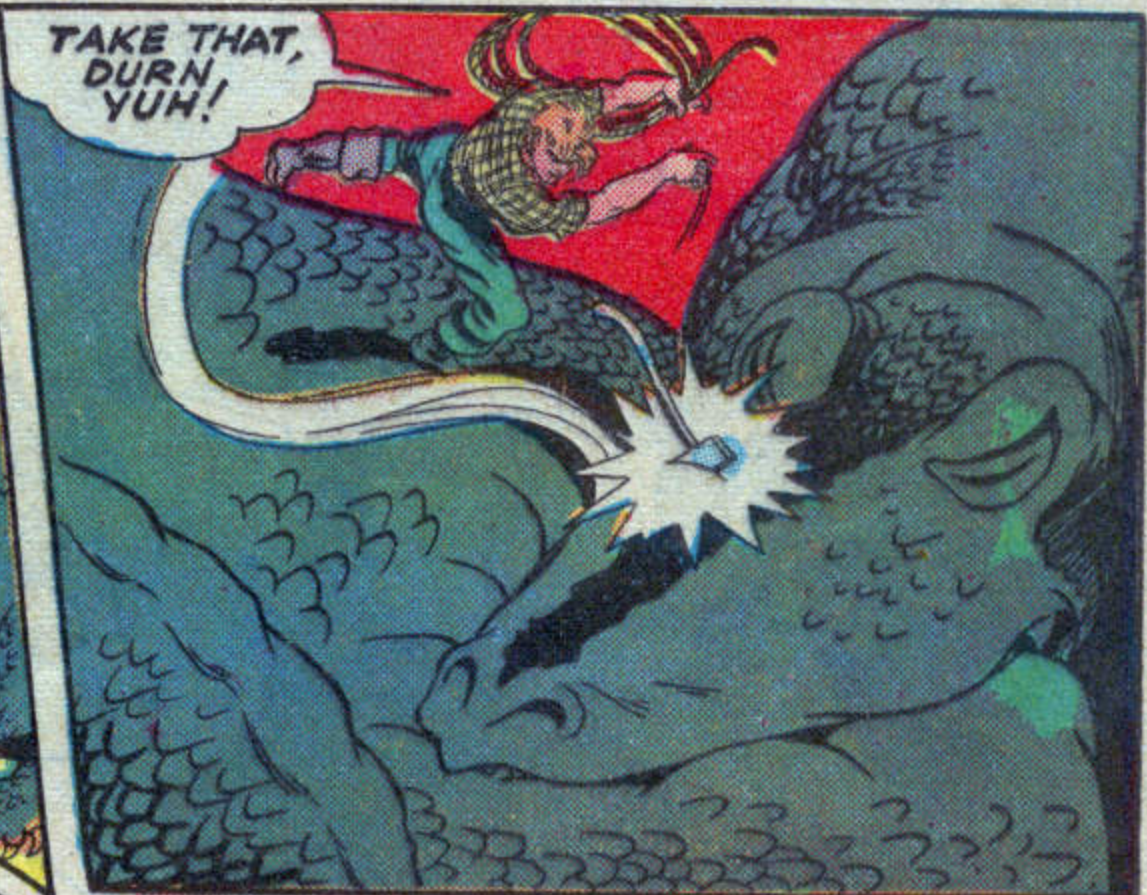
AND THE BATTLE RAGES FIERCELY.



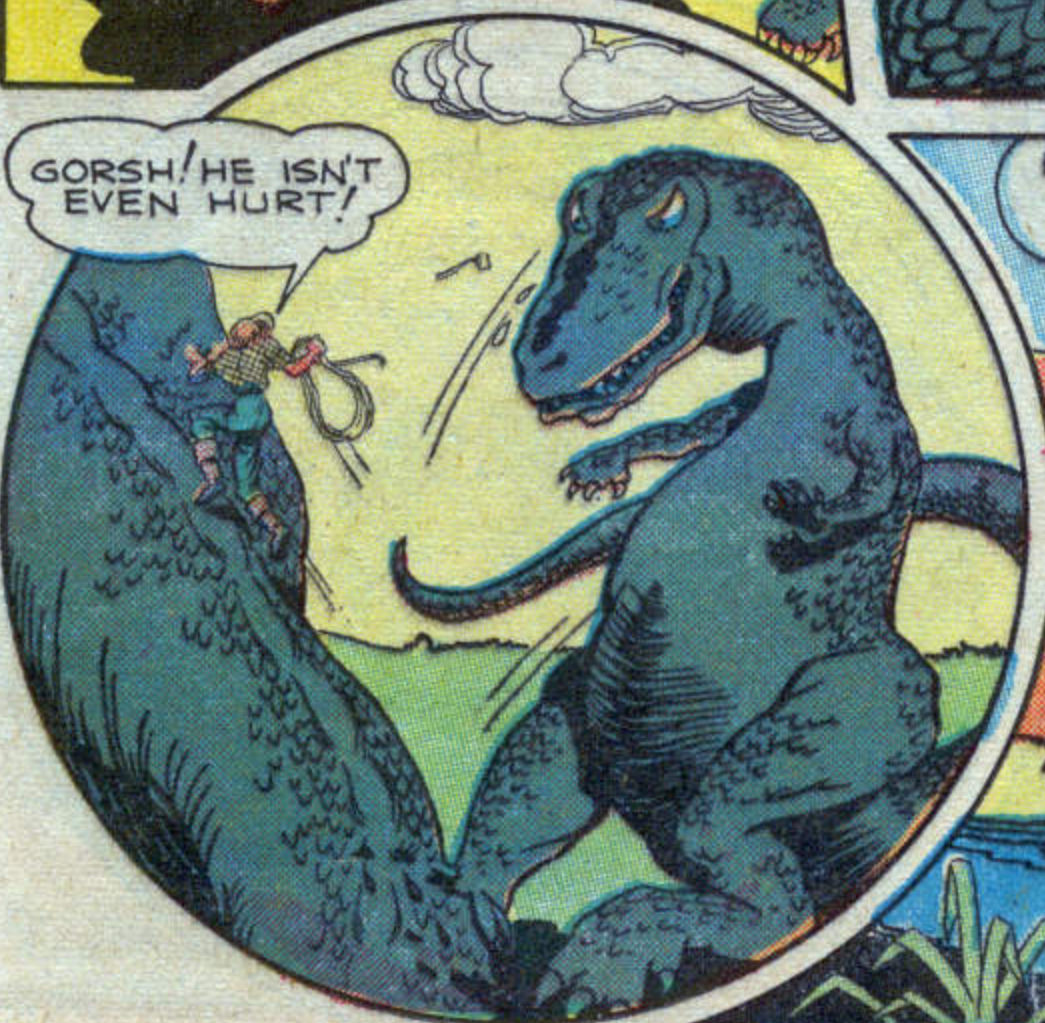
HEY! YOU CAIN'T DO THAT TUH MIDGE!



TAKE THAT, DURN YUH!

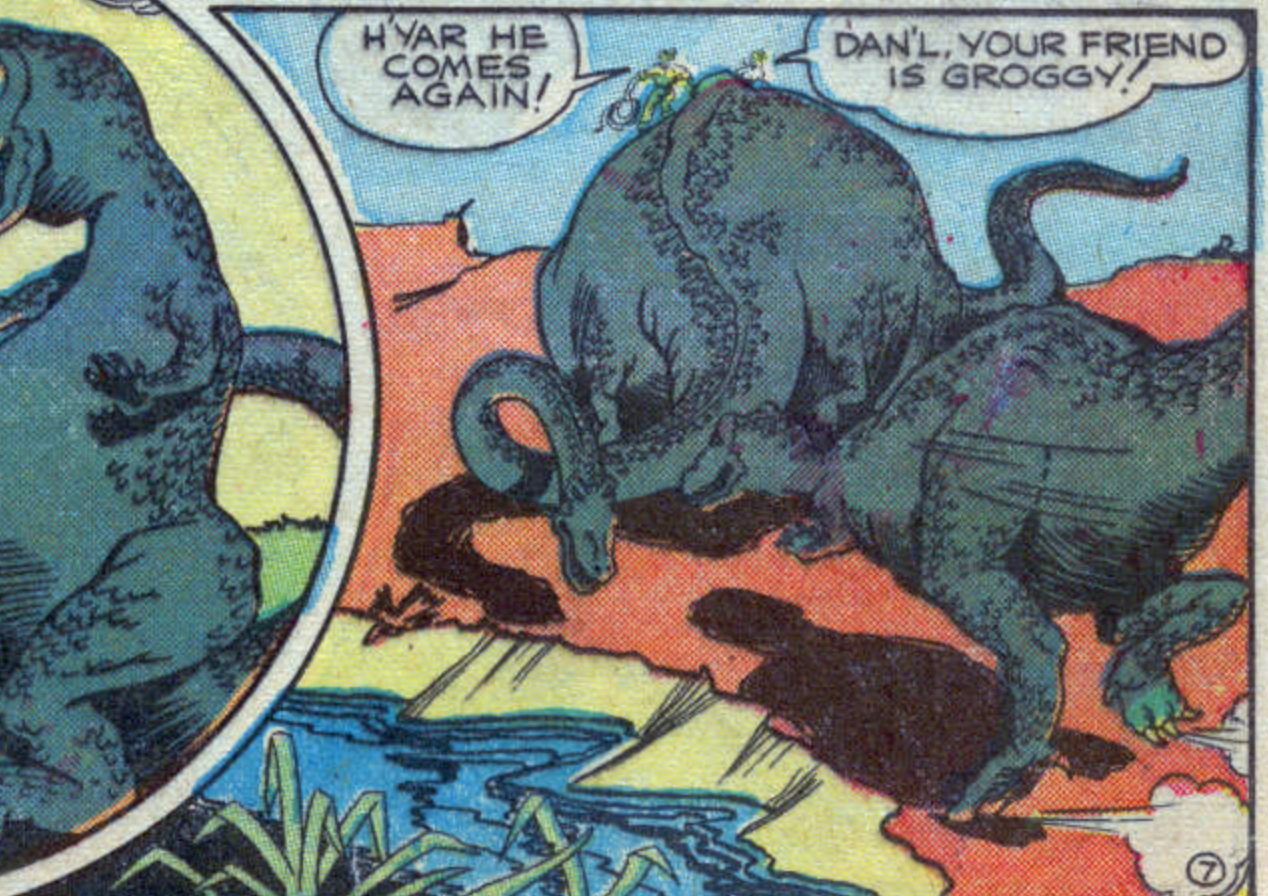


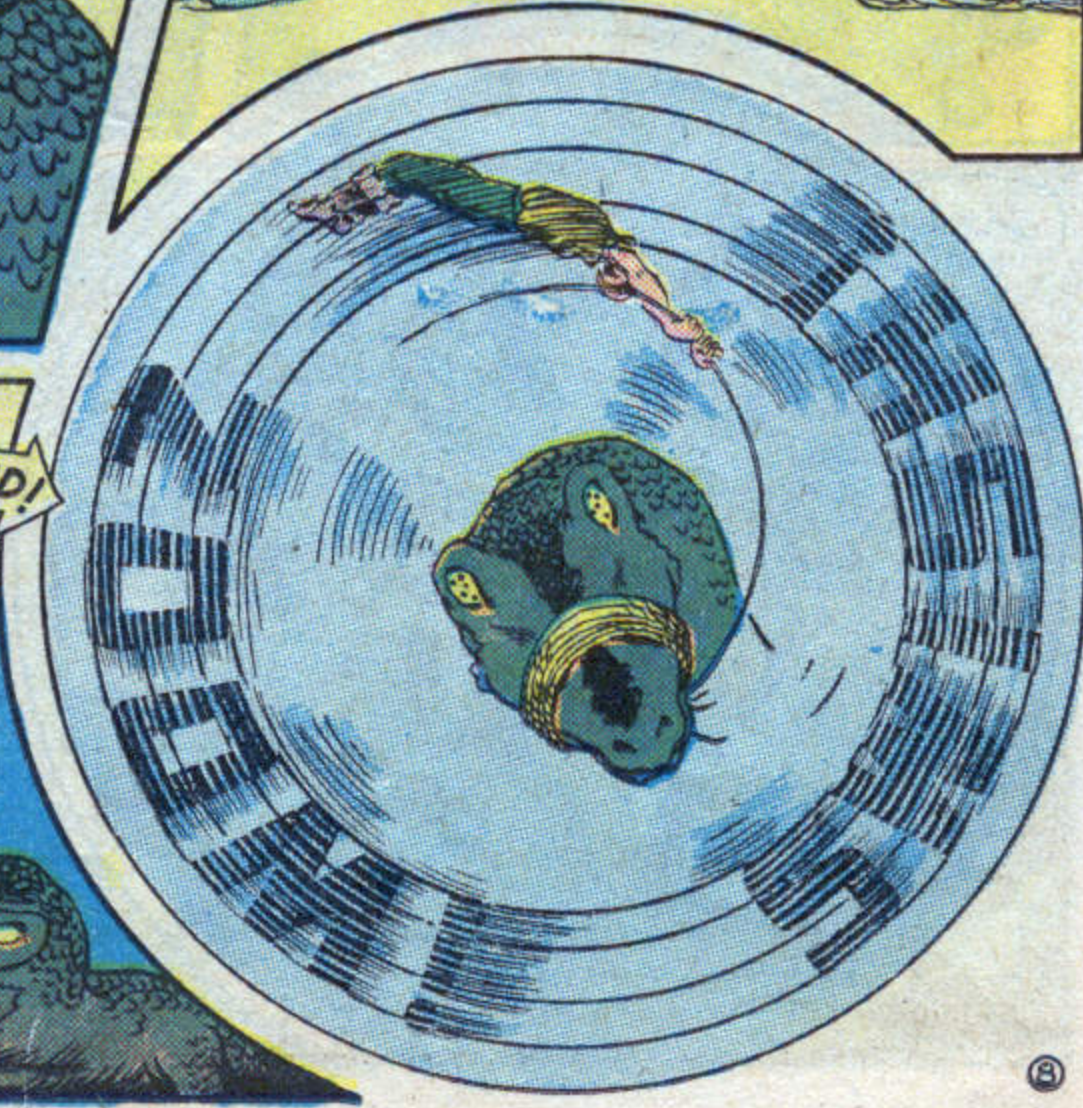
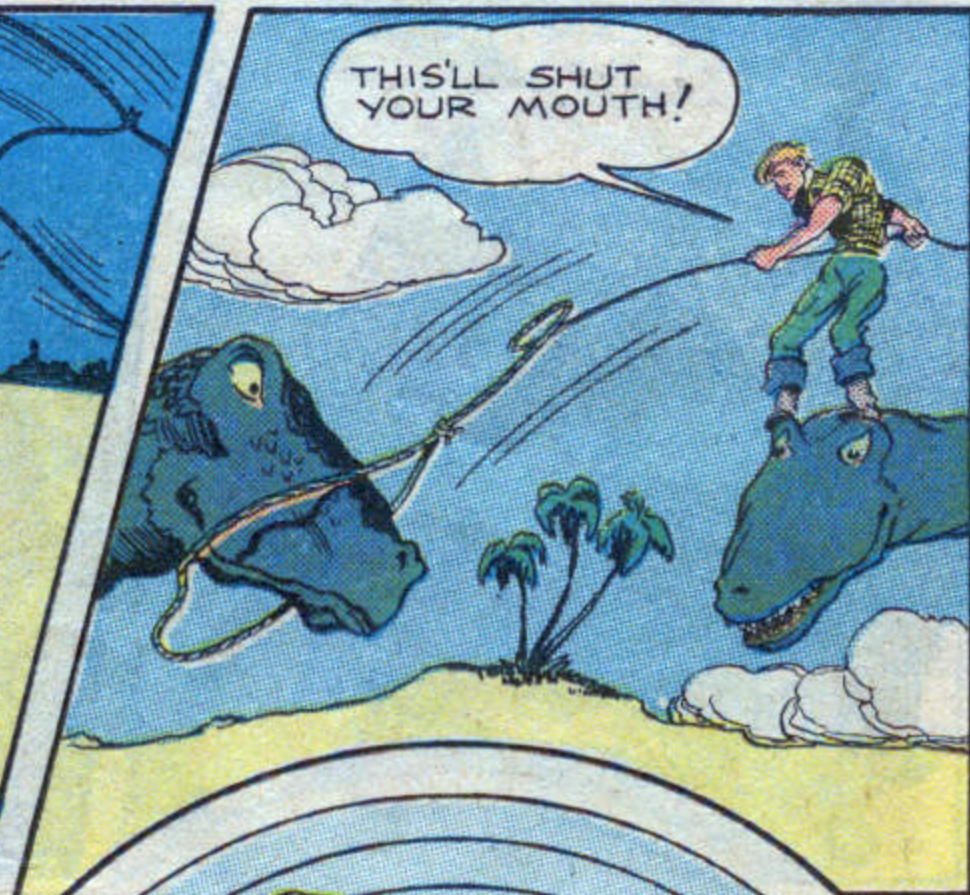
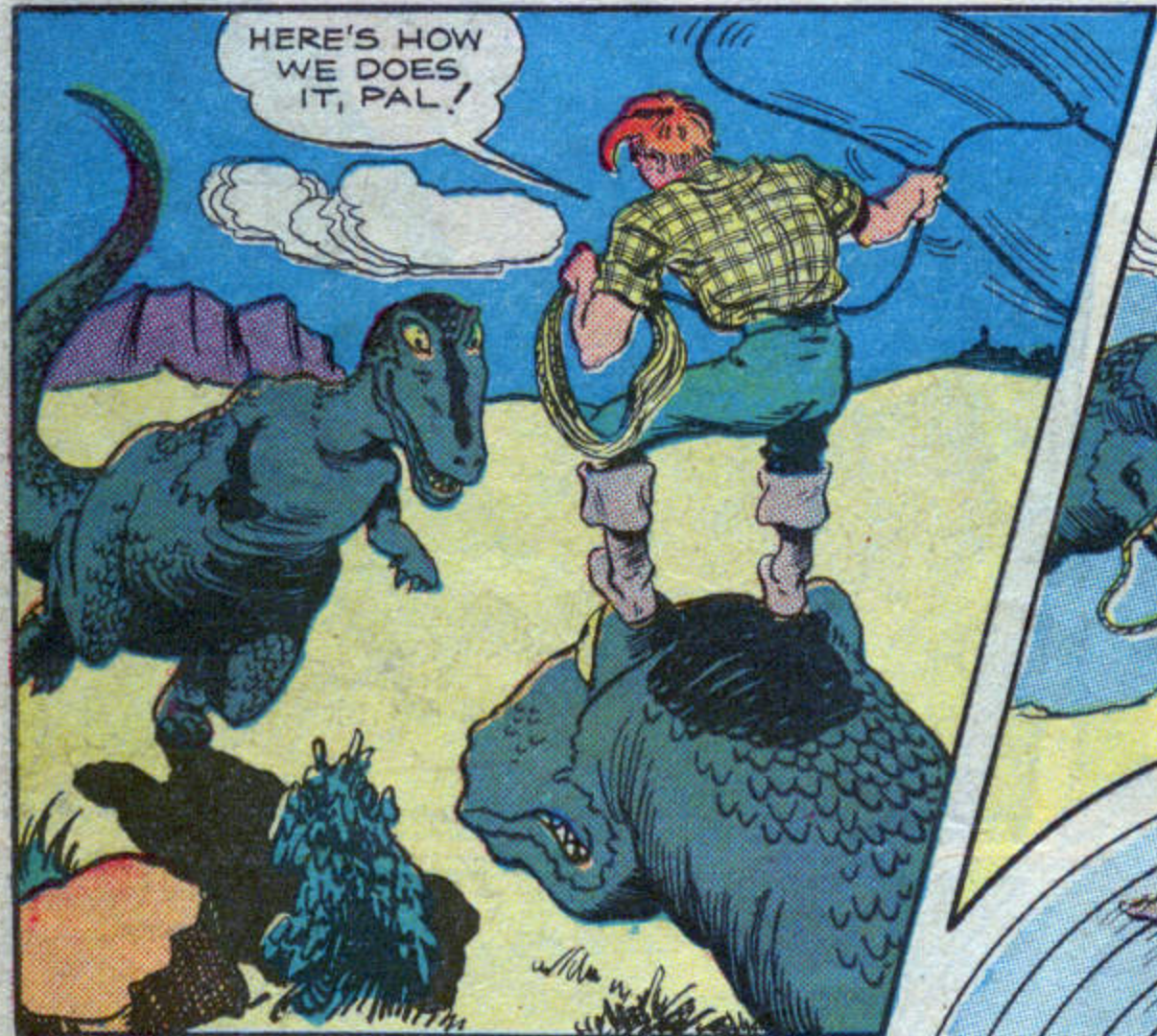
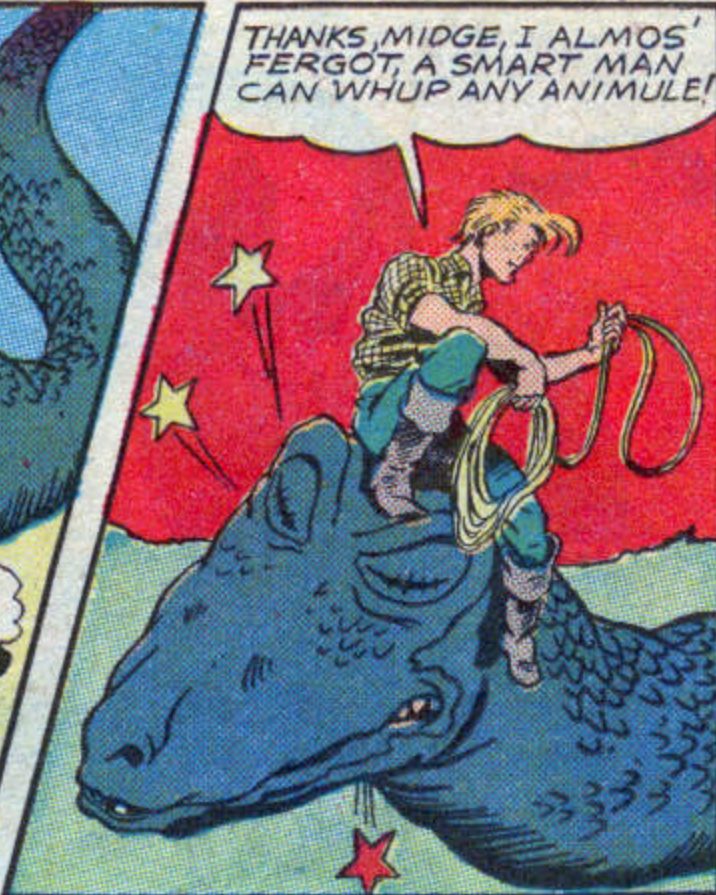
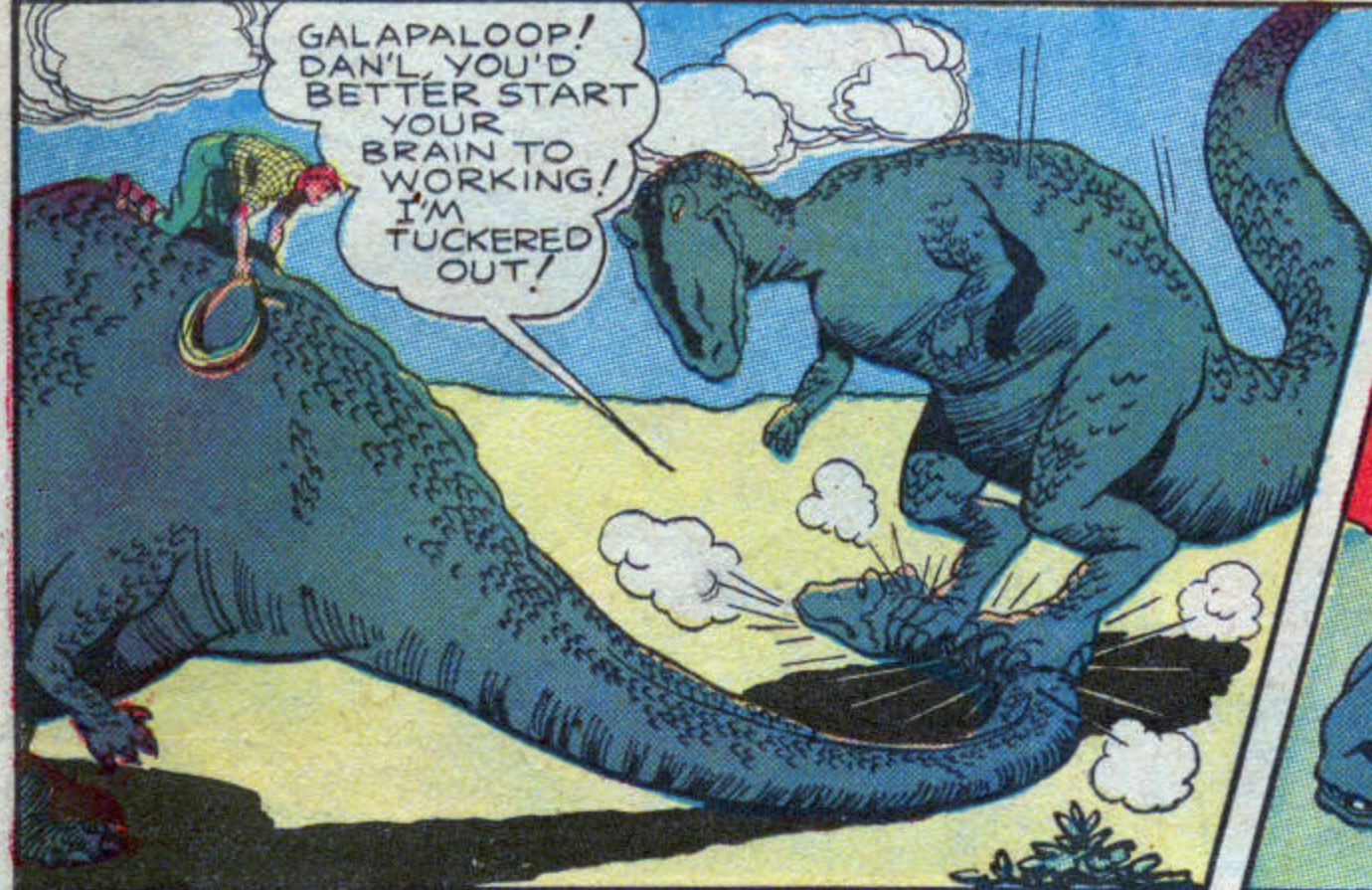
GORSH! HE ISN'T EVEN HURT!



H'YAR HE COMES AGAIN!

DAN'L, YOUR FRIEND IS GROGGY!





THE LARIAT COILS
AROUND THE
CREATURE'S
JAWS...

O-O-O-O-MPH!

OKAY, MIDGE,
NOW IT'S YOUR
TURN!

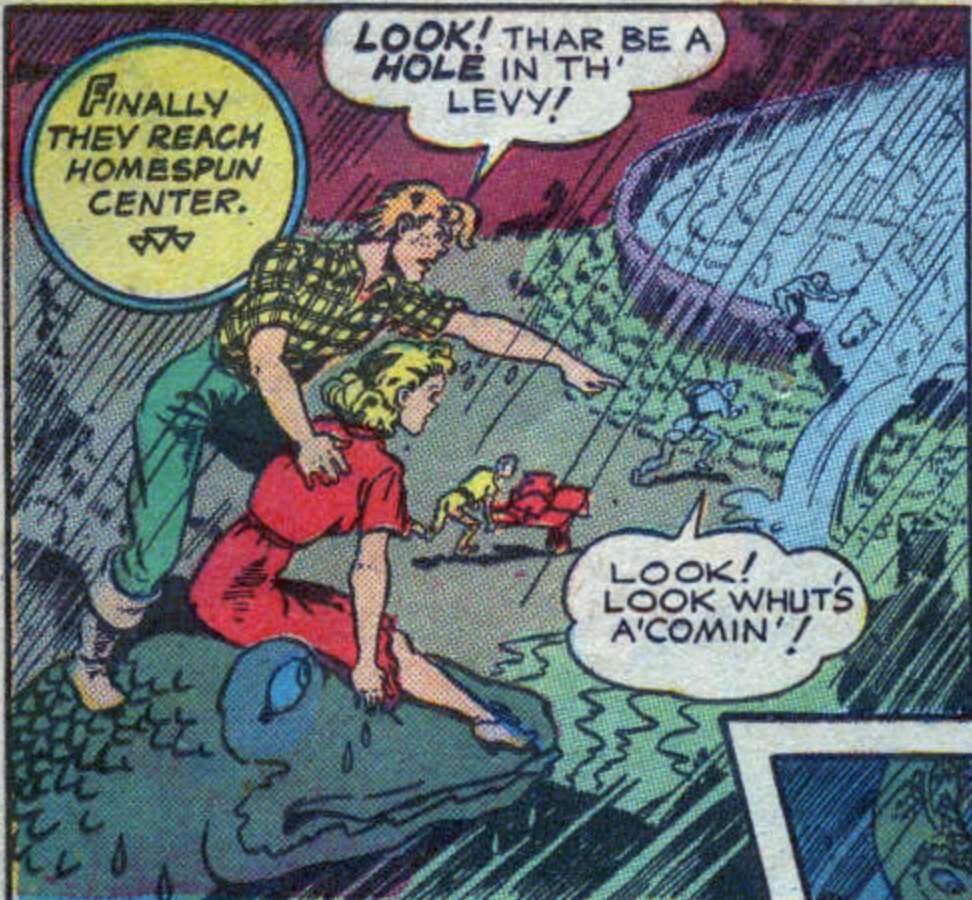
THIS IS CROOEL
BUT IT'S GOTTA
BE DONE!

MIDGE WINS...

I GOTTA SAVE 'EM... I GOTTA... OR
THEY'LL THINK I RAN OUT ON
'EM AN' DIDN' DO MY DOOTY!

HURRY, MIDGE,
HURRY!

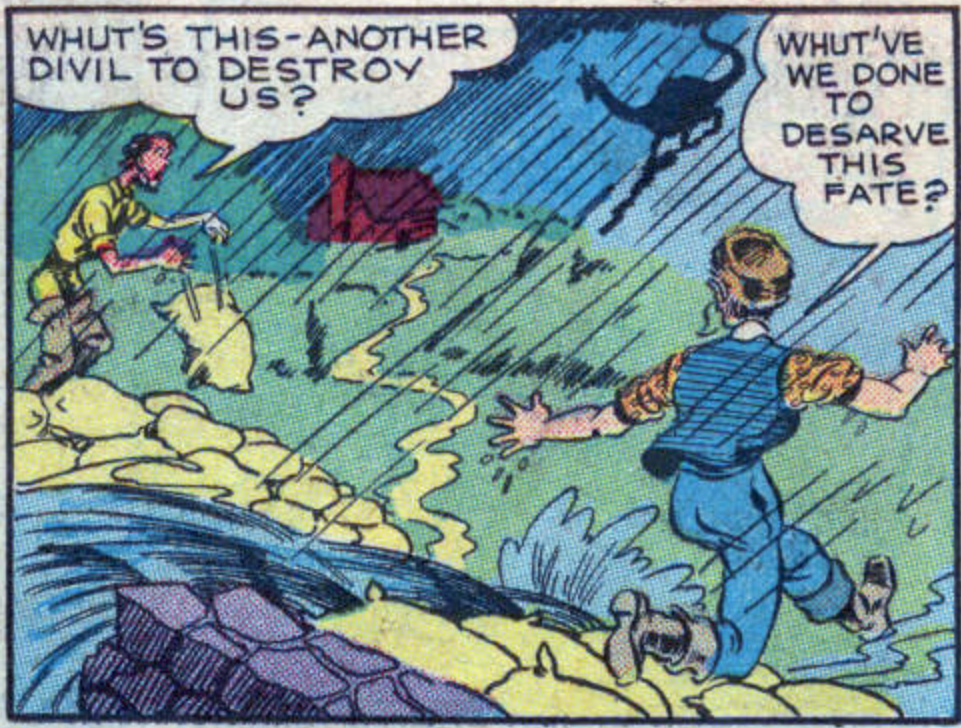
IT'S A'STARTIN' TO
RAIN. WE GOTTA GET
BACK TUH HOMESPUN
CENTER 'FORE
EVERYBUDDY'S
DROWNED!
**GIDDY UP,
MIDGE!**



FINALLY
THEY REACH
HOMESPUN
CENTER.

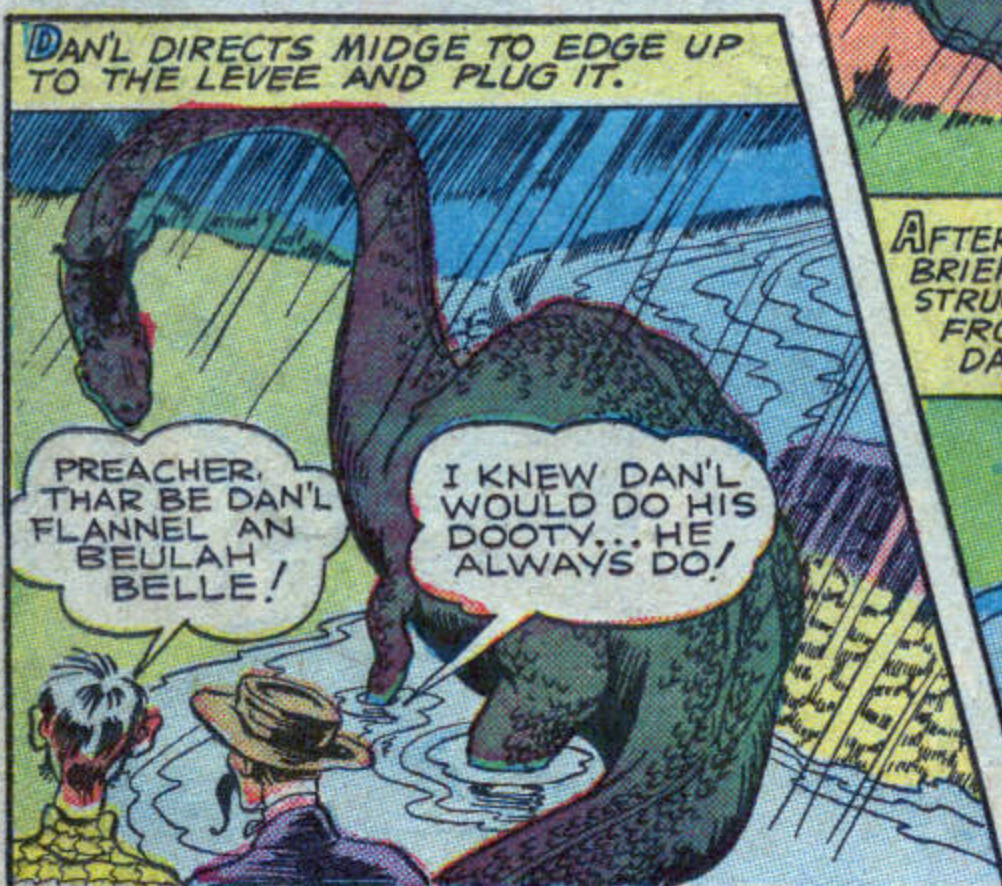
LOOK! THAR BE A
HOLE IN TH'
LEVY!

LOOK!
LOOK WHUT'S
A'COMIN'!



WHUT'S THIS-ANOTHER
DIVIL TO DESTROY
US?

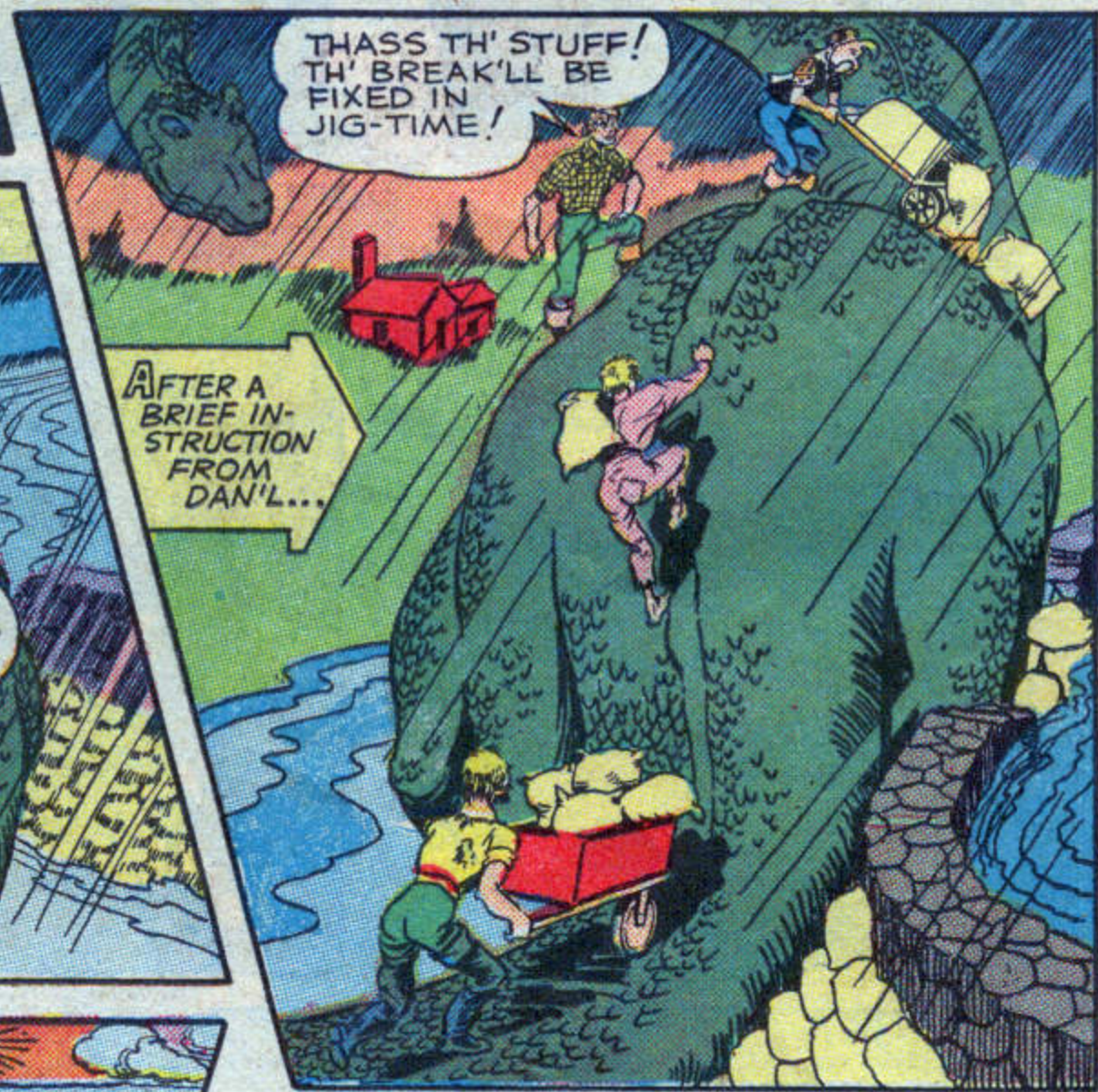
WHUT'VE
WE DONE
TO
DESARVE
THIS
FATE?



DAN'L DIRECTS MIDGE TO EDGE UP
TO THE LEVEE AND PLUG IT.

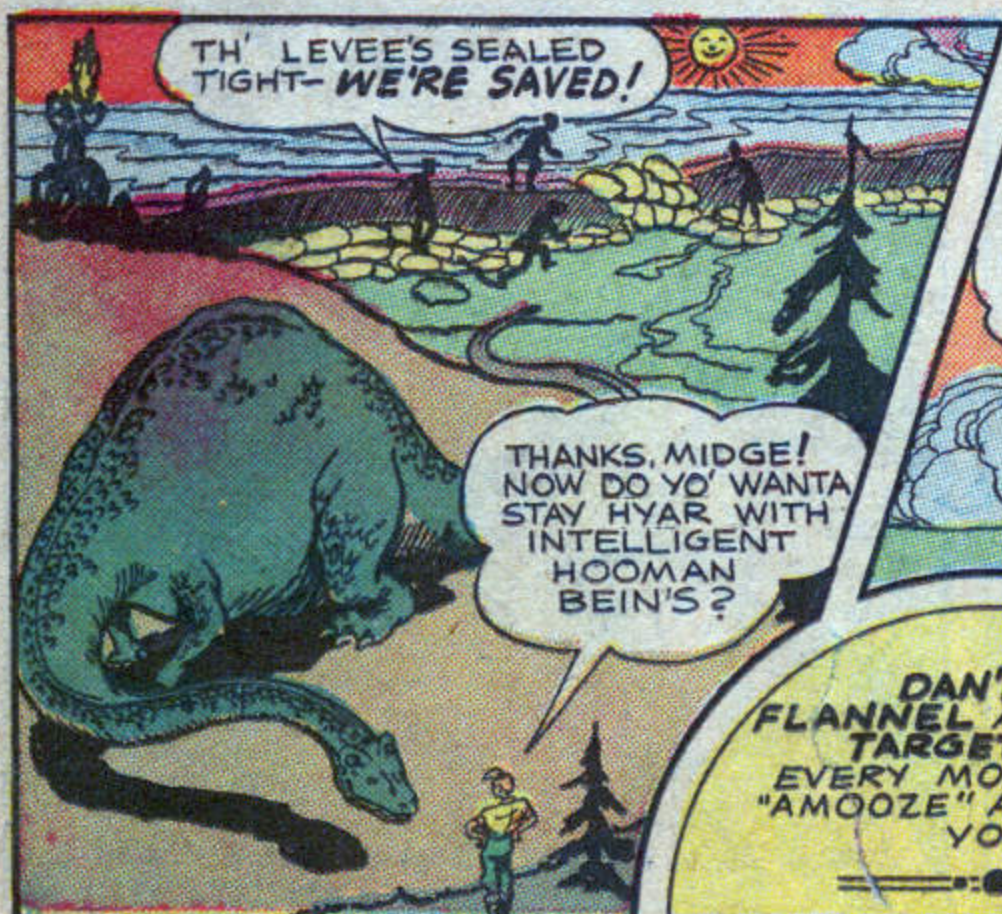
PREACHER,
THAR BE DAN'L
FLANNEL AN
BEULAH
BELLE!

I KNEW DAN'L
WOULD DO HIS
DOOTY... HE
ALWAYS DO!



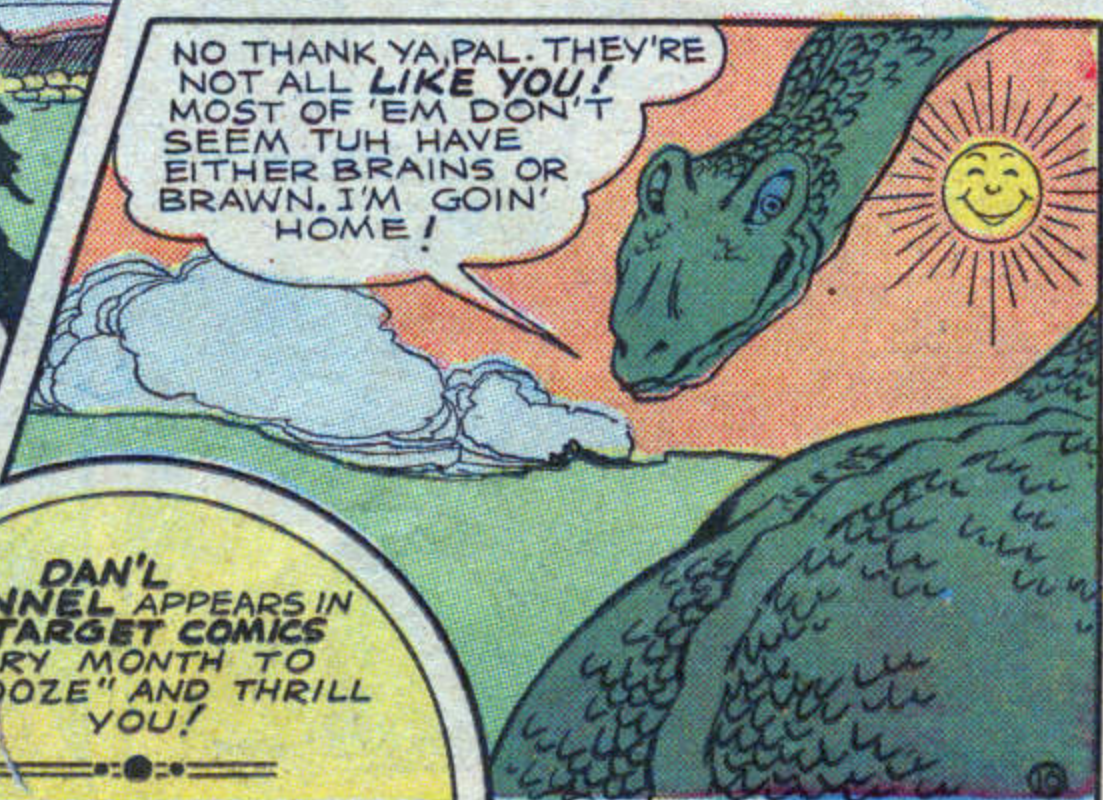
THASS TH' STUFF!
TH' BREAK'LL BE
FIXED IN
JIG-TIME!

AFTER A
BRIEF IN-
STRUCTION
FROM
DAN'L...



TH' LEVEE'S SEALED
TIGHT- WE'RE SAVED!

THANKS, MIDGE!
NOW DO YO' WANTA
STAY HYAR WITH
INTELLIGENT
HOOMAN
BEIN'S?

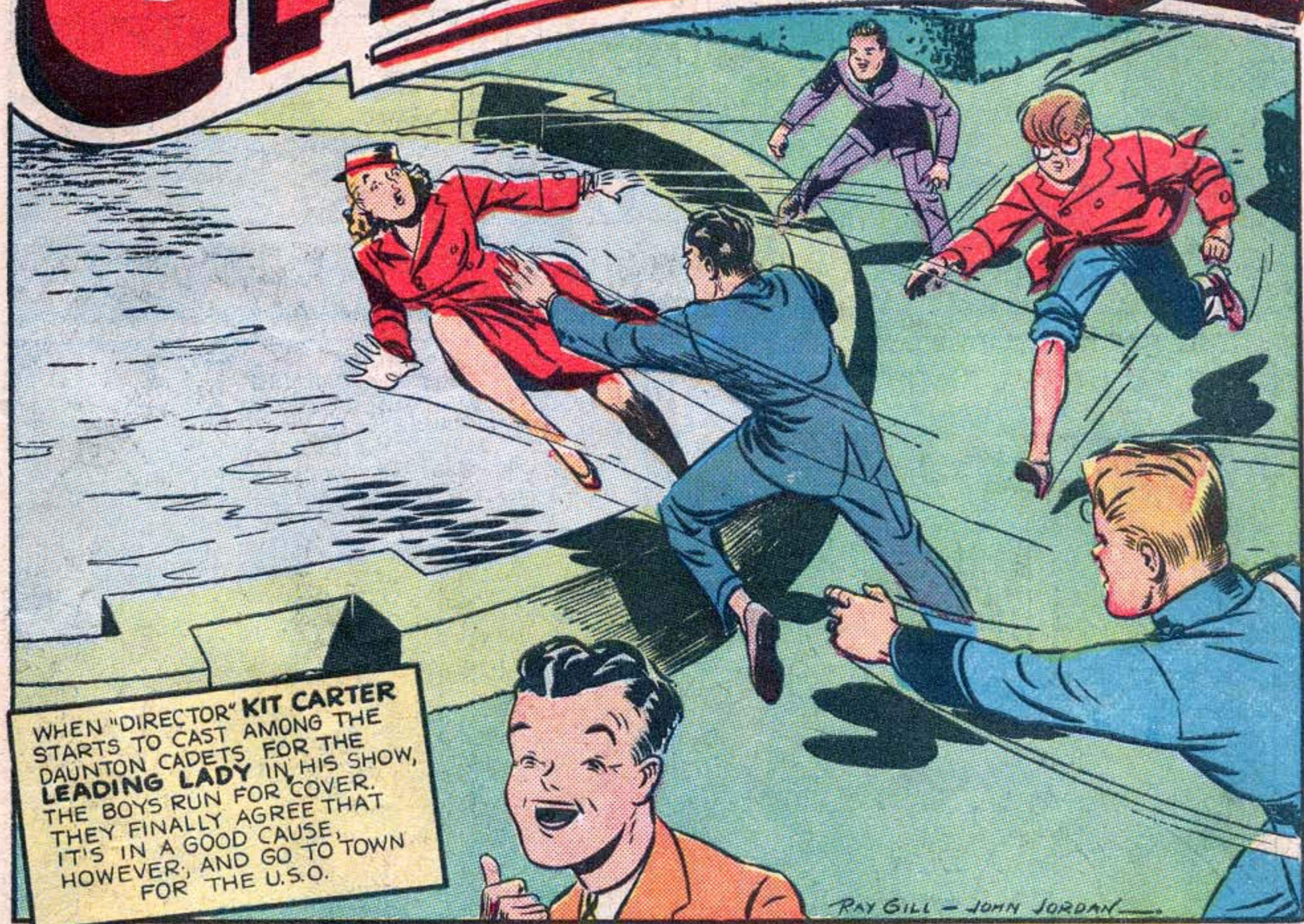


NO THANK YA, PAL. THEY'RE
NOT ALL LIKE YOU!
MOST OF 'EM DON'T
SEEM TUH HAVE
EITHER BRAINS OR
BRAWN. I'M GOIN'
HOME!

DAN'L
FLANNEL APPEARS IN
TARGET COMICS
EVERY MONTH TO
"AMOOZE" AND THRILL
YOU!

The CADET

FEATURING
KIT
CARTER



WHEN "DIRECTOR" KIT CARTER STARTS TO CAST AMONG THE DAUNTON CADETS FOR THE **LEADING LADY** IN HIS SHOW, THE BOYS RUN FOR COVER. THEY FINALLY AGREE THAT IT'S IN A GOOD CAUSE, HOWEVER, AND GO TO TOWN FOR THE U.S.O.

RAY GILL - JOHN JORDAN

IT ALL STARTS ON THE BASEBALL FIELD, WHERE THE COACH IS READING A NOTE FROM COLONEL TILGHMAN.

IT'S UP TO YOU BOYS TO RAISE SOME MONEY FOR THE U.S.O.

HERE'S THE BEST WAY TO DO IT...

HOW'S ABOUT...

AW! CARTER ALWAYS GETS THE BREAKS!

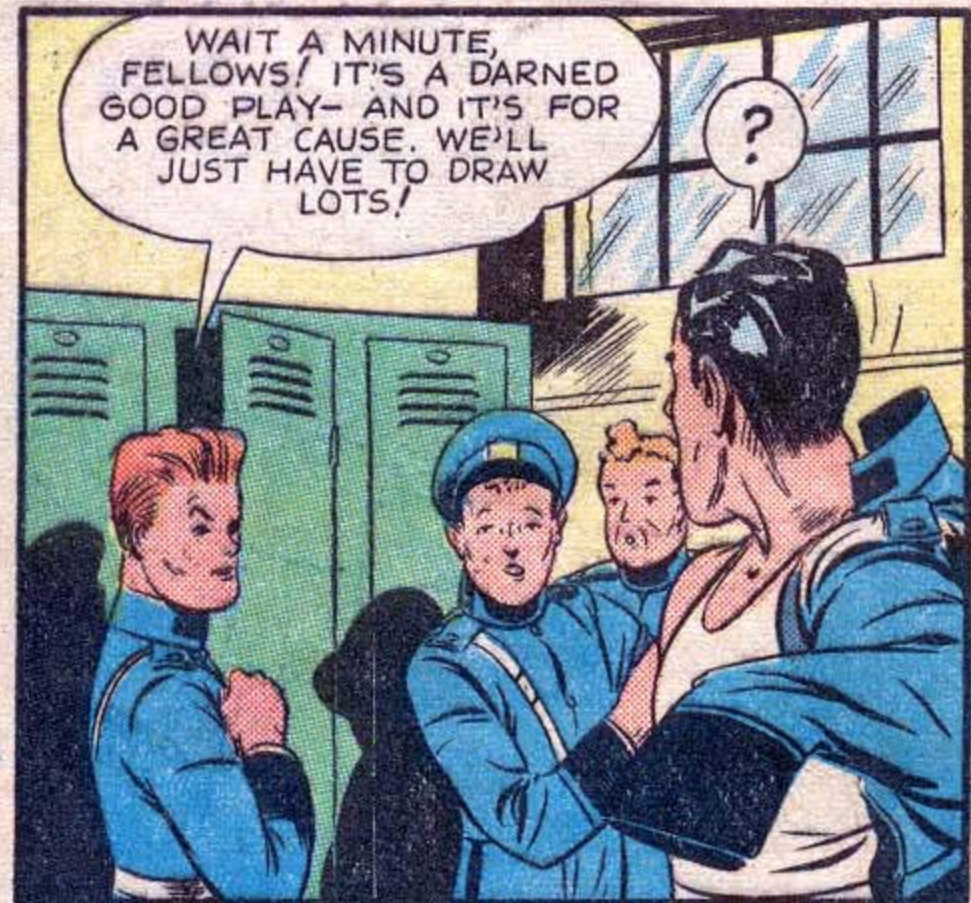
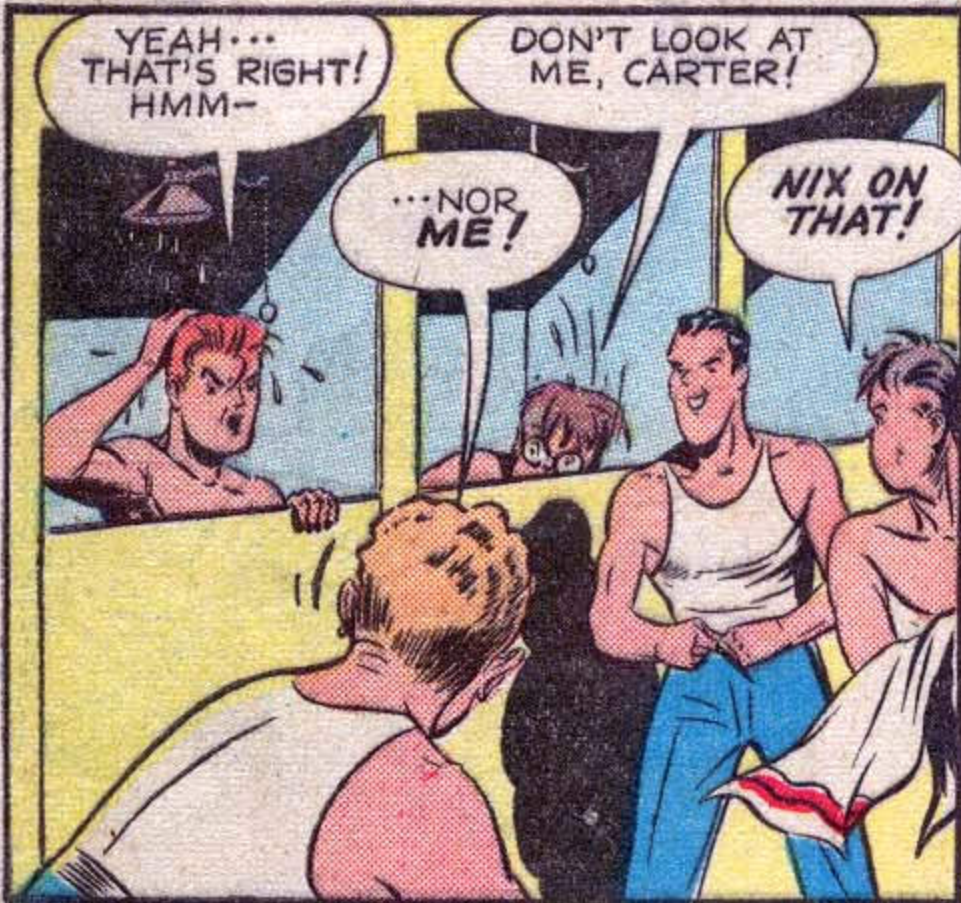
LET'S HEAR IT, KIT!

THAT DOES SOUND LIKE A GOOD IDEA! YOU'LL BE THE DIRECTOR, KIT!

OKAY... AND, TO BE FAIR, I'M GONNA MAKE NEIL TOWERS THE LEADING MAN.

I SAY, LET'S PUT ON A **REAL** SHOW!

LOCKER ROOM





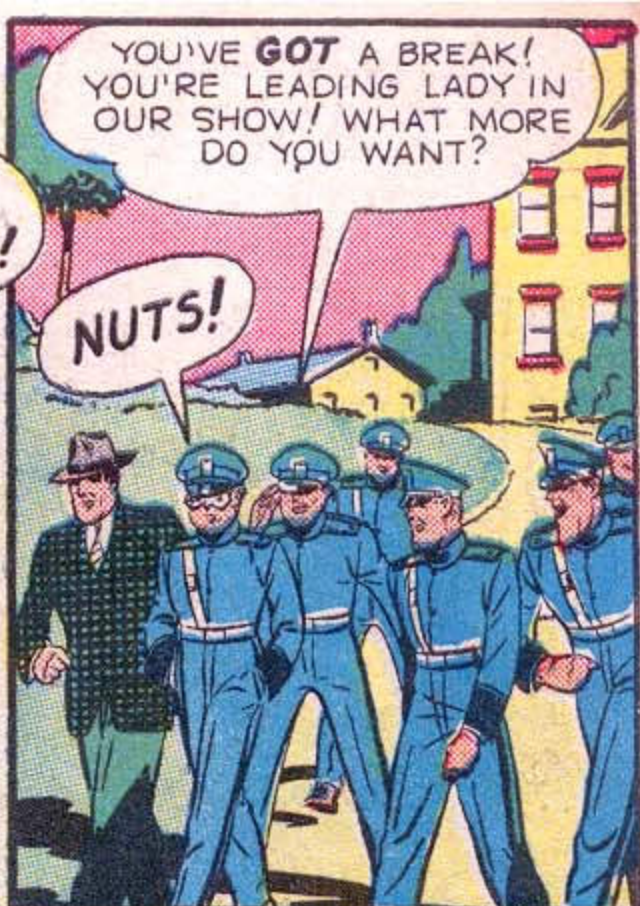
BUT THAT ISN'T FAIR! DRAW LOTS LIKE KIT SAID... OR **VOTE** ON IT! **GEE!**

HA! HA! YOU'D THINK HE WAS BEING ASKED TO PLAY **HITLER!**



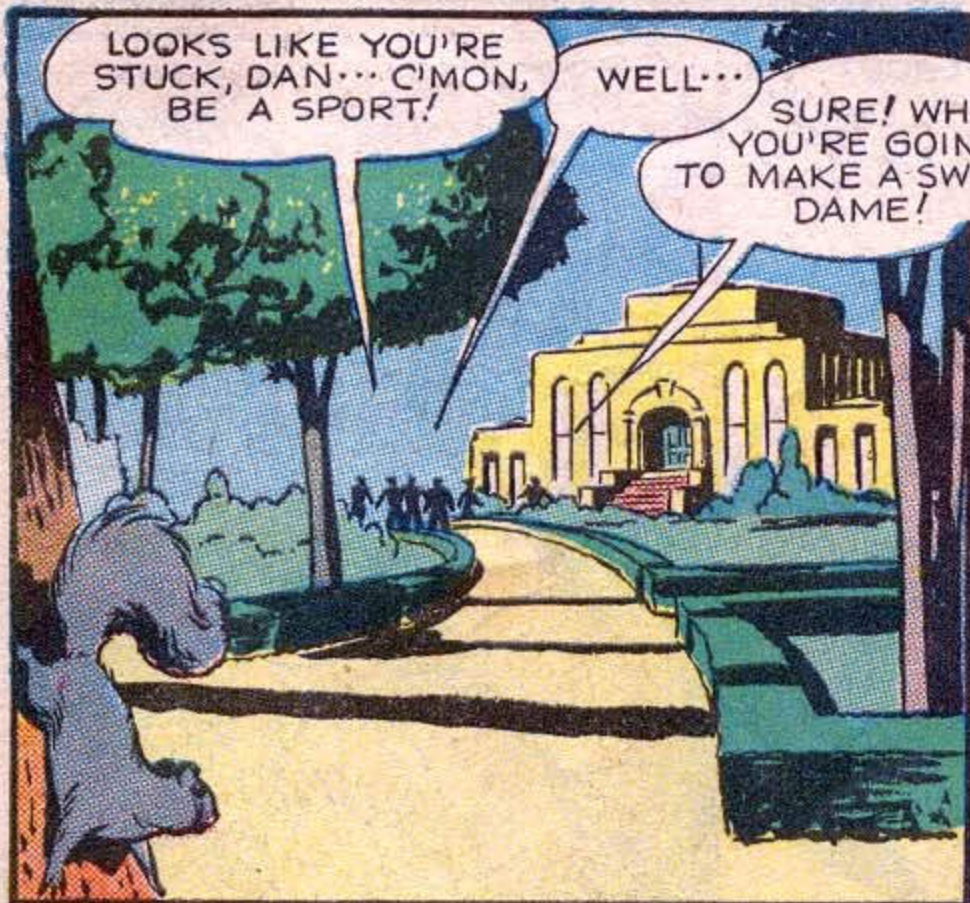
IT'S TOO LATE, DAN! THEY'D ALL VOTE FOR YOU NOW, **ANYWAY!**

AW, GIVE ME A BREAK, GANG, **PLEASE!**



NUTS!

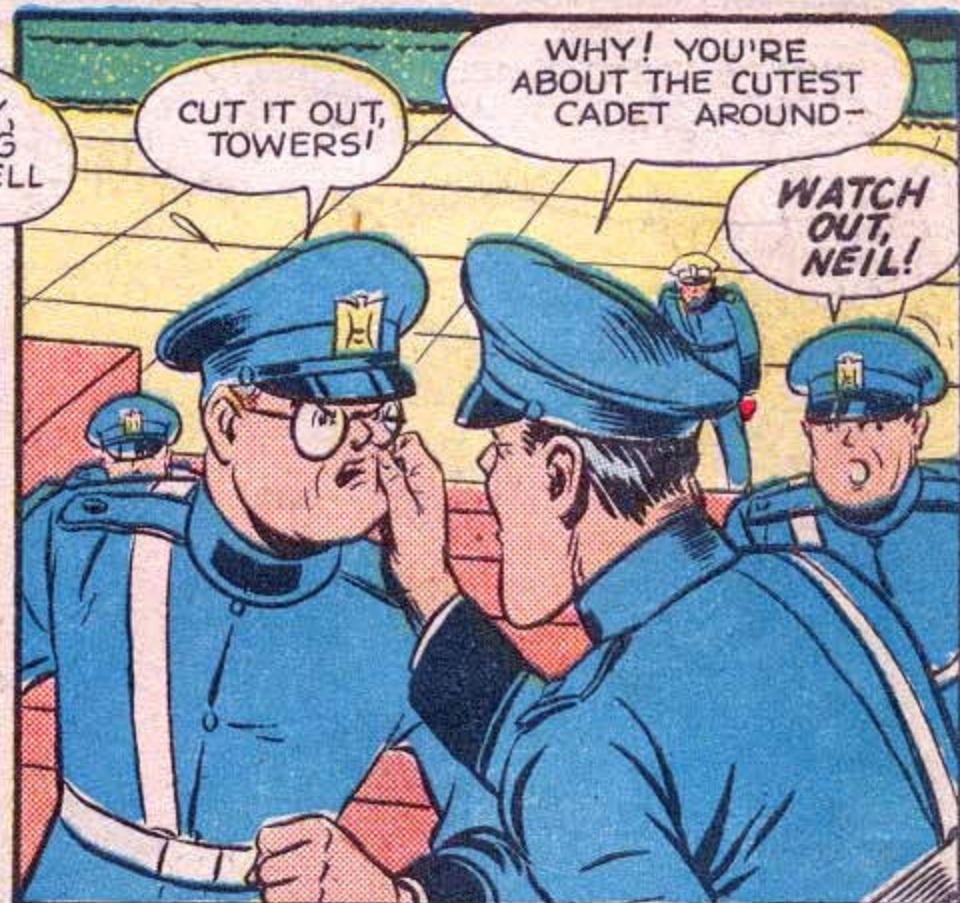
YOU'VE **GOT** A BREAK! YOU'RE LEADING LADY IN OUR SHOW! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?



LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STUCK, DAN... C'MON, BE A SPORT!

WELL...

SURE! WHY, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A SWELL DAME!



CUT IT OUT, TOWERS!

WHY! YOU'RE ABOUT THE CUTEST CADET AROUND--

WATCH OUT, NEIL!



I SAID, CUT IT---

UGH!

I WAS EXPECTING THAT!



CHEESE IT! THE COLONEL'S COMING!

BREAK IT UP, FELLOWS!

HELLO, BOYS! I SUPPOSE YOU'VE DECIDED ON SOMETHING FOR THE U.S.O. BENEFIT?

COME IN, COLONEL, KIT WILL TELL YOU ABOUT IT. IT'S HIS IDEA.

WELL, SIR, I THOUGHT A SHOW WOULD BE FUN.

FINE! EXCELLENT! HMM...

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, CADET MERRY? YOU DON'T SEEM TO AGREE.

HA-HA! HE WOULDN'T SIR!

YOU SEE, CADET MERRY HAS DRAWN THE PART OF THE LEADING **LADY**, SIR!

I SEE! WELL, MERRY, PERHAPS THAT CAN BE FIXED.

HOW, SIR?

MY NIECE, NANCY TILGHMAN, IS COMING HERE FOR THE WEEK END. PERHAPS SHE'D TAKE THE PART, IF YOU ASKED HER TO.

I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW. SUCCESS TO YOUR SHOW!

HMMM!

GOSH! THAT'S GREAT!

NOT SO FAST, DAN - YOU'RE STILL HER UNDERSTUDY!

NEIL'S RIGHT, DAN. THAT'S THE WAY IT'LL HAVE TO BE.

OH!

A FEW DAYS LATER.

THE COLONEL'S
BACK FROM THE
STATION!

AND WITH OUR
LEADING LADY, I
TRUST COME
ON!

GREETINGS,
MISS TILGHMAN.

BOYS, I WANT YOU
TO MEET MY NIECE,
NANCY.

YOU
BET!

I TRUST YOU'LL
BE WELL TAKEN
CARE OF,
NANCY.

GOODNESS!
SUCH
ATTENTION!

YES UH
MISS TILGHMAN
WE HAVE A FAVOR
TO ASK OF YOU

WE'D LIKE YOU TO
BE THE LEADING
LADY IN THE SHOW
WE'RE GIVING
FOR THE
U. S. O.

WHY—
I'D **LOVE**
TO!

THAT AFTERNOON... AT THE FIRST
REHEARSAL...

YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE NEIL'S
GIRL-FRIEND,
NANCY.

WHAT A
LUCKY GUY!

AFTER
REHEARSAL...

MAY
I SEE YOU
HOME?

BREAK IT UP!
I'LL TAKE MISS
TILGHMAN WHERE
SHE WANTS TO
GO!

ENTRANCE
TO
STAGE

THANK YOU, MR. TOWERS,
BUT I HAVE TO
REHEARSE **OUR**
PART WITH CADET
MERRY.

THANK
YOU!

ENTRANCE
TO
STAGE

HA-HA!

OH,
DARN!

THAT'S
ONE ON
YOU, NEIL!
HA-HA!



I'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

WHAT? HE'S GOT TO REHEARSE WITH HER? YOU FIXED THAT YOURSELF!



MAYBE SO BUT I'LL BET THAT I'LL BE THE ONE WHO TAKES HER TO THE DANCE AFTER THE SHOW!

THAT'S A TALL ORDER, NEIL!



WELL, I'LL START ELIMINATING RIGHT NOW **YOU GUYS** STAY AWAY FROM HER!

SHE'S ALL YOURS— AFTER ALL, YOU **ARE** BOXING CHAMP!

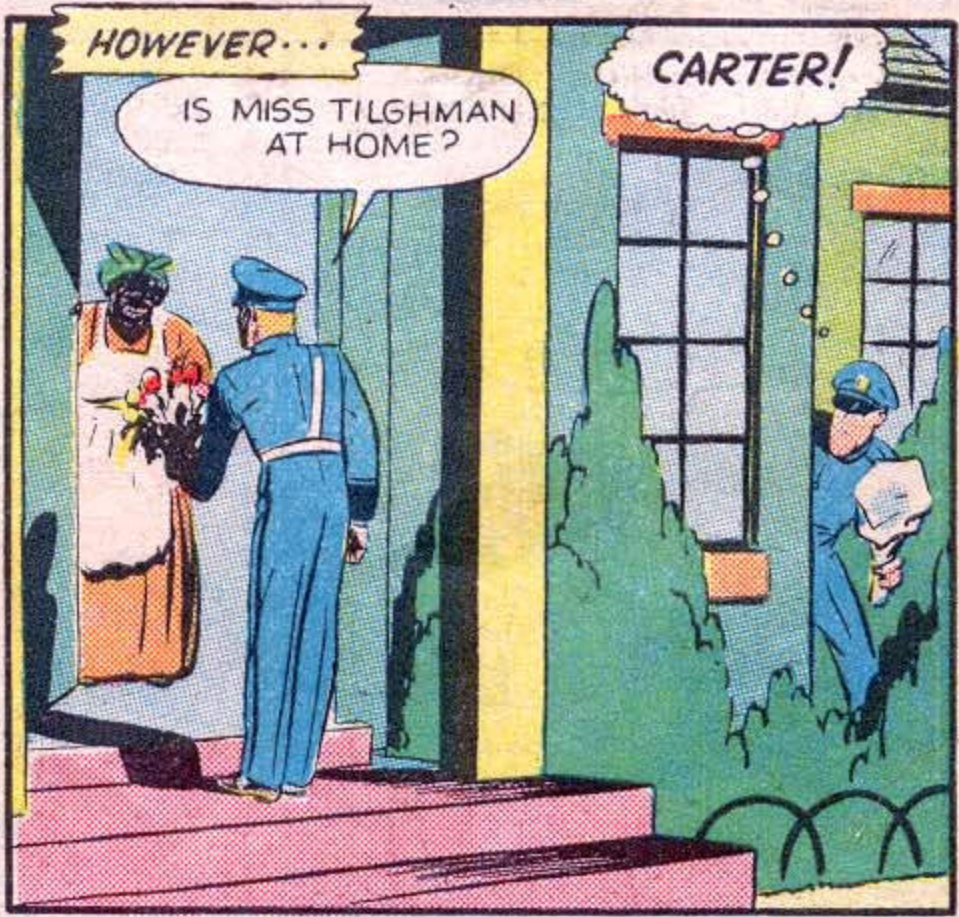


HALF AN HOUR LATER...

LOOK AT THE SHEIK!

HE'LL STAY OUT OF MY WAY!

BETTER LOOK OUT FOR KIT CARTER! HE'S GONE CALLING, TOO!



HOWEVER...

IS MISS TILGHMAN AT HOME?

CARTER!



HAVE YOU ASKED YOUR PARENTS IF YOU MAY STAY ON FOR THE SHOW NEXT SATURDAY?

YES, THEY GAVE ME PERMISSION OH, KIT, YOUR FLOWERS ARE LOVELY THANK YOU!



AND SO, REHEARSALS PROGRESS...

UH... SAY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT?



A FINE THING!

IT'S GETTING SO A GUY ISN'T **SAFE** AROUND HERE!

?

AND, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

SAY, EDDIE, HAVE YOU SEEN DAN?

YEAH, HE JUST WENT OUT, I THINK.

OH, THERE YOU ARE! THAT WAS A NICE REHEARSAL, OLD BOY.

!

MAYBE THIS WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO HIT A LADY!

HE-HE!

NANCY!

BOP!

HA! HA! HA!

AW, LET UP! THAT **WOULD** HAPPEN JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO ASK HER TO THE DANCE!

HA! HA! THAT WAS PRETTY GOOD!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, BEAUTIFUL?

I DON'T MIND EVEN YOU TODAY, HANDSOME! BESIDES, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL HAVE TO MAKE A FOOL OF HIMSELF ON THE STAGE!

DON'T BE TOO SURE! THERE'S LOTS OF TIME BEFORE THE CURTAIN GOES UP!

?

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

OH, NANCY! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE DANCE...

WHY BOTHER, NEIL? I HEARD YOU HAD IT ALL SETTLED - BUT YOU MUST HAVE MADE A **MISTAKE!**

FINALLY, THE DAY OF THE SHOW ARRIVES.

HEY, PHIL, WAIT UP!

MAKE IT QUICK. I HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN FOR SOME EXTRA COSTUMES

GOOD! I WANT YOU TO SEND NANCY THIS TELEGRAM TELLING HER TO COME HOME!

I DON'T GET IT! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED HER TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH YOU

I'M SACRIFICING THAT TO GET EVEN WITH DAN MERRY! YOU DO AS I TELL YOU!

BUS STOP

GOOD! THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF DAN... AND, IT'S A PERFECT EXCUSE FOR MY **NOT** TAKING NANCY TO THE DANCE

WELL-OKAY!

DAUN

LATER...

HERE I AM!

TELEGRAM FOR MISS TILGHMAN!

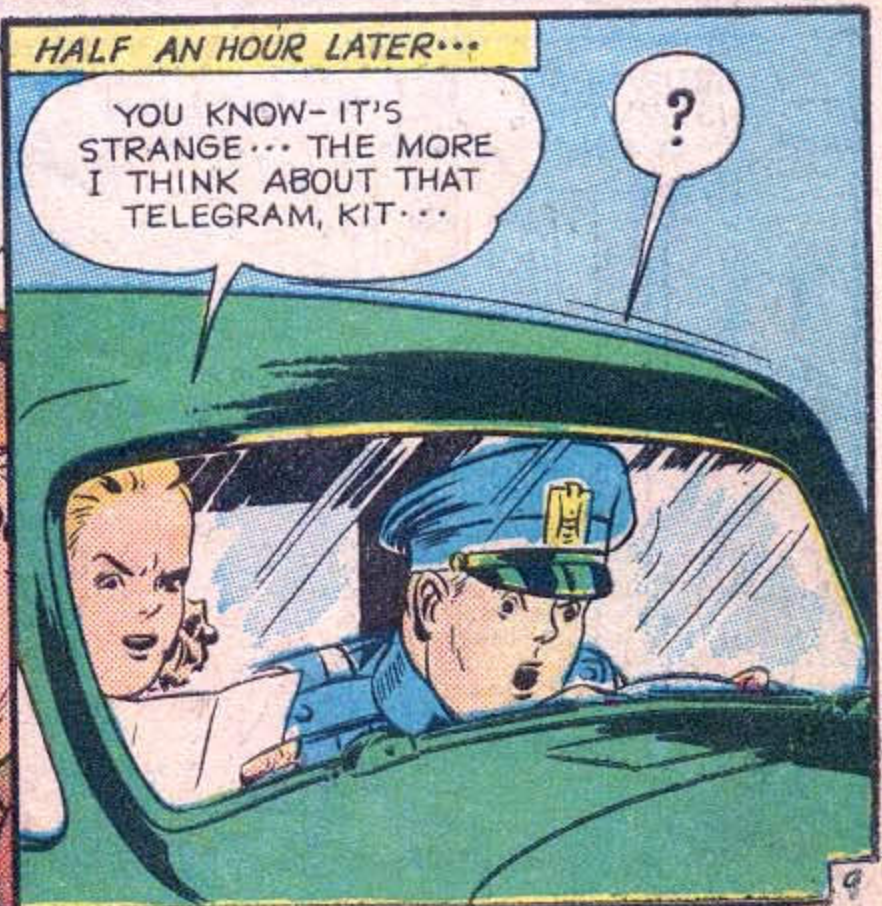
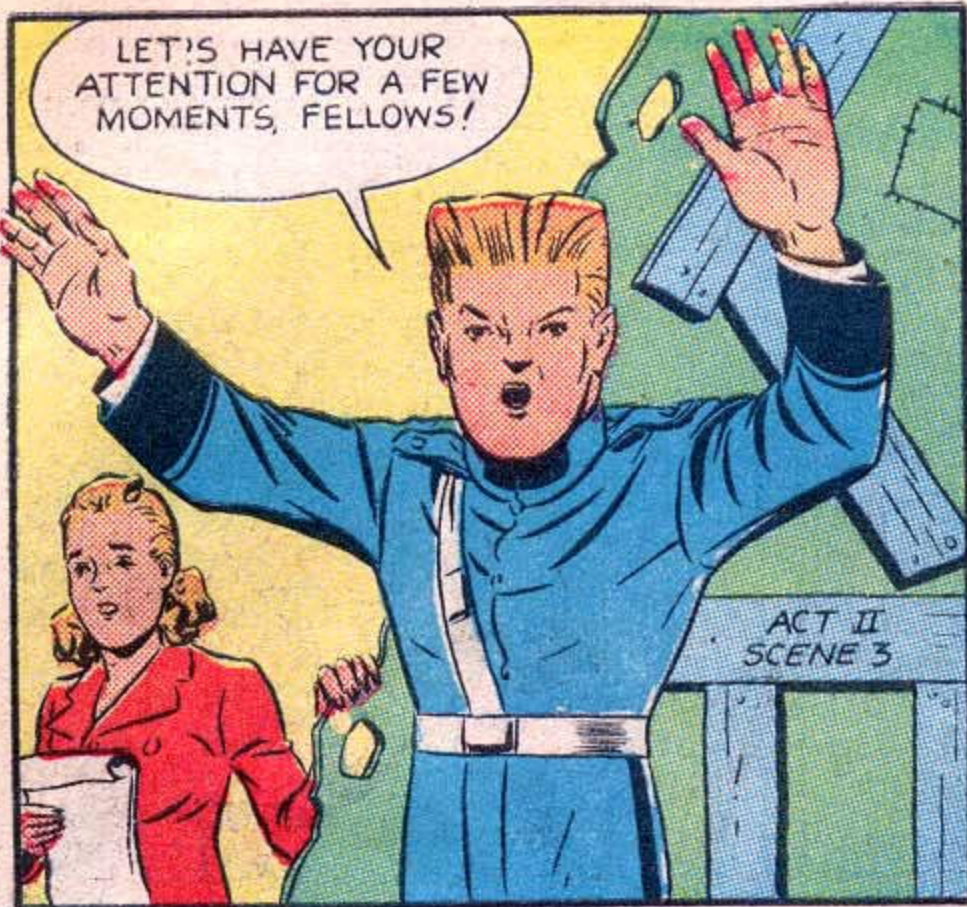
BAD NEWS, NANCY?

YES... IT'S FROM FATHER... I'VE GOT TO GO HOME IMMEDIATELY

I'M SORRY!

FORGET IT! I HOPE IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS. DAN HERE KNOWS THE PART, DOESN'T HE?

YES, UNFORTUNATELY



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NANCY?

WELL, THIS TELEGRAM CAME FROM THE CITY AND MY FOLKS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AT MOUNTAIN LAKES UNTIL MONDAY!

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

I JUST GOT A HUNCH!

LATER... HALF AN HOUR BEFORE CURTAIN TIME...

GEE WHIZ! WHERE'S KIT? I'M HIS ASSISTANT BUT THESE GUYS WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO **ME!**

DUCK!

COME ON, YOU FELLOWS! GET ON THE STAGE. THE CURTAIN GOES UP IN TEN MINUTES!

HAVING TROUBLE?

TOWERS! WHERE'S YOUR LEADING LADY?

I'LL GET "HER"—IT'S A PLEASURE! HA! HA!

★
LEADING LADY

YOUR PUBLIC IS WAITING, DEARIE!

WHY YOU..!

EASY, DAN! THIS IS A PLAY—NOT A **BOXING MATCH!**

OKAY—OKAY! BUT WHERE IS KIT? I THOUGHT AT LEAST I'D HAVE **MORAL SUPPORT!**

OH-H! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS IS OVER!

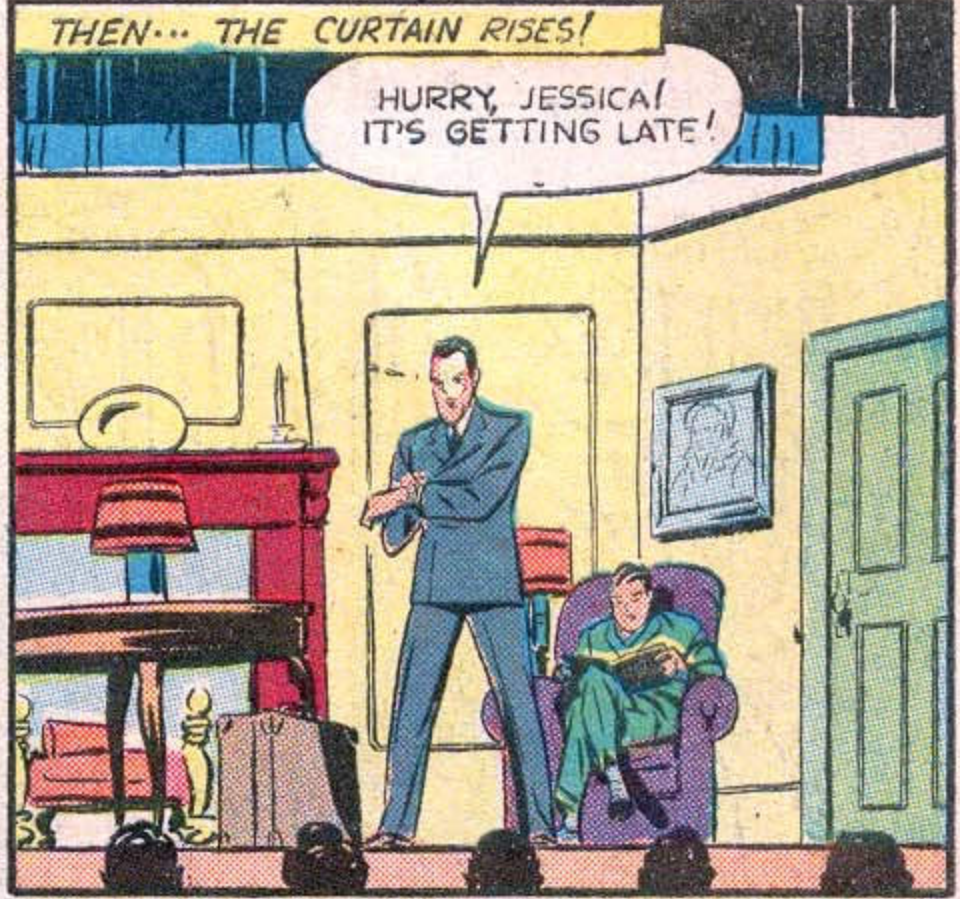


BREAK IT UP, NEIL!

OH, BABY! HA! HA!

PLACES, EVERY BODY! ONE MORE MINUTE!

ACT SCENE 1



THEN... THE CURTAIN RISES!

HURRY, JESSICA! IT'S GETTING LATE!



THAT'S YOUR CUE, DAN!

OH! WISH ME LUCK!

NO SMOKING



WELL, TED, I GUESS I'M ABOUT READY FOR MY TRIP...

YOUR BAG...



OH- I'M SORRY, JESSICA!

OOOPS! HEY!

SOME TRIP! HA! HA! HA!

HA! HA-HA! GREAT SHOW!



AT THE END OF THE FIRST ACT...

THAT'S THE BEST COMEDY I'VE EVER SEEN PUT ON BY A SCHOOL, COLONEL TILGHMAN!

HMM- I DON'T THINK IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A COMEDY, HOWEVER!



MEANWHILE... BACKSTAGE--

WHERE'S TOWERS? I'LL TEAR HIM APART!

SHH! THE AUDIENCE CAN HEAR YOU!



PLEASE, DAN!

LISTEN! I... KIT! WHAT ARE YOU...

SHH! COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR-QUICKLY!



NOW, LET'S TAKE A LOOK INTO THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

YOU'D BETTER GO EASY WITH MERRY... HE'S BOILING OVER!

WHY?... THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT!



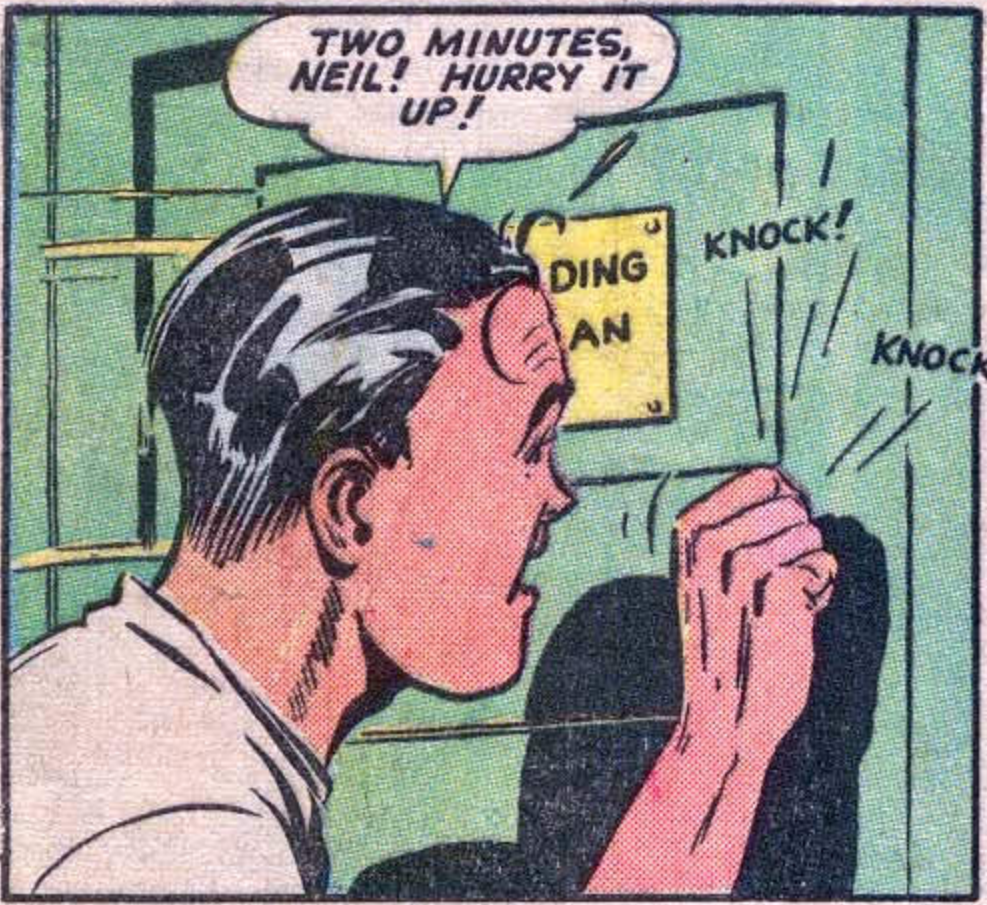
OKAY, NEIL. BUT... DAN MERRY IS NO SISSY, YOU KNOW!

SKIP IT! I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE!



BY THE WAY... HOW ABOUT THAT BET! ARE YOU TAKING NANCY TO THE DANCE?

THAT'S ALL OFF, NATURALLY. SHE ISN'T **HERE**, NOW!



TWO MINUTES, NEIL! HURRY IT UP!

KNOCK!

KNOCK



BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, NEIL!

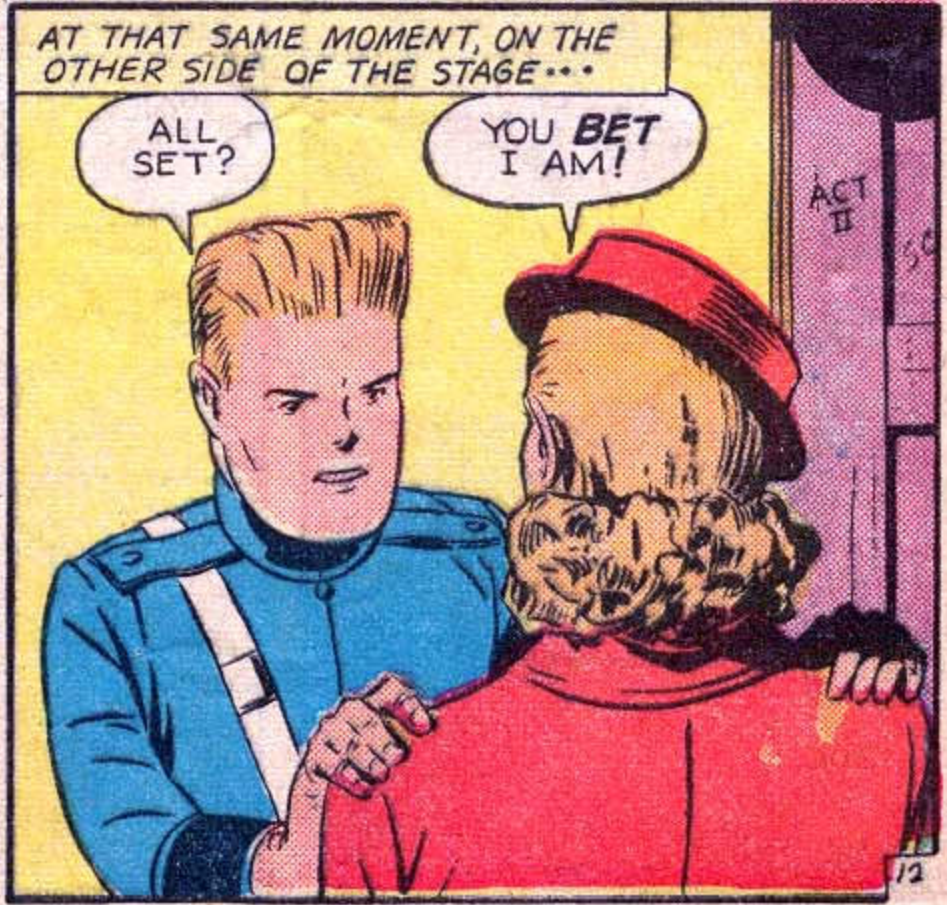
OH! SHE HAD **PROMISED** TO GO WITH ME!— HAVE TO HURRY NOW.



CURTAIN GOING UP!

IF YOU THOUGHT THE FIRST ACT WAS FUNNY, WATCH THIS ONE! HA-HA!

KNOCK 'EM DEAD, TOWERS!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE...

ALL SET?

YOU **BET** I AM!

THE CURTAIN GOES UP FOR THE SECOND AND LAST ACT.

HELLO, TED!
SORRY IF I'M
LATE...

WELCOME, JESSICA!
I FEARED MY HEART
WOULD BREAK WHILE
YOU WERE AWAY!

WELL THEN, TED,
HAVEN'T YOU A NICE
BIG KISS FOR ME?

HEY! WHAT'RE
YOU TRYING TO
DO? CUT THAT
STUFF!

WHISPER

OH, TEDDY-
YOU'RE NOT
BASHFUL?

NOW,
LISTEN!

IS THAT
TOO MUCH
TO ASK?

I'LL GET
YOU FOR
THIS! I'LL...

**HA! HA!
HA!**

OOPS!

BOOM!

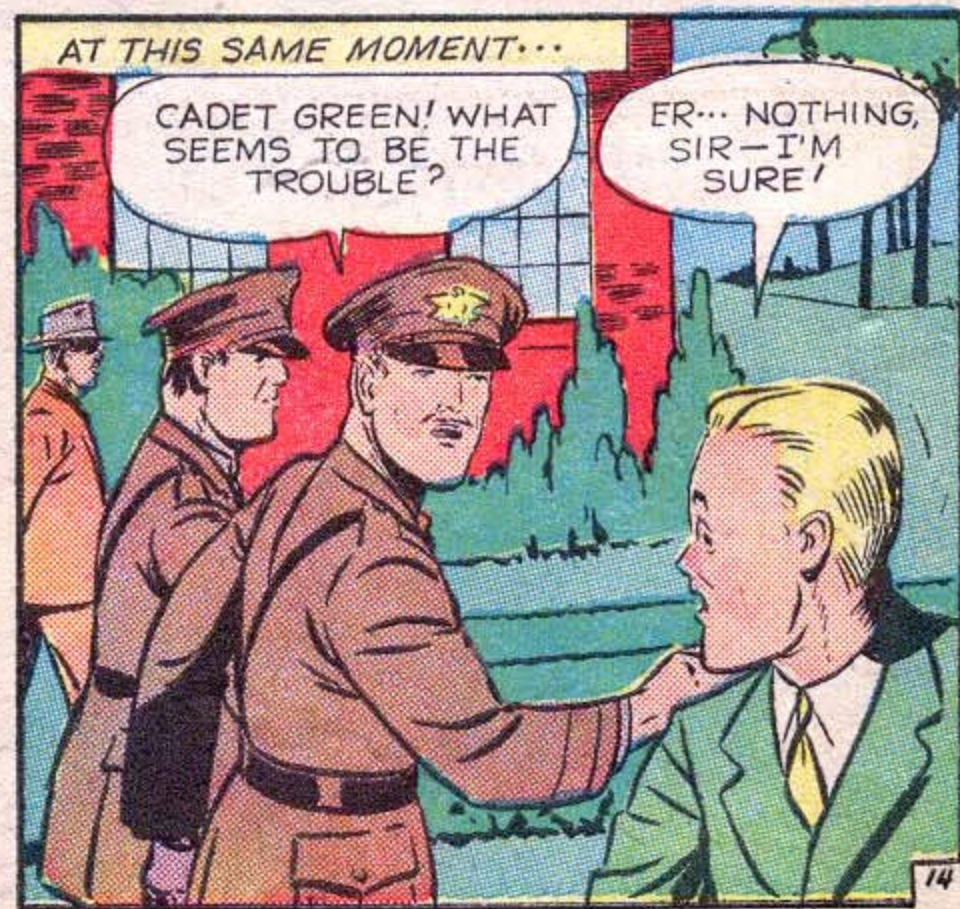
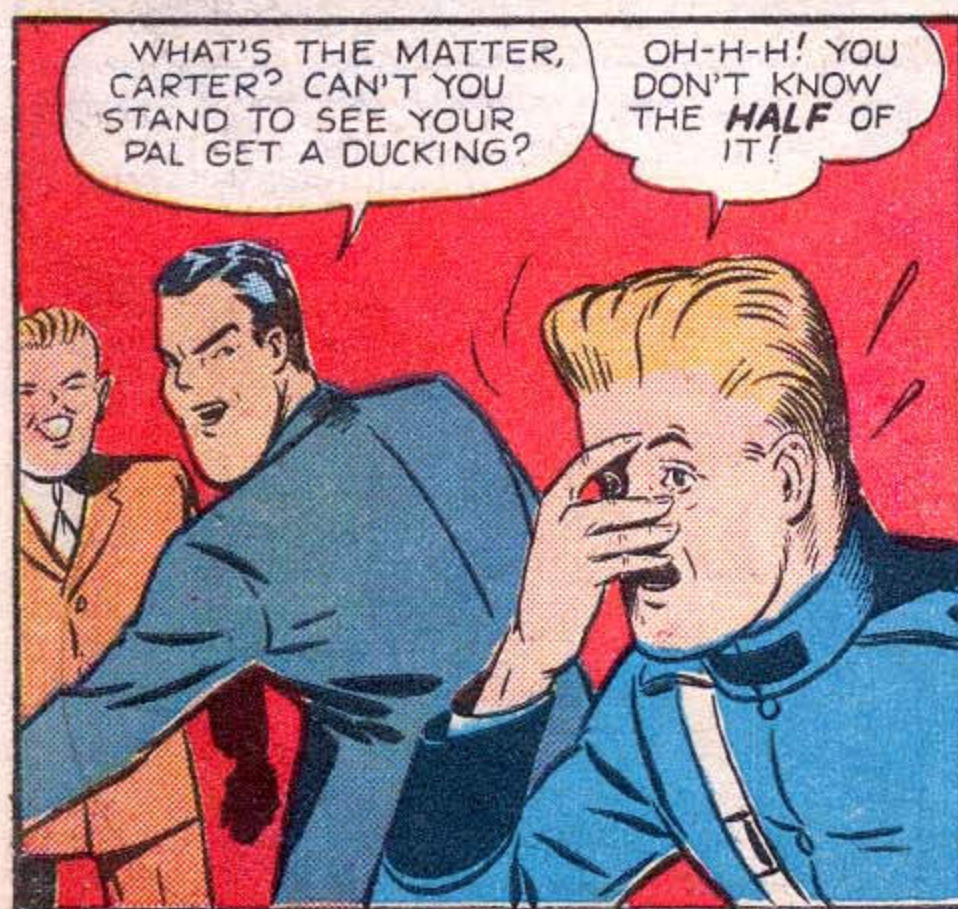
MIRACULOUSLY, THE SHOW IS COMPLETED. THEN...

NOW, FELLOWS, LET'S
COOL OFF OUR "LEADING
LADY" A BIT!

OOH-H!
NO!

PUT ME DOWN!

OKAY!... BUT
WE HAVE A SPECIAL
PLACE IN MIND!
COME ON, BOYS!





NOTHING, EH? QUITE A RACKET ABOUT 'NOTHING'! COME, MAJOR!

YES, COLONEL!

UH-OH!



BREAK IT UP! HERE'S THE COLONEL!

WOW!

TOO LATE... HE'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



CADET TOWERS! **WHAT** IS THE MEANING OF THIS?



WELL, SIR... WE JUST DUNKED CADET MERRY, SO HIS SUCCESS AS...



CADET MERRY? BUT, THAT'S IM-POSSIBLE!



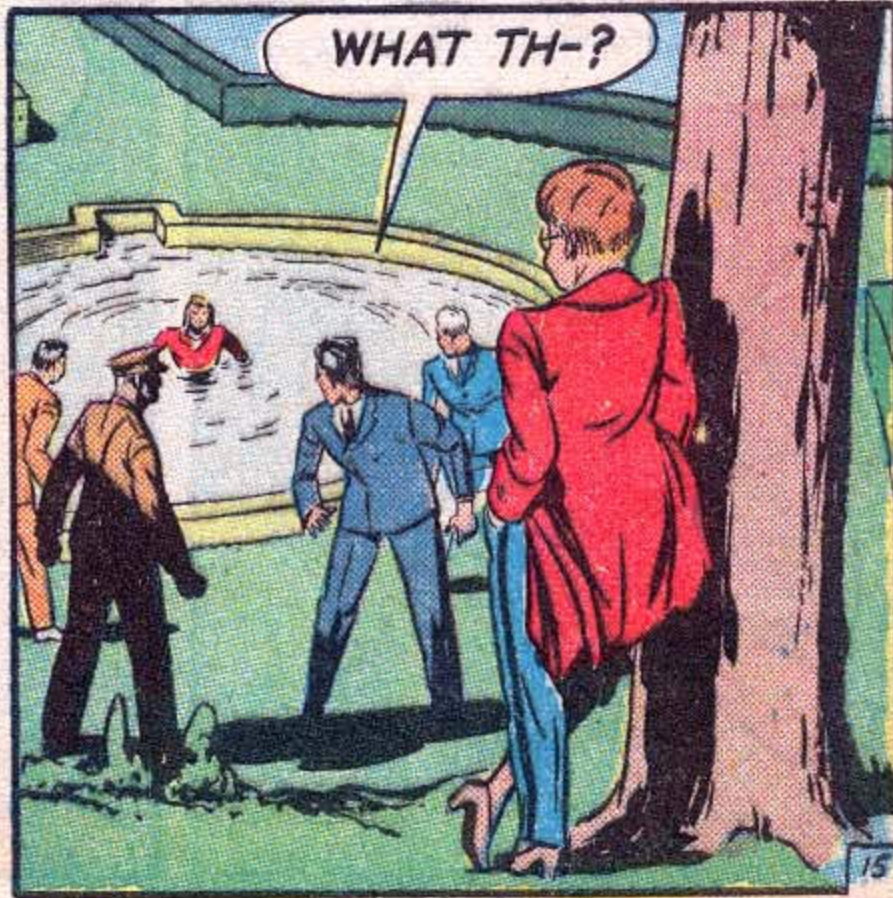
WHAT, SIR?

?

?

?

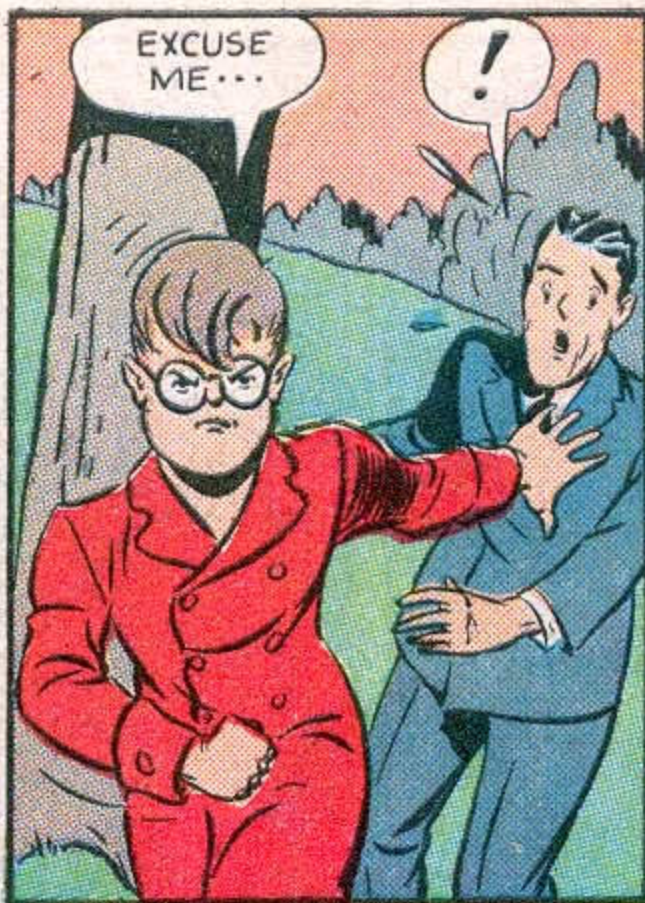
THERE'S CADET MERRY— OVER THERE!



WHAT TH-?



YOU! WHAT ARE YOU DOING...



EXCUSE ME...

!



...I JUST DROPPED BY TO PICK UP THE GIRL WHO PROMISED TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME.

THANK YOU, DAN.



WELL, FOR—! I GET IT **NOW!** SHE WAS IN THAT LAST ACT!



OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS! I OUGHT TO—

YOU OUGHTA WHAT?



SORRY, DANNY, BUT THIS IS MY SCENE!

WHAT—!



THAT SORT OF SQUARES THINGS!

ULP!



LET'S GO DANCING, MEN! I THINK THAT **FISH** HAS FINALLY FOUND HIS OWN ELEMENT!

LET'S ALL GET BUSY KICKING FISH-THE AXIS KIND—BY BUYING MORE WAR BONDS AND **STAMPS**

— — — — —
THE CADET RETURNS WITH ANOTHER RIP-ROARING STORY IN EVERY ISSUE OF **4 - MOST AND TARGET.**





BOMB TOKYO

YES, YOU CAN

— RIGHT IN YOUR OWN ROOM! —

A Thriller of a Game Everybody Can Play!

Squint through a Bomb Sight at a 20-inch-wide full color map of Tokyo. Actually drop miniature bombs on military objectives, such as an Airplane Factory, Emperor's Palace, Harbor, Ships, etc. **BOMB TOKYO** is a game that appeals to every member of the family; fun and thrills for all.

No. MO-233 50c



LOOK BEHIND

With this PERISCOPE
You won't miss a trick—
Over fences—'round
corners—
You'll see, just as quick!

Submarines use Periscopes
to see above water.

No. MO-140 20c



IDENTIFY!

Spot the rank, duties and attainments of Army Men. Authoritative Guide Book (pocket-sized for carrying).

No. MO-221 20c

JOIN THE CHORUS!

Plays any tune. No lessons required. Simple instructions included.

No. MO-195 15c

AMAZING!

*The hand is quicker than the eye—
It's all so easy, why not try?
This BAG O' TRICKS
tells all—and how!
Be first to show off—
send for it NOW!*

You can be the hit of the party — or put on your own shows. Astonish your friends by making 4 balls appear from one — change a card into a match-box! These are only two of the sensational tricks in this wonderful bag. Included FREE — a 42-page Magician's Catalog.

No. MO-192 50c

Bag 'O' Tricks

UP!

P
A
R
A
C
H
U
T
E



DOWN!

The Jumper is designed in full regulation togs, from goggles to heavy gloves. When opened out wide, Chute and Jumper together measure 3 feet.

No. MO-216 20c

"PEG-O"

Checker Game

Pocket-size — played with pegs. Made to fit conveniently in pocket. Can be played any-time, anywhere.

No. MO-143 .. 20c



SHARP!



CAMP KNIFE and SHEATH

Keen, durable blade. Bone stag handle. Heavy leather sheath with belt loop.

No. MO-213 75c

When writing, enclose your NAME AND ADDRESS. Send order and remittance to:

TREASURE HOUSE DEPT.

NOVELTY PRESS, INC.

115 West 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

No shipment will be made outside the United States because of the uncertainty of present mail deliveries.

WHAT A COMBINATION!

BOOM!

BULL'S-EYE... EVERY TIME!!!

SERGEANT SPOOK

BLUE BOLT

KRISKO AND JASPER

SUPER-HORSE

THE CADET

SUB-ZERO

THE TARGET

SPACE-HAWK

DICK COLE

EDISON BELL

ACTION!



ADVENTURE!

THE CHAMELEON

PHANTOM SUB

OLD CAP HAWKINS

SPECK SPOT AND SIS!

BULL'S-EYE BILL

LAST OF THE MOHICANS

A.L.T.UDE

CRASH!

THE BEST IN STORIES AND ART!

READ THEM...

AND SEE!

Both on Sale **NOW** at Your Favorite Newsstand... **10¢ EACH!**